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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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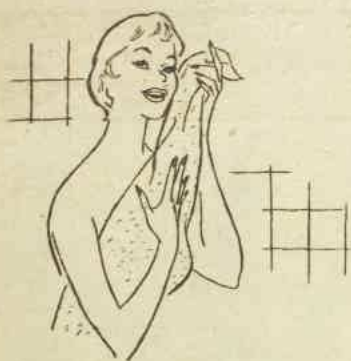


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0115

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

Page 2

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no ordinary soap can

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 9, 1958

Vol. 26, No. 5

Our cover

● Dione Lucas, famous American television cook, arrives in Australia this month. She will give cooking demonstrations in capital cities as follows: Melbourne: the Myer Emporium, July 14 to 18. Sydney: Mark Foy's Ltd., July 21 to 25. Brisbane: McWhirter's Ltd., July 28 to August 1. Adelaide: John Martin's Ltd., August 11 to 15. Perth: Boan's Ltd., August 18 to 22. See page 10.

CONTENTS

Fiction	
Waiting For Tony, Yvonne May	19
Sylvester (Serial, Part 5), Georgette Heyer	20, 21
Double Take, Peter Tait	23
The Gift Of Love, Janice Holt Giles	24, 25
Special Features	
Prince Charles at Cheam	8, 9
Woman Doctor Writes	28, 29
Spring Gardens	32, 33, 35
16-page Pull-out Hint Book	See page 32
Fashion	
Paris Hats	16, 17
Dress Sense Pattern	36
Fashion Frocks	45
Patterns	61
Homemaking	
Home Plan	34
File Recipes	39, 40
Prize Recipes	42
Pineapple Contest	42
Transfers	57
Films	
Rising Young Actors	51
Film Preview	52
Reviews	53
Regular Features	
TV Parade, Nan Musgrove	10
The Australian Year It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	12
Social	15
Readers' Letters	18
Ross Campbell	18
Here's Your Answer	27
Worth Reporting	31
The Laugh Was On Me	31
Stars	60
Mandrake	62
Teena, Crossword	63

The Weekly Round

● "My chum Charles" is the way 10-year-old David Daukes describes Prince Charles, his inseparable friend and playmate at Cheam preparatory school.

DAVID, short and stocky, has gone with the Prince to lunch at Windsor Castle and been an honored guest at Prince Charles' ninth birthday party.

But to him the heir to the British throne is a small boy who occupied the next bed when all but two of Cheam's 90 pupils caught Asian flu.

David is the son of Lieut. Col. John Daukes, a member of N.A.T.O. staff at Fontainebleau, France. He has a twin sister, Jennifer, at school in Paris and an older brother, Clement, who is also at Cheam.

After his initial loneliness as a "new boy," Prince Charles has settled down to routine of life at Cheam. See pages 8, 9, and 10 for a special article on the Prince's progress by English writer James Stuart Thomas. It's the most human and intimate story ever written about the young prince.

★ ★ ★
OUR feature discussing the qualities that attract a man caused argument in the office—naturally enough, because it's a perennially fascinating subject.

There are more women than men on the staff, which meant that the women were more

vocal. They felt they knew what the answers would be.

Eventually the men were triumphant. Our investigation showed that women have some incorrect ideas about what constitutes attraction. Or else (female afterthought) men aren't to be trusted to tell the truth even about this.

Anyhow, whatever the men say, we think that a nurse we questioned on the subject talked some sound common-sense. She was explaining why men admire beauties but often marry plain girls.

"Boys of 18 won't go out with ugly ducklings," she said, "mainly because they're frightened of what the other boys will say."

Two novels next week

● With next week's paper you'll get two complete novels in handy pull-out form.

They are "Nine to Five Wife," a fast-moving romance by Oscar Schisgall, and "Unexpected Hours," a drama of intrigue by Margaret Culkin Banning.

These are the first of a series of novels. We will announce further titles later.

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VARICOSE
VEINS
Mould the leg to
a lovelier line

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Smart Set

The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

3/9 everywhere



BACKACHE
swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to ill-used kidneys, not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.



Boogie Queen coming back

● Last time she visited Australia two-and-a-half years ago, pop pianist Winifred Atwell loved it so much she overstayed. Here for seven months, she stayed 14.

By **BILL STRUTTON**, of our London staff

AFTER 14 months the dusky idol of boogie didn't have enough of Australia.

Early next month, with her honky-tonk piano and a grin almost as wide as its keyboard, she will be back for a six-month tour which this time takes in all States except, as yet, Tasmania.

Winifred Atwell's home, in a well-to-do area of North London, brims with Australian souvenirs.

In the lounge a picture of Winnie beaming upon a cuddly koala has pride of place. Boomerangs (ladies' size, tourist-style, highly decorated) line the dining-room. A sheepskin rug, the size of a small dance floor, covers the parquet.

It is the memories of all the friends she made, of the heat, the life and cosmopolitanism of the cities, of the beach house she took at Bilgola, N.S.W., and the £100,000 success of her last tour which are all drawing her back.

"You know, it's a terrible thing for a West Indian to confess — I can't swim," Winnie told me. "But that didn't prevent me from enjoying your beaches, even though I was caught by a dumper the first day."

"My husband, Lew, and I looked after ourselves in our beach house.

I did the cooking and Lew had to do all the washing-up.

"Laugh—I nearly died. You see, in my £40,000 hand-insurance contract, it says that I mustn't, on any account, do the washing-up."

Winifred almost starved in London before she turned to pop piano-playing. Her ambition was to be a concert pianist.

Her first engagement on the stage—a casual £15 job in a small variety show—was not a success, but it put her in touch with Bernard Delfont, the impresario who showed her how to build up her piano-playing act.

Then a gramophone company hired her to record "The Black and White Rag."

They didn't like it much, and an executive said: "It ought to be played on one of those old tinny py-annas — you know, bar-room style."

That was how her famous Other Piano was born.

The company found it for her in a junk shop. It was about seventy years old and cost £2/10/-.

But "Black and White Rag," recorded on the Other Piano, made her famous within a week.

Now her recordings and appearances have built the plump and jolly girl from Trinidad into the Queen of Boogie.

BRANDISHING one of the souvenir boomerangs she brought home from her last Australian tour, Winifred Atwell tells of her plans for her return visit early next month. Her well-barbered poodle is almost indistinguishable from another Australian souvenir—a huge white sheepskin rug which almost covers the lounge-room floor of her London home. Pictures by Alec Murray.





New!—a shampoo that conditions as it cleans ...

clean & sweet
by POND'S

—a fragrant one lather lotion shampoo



Feel your hair with its silky new texture—as it falls beautifully into place after a Clean & Sweet shampoo.

P.V.P.—the conditioner in Clean & Sweet makes a dazzling difference.

P.V.P. is precious! It's the American-developed conditioner in Pond's Clean & Sweet that lingers after rinsing and counteracts the harsh effects of Australian weather.

Clean & Sweet is a fabulous new pearly white lotion shampoo ... with one fast lather it keeps your hair and scalp healthy—as well as tingling clean.

Fabulous Clean & Sweet comes in a graceful bottle—5/6 and 9/6. So much luxury for so little—seven complete shampoos in the regular bottle and fourteen in the large bottle. Also plastic bubble 1/3.

Available at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.



Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

● Most women had a lot to say when we asked them what attracted the opposite sex and we had to condense much of the comment below. Most men, however, gave their views in a few words. Nearly all women believed it was important to boost a man's ego; few men agreed — or were willing to say so. What men did say is on the opposite page.

A YOUNG Melbourne teacher included in our survey claimed to have made a study of men and what attracted them. She said:

"Australia is a country of girl watchers, rivalled only by Italy.

"If a girl walks down the street and doesn't turn one masculine head she should go home and take a long, hard look at herself, because Australian men like women to be all woman.

"What really attracts men about women depends on the age of the man.

"Aged 18 to 25: The model girl age and stage. Girl must wow everyone as she hangs on his arm.

A GED 25-30: The listener, the little woman who'll be waiting with his slippers at home in a pretty apron, ready to balance the family budget. Breakfast at 7, with just a dash of lipstick.

"Aged 35: His wife must look pretty and ladylike, but he'll make straight for the vamp at the party and peer down her neckline, then get furious if another husband flirts with HIS wife.

"Aged 40-45: If married, he'll be thinking how pretty the 18-year-old looks; if unmarried, he wants someone motherly, undemanding, who'll mend his socks, stay home, watch TV — and never indulge in wifely nagging."

Manageress: "At the first meeting a man is attracted by legs and figure. So, if a woman has a good figure she should always wear a well-cut garment fitted to show her form.

"When a man has time to study a woman and hear her talk he is attracted by charm, the kind which is natural, gentle, and feminine, suggests kindness and consideration, and understanding, especially of him."

Actress: "A mute assurance of being ready, willing, and able (but not eager) to please a man."

S ECRETARY: "I don't think there is any one particular feature that always attracts men to women—what a man finds fascinating in one will repulse him in another.

"The whole thing is a matter of chemistry. It's something no one can put hands on, and that's why it's called 'love,' 'amour,' 'liebe,' or something definite in every language."

Journalist: "Get him interested and amused and he won't notice so much that you aren't a raving beauty."

"Grooming should be good, but make-up not enough to knock his eyes out.

"Shorter skirts and not fashion extremes are attractive."

"And so is some accessory that is definitely yours —

What women THINK men like

cigarette lighter, novelty holder, bracelet. It can make a good conversation starter, and he'll remember you by it."

Typist: "Men are attracted by women for their femininity, poise, and ability to fit into all types of circles and conversations. They must also be well groomed and never loud or boisterous."

Butterfly: "You can't just dismiss the subject (who wants to, anyway) by saying flatly, 'Men are attracted by ... because men are different."

"But, after some research, I've come to the conclusion that any man is attracted by a woman who is interested in him — and who has enough confidence in herself to show that interest without being coy."

S ALES W O M A N: "Men are attracted by mouth, eyes, voice, hands, ankles, ears, in that order.

"Having registered with any or all of these, for a second glance, a date, or lifelong devotion, you need:

"To be a good listener, sometimes disguising patience as starry-eyed interest.

"A trusting manner — not to a clinging, helpless degree, but enough to convey he is in charge in any situation, public or private.

"A mysterious smile, used with economy.

"Clothes, smart enough for other men to notice you, not so smart that he feels a galah because you're so conspicuous.

"A varied vocabulary, devoid of current slang.

"An air that suggests a generous amount of love to be bestowed."

Factory worker: "Men like women who give them the impression that they think men are wonderful, and women who are interested in their conversation, listen avidly, and egg them on with appreciative noises in the right place or with the right questions.

"Men like women who are clean, fresh, and sweet-smelling with that kind of woman smell that comes from good soap, deodorants, and talc, and clean clothes and hair."

Florist: "This is what attracts men in a woman:

"A pretty face, good legs, good figure, and well-groomed appearance.

"Fashionable clothes, but neat and unobtrusive, a new hair-do, and flashing eyes, but

he is drawn to gentle, kind, merry eyes he discovers for himself.

"A quiet, clear, speaking voice, hearty but subdued musical laugh, sense of humor, a sympathetic nature, sincerity, honesty, truthfulness, and thoughtfulness.

"Lack of affectation, the gift of silence, knowing when not to comment, etc.

A GOOD playmate, good mixer, good cook, homemaker, and a woman who abides by the rules in life and play."

Nurse: "Good looks combined with the art of good listening are most attractive to a man, although the realisation that she hasn't taken in one word doesn't dawn till after they're safely married."

Social Worker: "A woman must have a glamorous appearance, to turn other men's heads when she is his companion, and uncritical admiration of HIM."

Secretary: "The prime requisite in a man's eyes is ultra-femininity. The coarse tongue and 'One of the boys' attitude may make him feel at ease, but they are not what he looks for in a wife."



What attracts a man to a woman?

This is the kind of question you could go on asking for ever and you'd never run out of people willing to provide a different answer. In attraction, it seems, all women are equal — only some are more equal than others.

THE first man—among many asked—who answered the question was a writer living in Sydney. He said:

"You can't dismiss a subject like this in a few lines. There's a world literature on it—but still no authorities.

"Attraction is so individual, and yet so cosmic, that there are no rules to explain it. At the party even the plain girl is attractive if she shows more interest in you than in other men.

THE beautiful girl can be, and often is, a bore—about as attractive as a freshly painted telephone box. "How can you explain attraction when two strangers can meet for the first time, touch hands, and know?"

"How can you explain it when two people dislike each

other at sight, and later, discovering why, come together?"

"There's only one absolute certainty, and it's this: Men are such basically simple, transparent creatures that a girl of even the meanest intelligence who selects her man and sets out to attract him can't fail.

"The life-force in women is so strong, and in men so weak, that frequently a man is madly attracted to a girl and doesn't even see, until it's too late, that she has a dirty neck.

"And sometimes he never sees it."

Scriptwriter: "A neat figure, nice clothes, brunet-mousy hair, not blond. She must be able to cook, Chinese-style for preference, but she mustn't smoke."

Songwriter: "I like the girl who's intelligent enough not to let the man know she's more intelligent than he is!

The girl who thinks, 'How can I make a good impression?' and does so. She may lack some of the talked-about physical attributes, but she'll have good taste, good grooming, and wear clothes that suit her."

Airline executive: "I notice a woman's shape. But I look for something distinctive—particularly smiling, sparkling eyes with an adult expression.

"I like a woman who's feminine and plays up to a

of her future home as well. A woman should be unselfish, not self-pitying, have average mental ability but not be too highbrow, be a good cook, and have a pleasant social manner.

"I notice women's hips. From the child-bearing angle!"

Artist: "Attraction—you can't take it apart. It all adds up—hair, figure, intelligence, animation. A woman must be bright—I can't stand fading

MEN LIKE tight skirts and short skirts, black stockings, big hats, legs, eyes, humor, well-cared-for hands, nails, and slim feet. They like slightly plump but not fat girls. They also like pale blue dresses and black dresses, long hair, and discreet make-up.—**A WOMAN.**

MEN LIKE traditional things—apple pie, big hats, skirts, and blouses. A woman's attraction is in her poise—it counts more than age, figure, or anything else. She should always be natural, pleasant, reasonably conscious of fashion, and have well-groomed hair, not tortured into corrugations or piled on her head like a pancake.—**A MAN.**

"Her vivacity—whether her eyes look intelligent and fun. And good manners.

"All those together and even as a married man I'm likely to turn into a beast."

Lift-driver: "At my age (62) it's the personality. Looks don't count much, but she must look clean and tidy."

Manufacturer: "The fact that a girl does NOT try to attract you. If the attraction is there, it's enough. If it isn't, no amount of trying will help, only spoil it."

Manager: "The domesticated woman. I don't like my meals out of tins or a ham-and-beef shop."

THIS man is proud of the fact that his wife wins prizes for her cooking and makes her own clothes and clothes for the children.

Hungarian artist: "The posterior—and the way a woman moves. If she walks well it shows up her figure. Mostly I start with the face and then look at the shape."

Mechanic: "Figure—it's got to be good enough to stop traffic. A pretty face comes second. A walk with a wiggle gets me in.

"I might whistle at a girl in a tight, short skirt, but I wouldn't like her hanging on my arm at the locals."

German writer: "First, a soft, melodious voice, slightly husky; second, intelligence; third, a slim figure, not too small; and fourth, a blonde."

Grey-haired librarian: "Intelligence; pleasing appearance, ability to converse; and enough background to know what you're talking about."

Two wharfies: "The girlfriend would have to be a good-looking. Nothing too fancy, though.

"The wife must serve up a meal quick and easy and leave a man alone if he wants a rest. No nagging."

Newspaper artist: "The overall effect—this takes in face and figure. Good proportions in figure—short legs would spoil a good body in my eye. And a good face and bad figure wouldn't do."

Business executive (European): "From the back, I look at the ankles. From the front, at the face. And from the profile—anything that curves."

Militant unionist: "Their toughness and ability to take it. When it comes to a struggle, there's nothing like a woman to fight for what she wants or believes in."

Public servant (60): "At my age I've stopped thinking about them, bless their hearts."

Sex comes second

man, who gives him sheer attention, and the flattery he needs. If that's manifest, she'll appeal even if her looks aren't really attractive."

Architect: "Womanliness. That covers everything."

Doctor: "Care in appearance, for if a girl watches that, she's certain to take care

lilies. She must have some wit, but enough to keep quiet while I'm talking.

"The woman I like has long hair, dresses well in a casual way, pleasing herself in fashion rather than following style. She has something about the way she walks and moves. Especially when seen from behind. She speaks well, not loudly."

DUTCH businessman, who is married, with four children: "The first thing I look at is the ANKLE. And I like grooming and tidiness, too, with no particular emphasis on individual points.

"If she measures up on a generally pleasant appearance then I listen to the voice, and to what she is talking about.

"Fluffy blondes are usually fluffy in the head, and I must have someone who can talk intelligently."

Photographer: "I don't like any particular type. If I went into a room where there was a party going, I'd cross the room to a group of women just because they were women.

"After that—it depends on the girl. There might be identical twins, but one would appeal, and you'd click from the start.

"But she'd have to show interest in you, too. I notice the face first—a face with character. Figure comes a long way after."

Clerk: "Brightness, intelligence, ability to keep the conversation going."

NEWSPAPER executive: "Well-groomed appearance, nice figure, big brown eyes. Nice clean nails, though it's hard to tell about cleanliness with that lacquer the girls use. A man doesn't notice how a girl walks when he first meets her.

"As a matter of fact, one girl I took out for several months had bottle-shaped legs, but I didn't realise that until a friend told me."

Printer: "Femininity all the way. A girl who's gentle, dainty, all feminine. Those

so they'd show too much—and commonsense. And she mustn't talk too much. And she should first give you a bit of a go-ahead signal."

Science student: "Well, I like her if she likes me. So, O.K. if she's good-looking, but just so long as she likes me, I like her."

Gay bachelor: "Darling, her most important quality is MATURITY. She must be an older woman—sophisticated, glamorous, fascinating, brilliant, witty, charming. And she'll just adore me."

(He hasn't met her yet!)

A middle-aged businessman: "Her most desirable quality is silence, particularly before breakfast after the night before."

(He didn't meet her!)

POLITICIAN: "I look for a good figure, an agreeable face and interesting mind, and an agreeable temper. A bank balance would help."

Journalist: "How she is dressed. Even a bag can look all right in the right clothes.

"Her looks—I look at brunettes first, and a good figure matters very much."

A PUBLIC relations officer told us: "Most men are attracted by one particular feature.

"Show me a face with a pair of lovely laughing eyes, a mouth that tilts up, add a soft voice—and that's my girl!"

But a woman advertising writer put it this way: "Five things attract a man to a woman. They are: "Beauty, Vitality, and Sympathy. "Interest—in his conversation and problems—and The Green Light."



For you busy people who can't brush after every meal...

NEW SUPER WHITE KOLYNOS



One morning brushing with cool, brisk Super White Kolynos protects your teeth right round the clock!



Don't you, like most busy people, find it difficult to brush your teeth after every meal? Use Super White Kolynos and your whole mouth feels refreshed all day long. Protected, too, because Super White Kolynos contains "S-15".

JUST ONE BRUSHING STOPS DECAY AND BAD BREATH RIGHT ROUND THE CLOCK

New Super White Kolynos refreshes your whole mouth... leaves a clean after-taste that lasts longer than other toothpastes.

NEW DECAY-FIGHTER "S-15"

New Super White Kolynos gives you science's most effective decay-fighter, "S-15"... the miracle ingredient that takes up the fight where others leave off. "S-15" destroys germs that cause dental decay and bad breath — in a way never before known.

ROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION

Just one brushing with New Super White Kolynos gives round-the-clock protection against dental decay and bad breath. If you're too busy to brush your teeth after meals, then this is the toothpaste for you!

Here's better and longer-lasting defence against tooth decay... the kind no other toothpaste can match. So change to New Super White Kolynos — the toothpaste that was specially made for busy people.

PROOF! "S-15" DESTROYS DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA!



These are the bacteria in your mouth which cause tooth decay and bad breath.



One brushing with Super White Kolynos and "S-15" destroys up to 92% of bacteria.

**Today's best-tasting,
best decay-fighting
toothpaste —
stops bad breath!**



KYS



IRI MARUKI



TOSHIKO AKAMATSU

THE HIROSHIMA PANELS

● The Hiroshima Panels—masterpieces depicting the aftermath of the first atom bomb dropped on a city—are drawing hushed crowds to Australian art galleries.

THE paintings, by Japanese Iri Maruki and his wife, Toshiko Akamatsu, convey the agony of blast, fire, and radiation—and point a warning to all humanity.

The artists saw the bomb destroy their native city on August 6, 1945, and lived to see the unbelievable human suffering it caused.

Showings draw hushed crowds

Their choice of materials—Indian ink, vermilion, and rice-paper—was largely due to their poverty, but there is no poverty in the conception and execution of their work.

Already in Melbourne, Perth, and Adelaide, thousands of people have queued to file past the panels. The galleries were opened at night because of the widespread interest.

The director of Adelaide's National Gallery, Mr. Robert Campbell, O.B.E., said that the crowds were the biggest ever attending an art show in Adelaide, that 10,000 people viewed the panels in less than four days.

In Perth 15,000 saw the panels, the second largest attendance at any art show in the city. People viewed it quietly, saying little, but obviously moved to deep thought.

In Melbourne more than 30,000 visited the exhibition. Mr. Eric Westbrook, director of Melbourne's National Gallery, noted the same reaction. "People viewing the exhibition spoke very little and rarely above a whisper," he said. "In fact, they looked at the panels in an air of reverence."

Now the panels are in Sydney's National Gallery, where they will be on view until July 27.

Years of work

Since their first showing in Tokyo in 1950, the panels have travelled through the East, to Great Britain, and to Africa. After Australia they are bound for New Zealand, and probably Russia.

Maruki and Akamatsu worked for four years, making 800 sketches, before completing the first of the eight 6ft. by 24ft. panels.

Hampered by lack of money, they worked in a small, dilapidated studio where wind shook the rice-paper and where lack of space forced them to divide each panel into eight separate parts.

When the first panel, "Ghosts," was completed in 1950, they exhibited it in Tokyo. Fearing the reaction of the American Occupation authorities, people came to view it singly or in small groups. There was no publicity.

But soon the trickle of viewers became a flood and the artists were encouraged to go on with their work.

When the panels were shown in Britain the critics' praise was high.

The "Manchester Guardian": "The panels are composed entirely of nude figures, dead and dying. It is extraordinary that such works should avoid sensationalism; but they do."

And the London "Observer": "Worth going miles to see. Man's inhumanity to man is a recurring theme in art, but a comparison such as inspired and ennobled Goya's Disasters of War is rare indeed... Works of strangest beauty and imagination."

Sponsors for the panels' Australian tour include William Dargie, Dame Mary Gilmore, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Vance Palmer, C. B. Christesen, Lloyd Rees, George Lawrence, W. E. Pidgeon, and Roderick Shaw.

BOYS AND GIRLS is the title of Panel Five. Of it the artists say: "Countless boys and girls lay dead on the edge of the river. They had been sent to get water to fill up the reservoir in the city."



DETAIL from Panel Seven, entitled Wind. "Everything was destroyed, burnt, and in heaps. The people could find no shelter. Nobody came to help them. Only the wind rustled in the bamboo stems."



SINGLE section of Panel Four—Rainbow. "Their mouths were parched with thirst and they cried out. Clouds quickly covered the sky and a heavy rain came down. Unexpectedly, a beautiful rainbow stretched across the sky."



TWO SECTIONS from Panel Three—Water. "They wandered about looking for water to drink before dying. Unable to endure their sufferings, the wounded entered the water and were sucked into the depths."



Royal boy in a grey flannel suit

● When the future King of England arrived at Cheam preparatory school, on the Hampshire Downs, in September, 1957, it was anybody's guess who was the more apprehensive—the little boy in the grey flannel suit or the masters.

Prince Charles would not be human if he did not share the loneliness that goes with being sent away to boarding-school for the first time.

The masters had their misgivings, too. What changes, they wondered, was this going to make in the familiar pattern of their lives?

Now, nearly ten months later, English writer James Stuart Thomas describes the young Prince's progress at Cheam; the school's reaction to him . . .

LEFT: Prince Charles, photographed in a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. He was born on November 15, 1948.

Prince Charles is happy at Cheam

PRINCE CHARLES had arrived that evening by car with his parents, Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

They had come to the nearest station by overnight train from Balmoral, where Prince Charles had been spending the holiday since leaving his kindergarten school in Knightsbridge.

The cheers of the hundred-odd people waiting at the school gates were a foretaste of the changes the young Prince was to cause.

Cheam is one of the oldest prep. schools in Britain, probably dating from 1640.

The Queen and Prince Philip chose it for their son's schooling after interviewing a number of headmasters. They visited the school, which is hidden away among the pine-woods on the Hampshire Downs, while the boys and most of the staff were on holiday.

Their choice was probably influenced by the fact that Prince Philip had spent three happy years at Cheam when it was still at the Surrey village after which it was named.

That first evening, as the large, brown-leather trunk inscribed H.R.H. Prince Charles was being carried inside the red-brick building, the other boys watched excitedly from the windows.

They had been told in a circular letter sent to all parents during the holiday by the joint headmasters, Mr. Peter Beck and Mr. Mark Wheeler, that the Prince would be one of their schoolfellows. They had been warned that it should not make any difference.

● "It is a little bit sad the first night, isn't it?" eight-year-old Prince Charles asked the matron as she saw that he was tucked up in bed after his arrival at Cheam preparatory school.

But, being small boys, there was a lot of unobtrusive eagerness to see what was going on.

The circular had said: "The purpose of this letter is to assure you that it is the wish of the Queen and Prince Philip that there shall be no alteration in the way the school is run, and that Prince Charles shall be treated in exactly the same way as other boys."

"The staff will call him and refer to him as Prince Charles, but the boys will call him Charles."

"Quiet way"

"After the initial publicity we trust that everything will proceed in the quiet way to which we are accustomed and we know we can count on your help in this."

"His parents' wishes are that he should be given exactly the same education and upbringing as other boys in the school."

After a few members of the staff had been presented to the Queen, it was the turn of Fagan Minor, the fourth-former chosen to be Prince Charles' "father."

Every new boy has a "father" for the first three weeks, to see that he keeps out of trouble and learns the rules.

Young Fagan made a first-class job of it. There were no complaints about the Prince's behaviour those first weeks.

We know you will appreciate that we were unable to say anything to you until the announcement was made in the Press. The purpose of this letter is to assure you that it is the wish of the Queen and Prince Philip that there shall be no alteration in the way the school is run and that Prince Charles shall be treated in exactly the same way as other boys. The staff will call him and refer to him as Prince Charles, but the boys will call him Charles. It would be a great help if you would explain this to your boy(s) during the holidays as we shall have no opportunity to speak to the school on the subject.

SECTION of the circular sent by headmasters of Cheam school to notify parents of Prince Charles' enrolment.

One of the first things the staff discovered about the new boy was that he was just as likely to shout his head off in the corridors as any of the other 90 pupils.

Once when Prince Charles was pitching his voice well above the general level of schoolboy chatter, a master

at the end of term was 114 "golds" and four "blacks."

"Golds" are merit awards for good work and good behaviour out of school.

The "golds" the boys earn are chalked up to the credit of whichever of the four divisions (houses) they belong.

Prince Charles is in Canada

desks and not say a word or move a muscle, but "contemplate their misdemeanors."

Merely brushing away a fly will earn them another five minutes' punishment.

Prince Charles escaped P.D. in his first term. Only those who get two or more "blacks" together have to suffer it, and his four were awarded singly.

Black number one was given him by the Matron for making noises on the stairs; the second was for rowdiness on the way to a rest period.

Like command

The third was given for flicking a piece of bread across the dining-room at tea.

Then one day in form he turned round sharply as he was jogged by the boy behind.

"Blast!" said Prince Charles. "Black!" said his form mistress.

As the staff began to get used to having him at the school and they felt that they had established the right master-and-boy relationship, the way he asked whether he could speak to them still disconcerted them.

He would put his head round the common-room door, wait to catch the attention of the master, then say: "Can you come a minute, please, sir?"

Phrased this way, the request sounded too much like a royal command to be refused.

It was suggested to him that

"May I see you for a moment?" would be better.

The world-wide publicity given to the news of Prince Charles' going to Cheam brought hundreds of letters, parcels, and telegrams for him, delivered by the little post office in Headley, the nearest village.

Special mark

He didn't receive one. Officials had arranged for the mail to be forwarded to Buckingham Palace, where secretaries answered the writers, thanked them for their good wishes, and sent the toys to hospitals.

Members of the Royal Family put a special mark on the envelope when they write to Prince Charles, and it is only these that he is allowed to see.

It is a simple symbol I have been asked not to reveal.

One day some of the boys were exchanging stories of where they had spent their holidays.

One had been to Devon, another's parents had taken him to Switzerland.

"Where did you go, Charles?" they asked.

There was no irony intended in his reply: "I went to Scotland for my holidays, to a place called Balmoral. I don't know whether you've heard of it."

During the Prince's first term at Cheam almost the whole school caught Asian flu.

So many of Prince Charles' friends were ill that he said he would be glad to get flu so he could join them in the dormitory.

He did, and rather badly, but was soon back at classes.

Prince Charles is the first

By JAMES STUART THOMAS

said: "There are a lot of noisy louts about this afternoon, Prince Charles. You look like getting some P.D. at the end of the week."

P.D., or penal detention, is Cheam's main punishment. It is awarded in sentences of five minutes up to a total of an hour, according to the number of "blacks" recorded against a boy in any week.

Prince Charles' misdemeanors were rather less than average for a new boy. His record

division. Other divisions are Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

All academic and sports prizes have a strict cash value for the boy who wins them. If Prince Charles has an average career during his four years at Cheam he should be £5 richer when he leaves.

Boys have to do their P.D. on Saturday evenings and miss the weekly film show. They are made to sit with their arms folded on their



ROYAL-BLUE cap worn by all Cheam pupils. Cheam is one of Britain's oldest private preparatory schools.

heir to the British throne to be sent to prep. school. Private tutors and governesses have been the previous pattern of royal education.

But for Charles the privileged — but lonely — Palace schoolroom has been banished. He is getting the rough and tumble of ordinary boarding-school life.

There has been nothing to suggest he isn't enjoying it. Only occasionally has it been evident that he knows he is not quite the same as the rest of the boys at Cheam.

One instance was when he was planning his ninth-birthday party.

A vast cake, iced in pink and white, decorated with nine candles, arrived for him from the Palace, but, as is the rule at Cheam, he had to wait until the following half-holiday for his party.

Two honors

He held it during the normal tea-time in the school dining-room, and his eight specially invited friends joined him at his table.

Prince Charles lit the nine candles with matches provided by Duncan, the senior of the butlers who wait on the boys at table.

Seated at the Prince's side was the head boy, Hayes Major. The Prince had wanted to invite some of the first eleven, because in his enthusiasm for Soccer he had taken much interest in these older boys after having seen they could play better than he.

A master advised him that perhaps it would be better to invite boys of his own age. It was suggested, however, that he could invite the head boy and regard it as something of an honor.

Prince Charles agreed, adding with a trace of a smile: "Yes, but it is a little bit of an honor for him, too, isn't it?"

Good manners

Cheam is proud of its reputation for good manners, which is the reason for its connection with royalty.

The connection is believed to have started on a warship commanded by Prince Louis of Battenberg before World War I.

Prince Louis, who was to become First Sea Lord and change his name to Mountbatten, was impressed by the manners and discipline of two of his midshipmen.

He sent for them and asked them which school they had attended.

By the time he had heard the second young man say, "Cheam, sir," he had decided that Cheam was the place for his eldest son, Prince George of Battenberg.

Prince George also decided on Cheam for his son, the

present Marquess of Milford Haven, who is Prince Philip's cousin.

He had been at the school for two years when Prince Philip joined him in 1930.

High tea is the last meal of the day at the school, and once Prince Charles was served with sardines on toast. As he was picking rather fastidiously at the food, the master on duty asked if he did not like it.

There is an old world quality about the young Prince's manners, revealed in his answer: "I'm not used to all this rich food, sir."

The staff, however, feel they have detected some lapses.

One of the most infectious breaches of etiquette at Cheam is a way of using the fork as a pusher against the knife, an offence described as "shovelling."

Prince Charles adopted it in the first few days. Recommended to break himself of the habit, he claimed he was allowed to "get away with it at home."

One Monday lunchtime, after he had been for Sunday lunch at Windsor Castle, he said: "I asked Mummy whether I could shovel and she said she didn't mind."

"Father loves mother"

Prince Charles would endorse the line in the school prospectus that reads: "Great attention is paid to feeding the boys."

He usually has a second helping. He has developed quite sophisticated food tastes, and is very fond of celery.

The impression Prince Charles first gave of being a little on his dignity is noticeable also for a few hours after he returns from his day trips to Windsor Castle.

Cheam boys are allowed to be visited by, or visit, their

parents on three days each term. The rules forbid their spending a night away from school.

Each boy is encouraged to take another as his guest on one of these visits. When Prince Charles went home for the first time, he took a boy from the form above, Daukes Minor, to lunch with the Queen.

A visiting day can be forfeited by lateness in returning — a disaster that almost happened to Prince Charles after a day at Windsor.

All except him were assembled in the big schoolroom for Sunday evening prayers as the hands of the clock neared six.

With only one minute to go, every eye was on the door and the buzz of voices died.

Then he appeared, looking hot and bothered, but he quickly regained his confidence and with a minimum of fuss took his place and prayers began.

During his first term Prince Charles was taught nearly all his subjects by his form mistress, Miss Peggy Cowlishaw.

He also had his meals with the younger boys at her table, overlooked by mounted stags' heads and a rather forbidding portrait of a headmaster of Victorian days.

Miss Cowlishaw taught him English, French, history, geography, arithmetic, nature study, and Scripture. Another mistress taught him drawing, in which he shows promise.

Only in Latin was the all-woman monopoly broken. He was taught by Mr. Beck.

How to tell the difference between subject and object

was the Prince's first Latin bugbear. Soon he was writing to the Queen: "I am still on Exercise 6 and I don't know when I am going to get off it."

During an English lesson he and the other 14 in his form were told to write six sentences with a different verb beginning with the letter "M".

The boys wrote steadily. Prince Charles paused every now and then, his rather laborious handwriting getting slower as inspiration dwindled.

Eventually he had five sen-



ENERGETIC Prince Charles spends his spare time in the playing fields or gymnasium. Here, after a drive, he runs to make a score. His father has coached him in cricket.



ARRIVING AT CHEAM. Prince Charles is welcomed by joint headmaster Mr. Peter Beck, while Queen Elizabeth turns back to speak to Prince Philip, at the wheel of the car.

tences in his exercise book. The sixth was slow in coming. When it was completed, he looked doubtful.

He was obviously not satisfied when he handed in the work for correction and drew the teacher's attention to the last sentence.

The first five were right. His sixth read: "My father loves my mother."

Rather surprisingly, Prince Charles' knowledge of England's kings and queens was limited when he came to Cheam.

When he was being taught the order in which they reigned, the name of the Duke of Windsor—to whom he refers as "Uncle David"—was mentioned.

Prince Charles looked puzzled. "I didn't know he had been King," he said.

Few prep. schools are as tradition-conscious as Cheam. It is a tradition that each morning the headmaster shakes hands with each boy and calls him by his Christian name.

This is to train a boy not to be sheepish about such courtesies as "Good morning" and "How do you do?"

When it comes to the turn of the heir to the throne, it is always "Good morning, Prince Charles."

An assistant master shakes hands with each boy as he goes to bed.

Sports fan

Prince Charles is careful of his appearance. If he has a spare moment he hurries to the changing room to use the hairbrush and comb he keeps in his locker.

He does not waste his leisure time. He is always eager to spend it on the playing fields or in the gym.

At the side of the school buildings is a playground, where the grass is worn bare in patches and there are crudely painted wickets on the brick walls.

This is known as "The Slum," and here the boys play scratch games of cricket or rougher varieties of football.

Prince Charles has taken part in many a no-holds-barred game in "The Slum."

He and a boy named Llewellyn were in vigorous form once when a master appeared around the corner.

"If you bat the Duke of Cornwall over the head, Llewellyn, you'll find yourself in one of Her Majesty's Welsh prisons," he said.

Alert guard

Early one Sunday evening when Prince Charles and the other boys were watching a film, postponed from the day before, a woman came to the back door and asked to see the Prince.

When told, the masters reacted immediately. "Of course not. It's out of the question."

"But she says she's his mother," was the reply.

However, Detective - Sergeant Summers, Prince Charles' Scotland Yard bodyguard, had the situation under control.

His experience of guarding the Royal children had brought him in contact with many unbalanced women who thought they were the mother of the royal children.

Gently he explained that it was not a visiting Sunday and it was a school rule that parents could not see their boy unless it was.

Apparently satisfied, the woman was seen to the gates.

Mr. Summers, like all the Royal bodyguards, is expert at protecting his charge while remaining in the background. At first the boys were intrigued at having a Scotland Yard man at the school.

They wondered if he had a gun in a shoulder holster, but soon they accepted him almost as another master.

Continued overleaf



PLAYING SOLDIERS interests a sailor's son. Prince Charles helped to dismantle a cannon during a competition for speed at a sports day while he was at nursery school in Knightsbridge, London. Queen Elizabeth watched Charles take part in the contest.



It shouldn't happen to a horse

● A dieting horse is one of the strangest things dredged up by American TV. The horse, Scar, has recently endured a rigorous diet that streamlined him by 150 pounds — 10st. 10lb.

horsemanship. He spent weeks finding Scar.

Vint Bonner is a nomad cowboy, so Payne said his horse must be a sturdy, utility job. The other essential, though, was enough horsey elegance for the cameras.

After a search that lasted six weeks, Payne found Scar on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley. He fulfilled all demands, except that he was frankly fat.

He turned the scales — or would it be a weighbridge? — at 1200lb. (85 stone 10lb.).

Scar had a few bad months with short rations, but now, streamlined, he's enjoying his new life. (Incidentally, if you're wondering about the weight of Australian horses, I'm told Australian racehorses weigh between 1000lb. and 1200lb., good stock-horses round 900lb.)

To get back, though, to "Restless Gun," Vint Bonner, the main character, was a real live cowboy who roamed the States round the late 1860s.

He had a reputation for

being phenomenally fast on the draw with a six-shooter, and for this reason was always running into professional gun-slingers anxious to test him.

Vint, however, had a deep sense of responsibility and spent his time trying to out-ride his reputation and enjoy a bit of peace. It is obvious he didn't do this, as his life

special investigator in his rubber skin-diving suit and aqualung equipment, has introduced a new police force to TV.

This is the Florida special underwater investigating service attached to the Highway Patrol.

It is made up of Mr. Bridges and two young men

your money or your life at the point of a spear-gun.

The high spot of the one I saw was the beginning of a chase when the robber frog-man was surprised by the cop frogmen on the edge of the water and plunged into the depths to escape.

Lloyd Bridges gave crime films a classic line at this stage. He hustled one of his trained lieutenants into the water with the order, "Follow those hubbles."

The lieutenant did, too, and there was much underwater writhing and knife-play (the swimming cops use knives instead of guns) before the robber realised that crime does not pay.

What is concerning me is how long can they keep Broderick Crawford out of the underwater act?

Mr. Crawford is "Highway Patrol" to viewers, who sit back every Tuesday night (Channel 7 at 8.30) and watch him keep the highways safe.

I'm afraid he's only got to hear about this new branch of his special line and he'll be in there swanking his corpulent way through crime underwater in a rubber skin suit. It's a gruesome picture to contemplate.

THERE'S a firm of corset manufacturers in England who are lyrical about the selling power of TV.

During a recent five-week period, Englishwomen bought an additional 72,000 pairs of corsets because of TV. The inspiration for their purchase



JOHN PAYNE, star of "Restless Gun," a new Western starting on Channel 9 on Monday, July 7, at 8 p.m.

was a 30-second commercial on England's ITV, which has nothing to do with the B.B.C.

The advertisement ran twice every three days for the five-week period, and chalked up the record sales—an 85 per cent. increase in sales over the same period last year—at a cost to the manufacturer of £10,000 sterling for the five-week period.

THE most fascinating item of the week for me was some news of James Arness, Marshal Matt Dillon of "Gunsmoke" (Channel 9, Sundays, 9.00 p.m.).

In the *Before Gunsmoke* era James Arness was in Hollywood in movies, and his big starring role was as *The Thing* in "The Thing." "The Thing," a science-fiction movie, created great interest some years ago.

Marshal Dillon doesn't keep this secret (I would). He said he was a "not-quite-human vegetable" with an enormous brain.

"I don't know how scientific it was," Mr. Arness says, "but that film sure was fictional."

"SCAR," groomed to suitable elegance for TV.

THE horse now weighs 1050lb. (75 stone), regarded by the producer as "sufficiently elegant" to stand TV close-ups.

Scar shares top billing with actor John Payne in a new Western, "Restless Gun," to start on Channel 9 on Monday night, July 7, at 8 o'clock.

Payne, who is executive producer of the new Western as well as its star, Vint Bonner, prides himself on his knowledge of horses and his

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

produced enough excitement to use for a TV serial that runs for months.

"Restless Gun," I'm told, adds up to the entertainment that Western fans love. When you're watching it, take a look at streamlined Scar and don't eat like a horse at supper-time.

LLOYD BRIDGES, star of the underwater drama "Sea Hunt" (Channel 7, 7.30 p.m. Wednesdays), who cavorts under water as a

of the Highway Patrol, who rush in their high-powered cars to the scene of the underwater activity, scramble into their rubber suits, and play cops and robbers with seaweed and strange marine growth, with air bubbles from their aqualungs as a background.

It appears that sometimes in Florida, when out on a fishing excursion, unidentified frogmen appear alongside your luxury motor-cruiser, clamber aboard and demand

Prince Charles at Cheam

(From previous page)

SOMETIMES Detective-Sergeant Summers joins the boys in their games in the gym. When Prince Charles is on the playing-fields, Summers is usually walking through a higher part of the grounds from where he has the best view.

Detective-Sergeant Summers has instructions to prevent pictures being taken of Prince Charles. The most likely time for this is during a Soccer game, because there is no wall around Cheam's 46 acres.

As most attempts are made at weekends, Summers comes down from London on Friday evenings. On Monday mornings he goes back to Buckingham Palace to watch Princess Anne for the rest of the week.

Mr. Summers knows the faces of all the tradespeople and regular callers at Cheam. If he sees one he does not recognise he soon asks his business. He also notes the numbers of any unfamiliar cars that stop near the school.

For the first end-of-term concert at Cheam, the Queen and Prince Philip made a quiet entrance by a back door not used by visitors.

They sat in the front row, with old boys Toby Rodwell and Justin Mallinson, who had been at school with Prince Philip and who now have sons at Cheam.

With nine other boys, Prince Charles sang a form song called "Ten Little Cheam Boys."

As soon as they appeared on stage there was for the Queen only one little boy in the show.

Afterwards Prince Philip joined Mr. Jack Malden, the only master who was teaching at Cheam when he was there, for a glass of beer in the common room. The Queen and the other mothers retired to the lounge.

During the evening Prince Philip said he would like his son to learn boxing — an "extra" that would add two guineas to the fees that have just been increased to £100 a term.

Prince Philip did not box when he was at Cheam. He was keen on the sport, but is quoted as saying: "My people can't afford it."

Reports of the Spartan nature of Prince Charles' life at Cheam are exaggerated. There is more comfort than at most similar schools.

Prince Charles, in his uncarpeted dormitory with iron-frame bed and without cupboard or locker, is not being hardly done by.

The only out-of-the-ordinary feature is the basket under each bed in which a Sunday suit is kept.

A tuckbox is not much use to Prince Charles. The food he is sent by the Queen has to be handed in to "The Bank," to be given out after lunch on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The £1 pocket money his parents were asked to give him at the beginning of each term is banked.



KITCHEN at Cheam, whose cooking Prince Charles likes.

Big event of the Cheam year is Whole Holiday.

The holiday, in early July, originated when the school was in Surrey. In the playground was a beautiful acacia tree, whose blossoming was taken by the boys as a signal to ask when they could have a day off for a picnic. In those days they went to Box Hill, ran wild, and filled themselves with food.

Now, in the school grounds, they climb trees, normally forbidden, light campfires, build hideouts, and have packed lunches.

On one visiting day Prince Charles learnt that the Queen and Prince Philip were coming to see him.

He was excited and had to tell someone about it.

He hurried down the corridor looking for a likely confidant. As this was important, nobody less than a master would do.

He saw one of the younger men, whose cheerfully casual treatment of the Prince seems to have inspired the boy's special trust.

"My father and mother are coming to see me today, sir," he said, hopping from one foot to the other.

"I'm glad to hear it, Prince Charles," said the master.

The boy bounded off down the corridor again in search of someone else to tell in the few minutes left before morning prayers.

This, then, is Prince Charles at Cheam, happily fitting into routine, but like all small boys thrilled by a visit from his parents, who have broken with tradition to give him as normal an education as they can before he reaches the age where he must assume Royal responsibilities.

(World copyright reserved by James Stuart Thomas.)

Famous chef here soon

● Mrs. Dione Lucas, famous Blue Ribbon cook and American TV personality, who is being brought to Australia this month by The Australian Women's Weekly for a second visit, will give demonstrations of her cooking in Sydney at Mark Foy's Ltd.

DIONE LUCAS will give the demonstrations in a specially prepared kitchen.

These will take place daily from July 21 to 25 inclusive.

Mrs. Lucas, who is a graduate of the famous Paris Cordon Bleu, will pass on to Australian housewives many tricks and shortcuts which increase the pleasure of cooking.

Above all, she will stress that feeding the family is a job which should have priority in every home, and that no housewife should begrudge time spent in preparing good meals.

She is a perfectionist. Even a potato has to be peeled exactly, and she does not spare herself any effort to ensure the success of her demonstrations.

During her previous tour, Perth was the only place in Australia which Mrs. Lucas was able to see in daylight, and that was only for three hours.

Although this coming tour will also be a strenuous one, she hopes to remedy this and to get to know more about Australia.

Before returning to the U.S.A., she plans to visit Alice Springs and the Great Barrier Reef.

One of the features of the inland that fascinates her is the diet and cooking of the aborigines.



THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31

● Early winter in the southern parts of Australia is notable for beautiful cloud formations and colorful sunsets. This winter sunset was photographed by the Rev. G. Rees at King George Sound, near Albany, on the southernmost tip of Western Australia. The top picture shows the sun setting in brilliance at the western end of the Sound; at right is the reflection of the same sunset in the eastern sky. They recall the lines, written long ago, by the Australian poet A. B. ("Banjo") Paterson:

*The daylight is dying
Away in the west,
The wild birds are flying
In silence to rest;
In leafage and frondage
Where shadows are
deep,
They pass to its bond-
age—
The kingdom of sleep.*



you are looking at
the beginning of
the end of a cough!



The first spoonful starts soothing
"deep-down" relief your child needs!



Here's the safe, sure way to ease coughing with no "overdosing" worries. Your child's cough starts to go as soon as he swallows Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup. Penetrating quickly deep into his sore throat... it soothes irritations ordinary mixtures can't reach. Then... he feels soothing warmth as Vicks Cough Syrup drives out painful chest congestion.

Cetamium is the reason! This new penetrating antiseptic makes relief start sooner—last longer. Vicks Cough Syrup is completely safe, too... contains no harmful narcotics... so you don't have to worry about overdosing. Try Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup.



VICKS Cetamium
COUGH SYRUP

The Cough Syrup That Loves Children!



CS-M2-42A

FATHER



"I say, send 'em back to Bermuda!"

MOTHER



"Jimmy has been telling you all about our family... Er... Has Jimmy been telling you ALL about our family?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Druan

LAST week an American visitor, Mr. Henry Heikkinen, told a South Sydney Rotary Club luncheon that Australia would get more tourists if it publicised its people more and its fauna less.

This is a belief held by many Australians who think that koalas are overdone.

It is seldom expressed by tourists, who almost never exclaim, "Look at the cute people," which on the whole is just as well.

And in the past ten years Australian platypuses obtained more space in the American Press than Australian politicians.

I incline to think that Mr. Heikkinen is wrong and the publicity people are right. Bears are really more amusing than people. They rate the adjective lovable because they are unable to argue or express views and can in no way be blamed for any shortcomings which tourists may find in their travelling or accommodation facilities.

ANOTHER point made by Mr. Heikkinen was that Australians, in developing tourist centres, should "give less attention to making things American."

There I agree with him. It seems a pity that Australia copies so much that is American so slavishly. Not that lots of American ideas aren't glittering and good, but the copies must look rather pallid to visitors.

For instance, tourists who go to visit bears could be offered billy tea and damper. (They don't have to drink the billy tea or eat the damper. First-class coffee can be on the menu, too.) And why not guides dressed in moleskins and playing concertinas?

Disagreeing with that proposal, many people say: "But most Australians live in cities. The old bush traditions are gone."

Yes, but my notions in the matter are based on mercenary motives, and designed for the sweet uses of publicity.

Look at the slender basis for the American Wild West folklore. And look at the thriving industry that's been built on it. In fact, if you live in Sydney or Melbourne, just look at your TV programmes.

REPLACEMENT of trams by buses on Sydney's North Shore seems to have led to dramatic developments, judging by one announcement.

It read: "The North Sydney bus depot will be converted to a satellite depot."

Complete with dog-kennels, no doubt.

ARE you a high-density type or do you prefer low density?

If you don't know what that means you haven't been reading the recent arguments about town-planning.

What it boils down to is—do people like living jammed together in skyscraper flats or do they like having a house and garden?

Mr. R. D. L. Fraser, Chief County Planner of the Cumberland County Council, having made a tour abroad, suggested in a report that inner-suburban areas should be developed with big blocks of flats.

"What a city needs more

than anything to give it life and lustre is people," he said. Answering this in a newspaper article, Mr. Walter Abraham asks: "Do we want the inner parts of our cities to be built for 'troglodytes keeping large tin gods in asphalt jungles?'"

Mr. Abraham says that Australian prejudices favor residential densities of about 12 persons to the acre, whereas in New York and Chicago some new residential areas carry 400 persons to the acre.

Many of those who feel strongly on either side of this argument are businessmen.

But there is room for both viewpoints. High-density types often favor low density when they marry. A few fowls in the backyard is some people's idea of bliss. Others prefer never to see a fowl except in a delicatessen showcase.

Personally, as a troglodyte who likes the asphalt jungle, I'm a high-density type. I think the nicest way to live would be in a skyscraper block of flats with lovely lighted windows and flashing signs for a night view, shops downstairs, and a comforting murmur of traffic.

Better still, if money were no object I'd like to live 400 to the acre on weekdays and two or three to five acres at weekends.

A FASHIONABLE friend reports that all her aprons are out of date.

A waist-tie apron crushes a sack or a trapeze, she says. What is wanted is a trapeze apron.

Those who think seasonal aprons go too far could revive the old pinafore models.

● Octopus-wrestling clubs have been formed in many American seacoast towns. Members are divers who are bored with spearfishing.

It seems unkind; an octopus,
A creature that's averse to fuss,
Prefers to brood beneath the waves
In hitherto unfathomed caves,
Surveying with a baleful eye
The fussy fishy passers-by.
He clearly wants to be alone,
Unless he's notified by phone,
A little point of etiquette
That's valid whether dry or wet.
He likes the contemplative state,
It's dangerous to agitate
An octopus in solitude,
And, furthermore, it's rather rude.

IN THE FASHION FIELD AT ROYAL ASCOT



ABOVE: The Queen arrives for the second day's racing at Royal Ascot, a major event of the London social season. Eight of the Queen's horses were running.



RIGHT: The Begum Aga Khan, always one of the most elegant women at Ascot, looked as chic as ever in this white ensemble which was spotted in black.



THE EARL and Countess of Dalkeith arriving at the course. The Countess is the former model Jane McNeill. The Earl is an old friend of Princess Margaret.



AT ROYAL ASCOT on the opening day, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret make the customary drive following the Queen's carriage down the course. Princess Margaret's hat was a striking floral silk Breton worn well back. On a later occasion during the four-day meeting both the Queen and Princess Margaret wore coats in the popular Trapeze style.



THE OPENING DAY of Ascot was showery, but, as usual, women made it a high summer fashion parade. Nineteen-year-old Wendy Farley (above) chose the Trapeze Line with a spotted cravat bow and matching bonnet.



IN a year of weeping fashion changes, many "lines" were winners at Royal Ascot.

A. The Duchess of Argyll was one of many smart racegoers who backed spots. Her graceful chiffon outfit was a modified Trapeze.

B. A much more extreme version of the Trapeze was the Countess Carolyn Czerin's white silk coat. The coat, complete with red fox cuffs and powder-puff hat, really turned eyes her way.

C. And here are the styles chosen by two of last year's top debutantes, Henrietta Tiarks (right) and Jacqueline Ansley. Jacqueline favored spots in a relaxed-line suit, while Henrietta's dress was waisted at the front but sheer Sock at the back.

D. There were none of these new-fangled lines for debutante Yvette Andrews. She bowed to the short-skirt rogue, but her bell-skirted dress had a fitted waist.



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Our siren knows it's the creamy lanolin in Cutex that keeps her lips dew-fresh, smoothly moist, and oh! so irresistibly kissable. She also knows the secret of colour harmony, so flatters her fingertips with radiant matching Cutex nail polishes that absolutely defy chipping or peeling.

Bring out the siren in yourself! Light up your personality with one of many enchanting Cutex shades for lovely lips and fingertips.



CUTEX

'STAY-FAST' LIPSTICK—SWIVEL CASE 6/6
'STAY-FAST' LIPSTICK—REGULAR CASE 4/11
NAIL POLISH (REGULAR) 3/3
NAIL BRILLIANCE 4/9



IN BRISBANE for a recent race meeting were (from left) Mrs. Jim Carr, of "Funny Hill," Binda, Mrs. Venn Wesche, and Mrs. Tom Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassila. Their husbands are A.J.C. committee members and they were guests at the luncheon given by the Queensland Turf Club.



CAMELLIA SHOW. Mrs. Gregory Blasland tries out one of the flower arrangements for the Camellia Show which opens at David Jones' Art Gallery on July 8. The show will aid the Bush Book Club, which closes next March but still needs books. The theme of the show will be flower arrangements for a farewell party.



KARITANE KAROUSEL. Mrs. John Keep shows one of the prize chairs to Peter Finley at the Karousel party held at the Pickwick Club. Proceeds went to the Kuring-gai Mobile Clinic.



COMMITTEE MEMBERS (from left) Mrs. C. N. Walker, Mrs. R. B. Hipsley, and Mrs. C. D. Cadwallader discuss plans for the Palm Beach Pacific Club's dance at the Wentworth Hotel on July 18.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

SYDNEY'S first Vice-Regal wedding for four years will take place in December, when Judy Woodward, only daughter of the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward, will marry Miles Little at St. Andrew's Cathedral.

The date isn't fixed as yet, but it will be soon after Miles finishes his final-year medical exams. He is the only son of Dr. Norman Little, of Point Piper, and Mrs. H. F. Pennefather, of Darling Point.

Judy will have three bridesmaids, Jan Bore, Rosemary Ashton, of "Millamolong," Mandurama, and Gillian Broinowski, who will arrive home from overseas a month or so before the wedding.

COUNTRY girl Jane Merrivale, who is an enthusiastic show-riider and has been competing in lots of equestrian events, will be busy in the next few months preparing for her wedding to solicitor Haille Scott Smith. They'll be married at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, on November 22 and will make their home in the Moss Vale district. Jane is the daughter of Mrs. G. L. Merrivale and the late Mr. Merrivale.

ONE of the Bloom twins, Phillip or Antony, is sporting a very rakish beard—but I can't tell which one!

GUARANTEED to bring the traffic to a screeching halt are three fabulous evening dresses which are brightening the winter scene. Mary Tancred's in slinky black crepe, falling straight from a wide velvet band round her shoulders, blousing at the back, is caught into another band round the hips, the skirt tight to the ankles. Petite, blond Genelle Hinchcliffe turns all heads in a just-below-the-knee Trapeze—layer upon layer of black tulle, puffing out to bypass her waistline from a strapless velvet bodice band. And adding a dash of glowing color, flaxen-haired Prue Pratten wears American beauty satin, the strapless bodice covered by a tiny jacket collared and cuffed in mink.



YOUNG DANCERS at the Old Girls' dance given by P.L.C., Croydon, at the Empress Ballroom were (from left) John Seccombe, Rosalie Cunliffe-Jones, Helen Thyrd, Mary Webster, of Binda, and Garry Macdougall.

IT should be a wonderful evening on July 18, when the Red Cross will have a gala premiere of the film "Dunkirk" at the St. James Theatre. Guest of honor will be the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and lots of Dunkirk veterans have accepted the society's invitation to see the film and stay on for a champagne party afterwards.

"JUST passing through," Adelaide lass Anne Kidman was telling everybody at Terry Clune's exhibition of paintings by Melbourne and Adelaide artists. And it certainly was a brief visit to Sydney, as she left the next day to fly to New Mexico—she'll spend two months in Albuquerque, staying with her sister, Mrs. Henry Kiker.

WON'T it be nice to see Robin Mason home again after nearly seven months overseas—she's returning on board Strathmore, which arrives in Sydney on July 4. Robin took part-time secretarial jobs in England, fitting in quick trips to the Continent.

CONGRATULATIONS from all sides for attractive nurse Ann Maitland, of "Ballina," Barnedman, and her fiancé, Howard Cooper.

PRETTY Virginia Brown should be a "wow" on the snow-slopes this year—she's just back from a trip to Canada and the U.S.A., with the prize souvenir some exotic ski-wear, including elastic-knit ski-pants in palest grey.

SO many engaged couples seem to be spending each weekend madly hunting houses, flats, or land. The latest to join the ranks are Margaret Treweeke, of Killara, and fiancé Peter Tutin. They will set their wedding date at Peter's old school chapel at Shore once they find that "dream house" on the North Shore. Margaret is the daughter of Mrs. Swift Treweeke and the late Mr. Treweeke, of "No c oleche," Bourke.

Anna



GENESIAN THEATRE BALL. Brigid Tancred (left), Ralph Selwyn, Nina Morris, Ken Hosking, and Margaret Reed at the first formal dance given by the Genesian Theatre at the Australia Hotel. Brigid wore a graceful floor-length dress of sea-green tulle, Nina chose midnight-blue tulle, and Margaret pale blue embroidered brocade.

PARIS HATS FOR A MID-SEASON WARDROBE

HATS have a new importance in fashion — to balance and complete the Chemise and the Trapeze. The models from this year's Paris collections show great variety.

You can have almost any kind of hat — a cloche, turban, sailor, beret, tall-crowned fez — but you must have a hat. And in this mood evening dresses have matching chignons or topknots.

An innovation is the teaming of straws with winter suits and coats.

On these pages are hats from Paris designed for a mid-season wardrobe.



ORCEL'S demure mob cap of coarse blue net, banded with black velvet which ties in a soft bow over the forehead. Crystal beads — this season's favorite accessory — echo the blue of this young charmer. The coiffure is designed to suit the hat.



CLAUDE ST. CYR pleats chestnut paper satin (left) into a mushroom-shaped hat for after five. The wide brim swirls from a pagoda top.

PIERRE BALMAIN'S big red felt (above) droops over one eye. These broad-brimmed felt hats are Balmain's favorites with winter suits.



ALBOUY'S high-crowned hat of violet straw is one of those rare hats which can go anywhere, any time. The brim makes a flattering frame for the face and sweeps down at the sides.



GRES PRESENTS a crazy cone of glazed cotton with a bunch of black roses at the back. You can reverse this and have the roses at the front. Either way, you can't see the wearer's face.



SVEND takes a feather from Robin Hood's cap, and the cap as well, and copies it in strawberry-pink straw with a white tuft. It is put on well back on the head, then pulled forward.



JANETTE COLOMBIERE mounts scarlet roses on a crown of camellia leaves to make this extremely feminine hat for the cocktail hour or evening wear. Two exquisite roses sit above the centre of the forehead, while the leaves extend right around the head to keep the hat firmly in place.

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wash it away



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medicates away dandruff
and itchy scalp

in just three applications



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Note to Physicians:

The statements in this advertisement are supported by clinical tests. For details of these tests write to your nearest Bristol-Myers Office.



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Now you can have walking comfort in featherweight Lastonet Nylons that give healthful support to Varicose Veins and are invisible under your ordinary stockings. Lastonet (combined elastic and nylon) stretches in any direction, lightly massaging the leg as it moves, and letting the air circulate freely. For extra relief: apply highly effective Varicosan Chlorophyll Ointment.



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PLEASE SEND ME NEW FREE BOOKLET, "VARICOSE VEINS"

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W.W.J. 9

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I THINK it is high time a reappraisal was made of the methods of training women for all jobs. So many women train for a few years after leaving school as nurses, teachers, typists, and for skilled factory jobs, then go off and get married. At 40 they find themselves bored, almost unwanted by a grown-up family, and continually on the doctor's doorstep with "nerves." I am not advocating leaving young girls untrained, but many more opportunities should be opened for the older woman who still has a good 20 years of service to the community ahead of her. And how much better teacher, nurse, or even doctor she would be after the experience of rearing a family. The brain does not deteriorate with age, only with disuse.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Jones, Lot 28, Arnett St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

DOG and cat poisoning by vindictive adults seems to me to be far more horrible than juvenile delinquency, yet the guilty invariably escape detection. Skulking in the anonymity of darkness, these unpleasant people destroy well-loved and, in many cases, valuable pets. I wonder what they derive from it.

10/6 to Mrs. M. Smart, Takone, Tas.

CHILDREN are often blamed for not writing "thank you" letters for gifts, hospitality, etc., but it is not always their upbringing which is at fault. Our daughter recently stayed a night with a friend, and when she was leaving the girl's mother said, "Now, don't you bother writing me a letter. I know you have plenty to do with homework and everything else, so tell your mother I'll be very cross if you write." Certainly they mean well, but do they realise the harm they are doing our young people?

10/6 to Mrs. Jean Reid, 104 New St., Brighton, Vic.

WHILE touring in England some time ago I was interested in a particularly catchy sign at a dangerous crossing. I learned later that a school had launched a competition among scholars for an attractive poster. The winning entry was designed by a 12-year-old girl. It was the picture of a puppy with its paws outstretched, and the caption was: "Pause Before You Cross." Could something similar be done here to make us more road-conscious?

10/6 to Miss D. Knowles, 2 Ettrick St., Ashbury, N.S.W.

A RECENT experience has stopped me admiring small children by reference to "he" or "she". At the local clinic a few weeks ago I admired a child in a lovely playsuit and beautiful curls down its back. I said to the mother, "She's a darling, and aren't those curls beautiful?" The mother was indignant and said the child was a boy. I wished the earth had swallowed me, and that all mothers would cut their sons' hair and make them masculine.

10/6 to "Outspoken" (name supplied), Brisbane.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

I DON'T suppose you will be surprised at my address—you must be used to the travels of your publication. My home town is approximately three miles from the birthplace of the famous Bronte sisters, nine miles from the wool centre of Bradford, and nine miles from Skipton, a lovely little market town and gateway to the Yorkshire Dales. I feel thoroughly at home among the readers' letters — nail-biting, how to encourage youngsters to help in the house, washing dishes (we call them pots!), and, of course, fashions. Isn't it strange and encouraging to find that women, be they English, Australian, or even Eskimo, have so much in common?

10/6 to Ivy Horsman, 30 Broomhill Ave., Ingram, Keighley, Yorkshire, England.

Church weddings

SURELY "Justice" (11/6/58) is not suggesting that if one is not a regular churchgoer one is not entitled to take the holy vows of matrimony. People who set themselves up as judges of others are often hypocrites, and once outside the church door forget even to think like Christians. There are more ways of being a good Christian than by going to church regularly. May I quote the Bible and say, "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone."

10/6 to "Cullie" (name supplied), Bundaberg, Qld.

Family affairs

RECENTLY my kindergarten-age daughter was confined to her bed with flu. With a very busy day ahead of me, I put the clock on her bedside table, saying, "Mummy will come back in half an hour to see if you want anything," and explained the position the hands would then be in. When that time came we fixed the time for my next visit, and so on. The work went smoothly without the usual endless interruptions that occur with a child in bed, and we had more time for stories later in the day. When she was allowed out of bed at the end of the week we were thrilled to find that she had learnt to tell the time.

£1/1/- to "Pleased Mother" (name supplied), Manilla, N.S.W.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

"MANY overworked men would be less preoccupied with their jobs if their wives made being at home more attractive.

"Suppose a woman should look so charming to her husband some morning that he just phoned the office and told them he wouldn't be in.

"It would probably do him more good than 36 holes of golf and it probably wouldn't hurt the business a bit."

I came across this idea in a book. It was put forward by an American psychiatrist.

It struck me as so original that I read it out to my wife.

"You've never refused to go to work because I was too charming," she said.

"That's true," I admitted. "You're charming, but not all that charming. It's just as well, really."

"I suppose so. But I wonder what it would be like if a husband did find you so fascinating —"

It would be like this, I imagine: Mona Drudgett, wife of the

HOLIDAY AT HOME

assistant sales manager of the Acme Pet Food Company, is worried because her husband works too hard.

After reading the advice given above, she decides to make herself more charming.

Next morning she puts on the



harem-girl costume she wore at the 1956 Pet Food Association Ball.

She comes up to her husband while he is shaving and throws an arm round his neck.

"Mona! Have you gone crazy? I've cut myself."

"I'm sorry, Mungo. I — I thought you would like me in these clothes."

After a few more rebuffs she bursts into tears.

She confesses that she was trying to entice him to stay home from work. She tells him it would be good for his health.

Touched and impressed, Mungo Drudgett gives way. He rings the manager of the Acme Pet Food Company.

"I'm afraid I won't be coming to work today, sir."

"Why is that?"

"My wife is too charming."

The manager does not reply. He is speechless.

Mungo spends the morning helping around the house. By lunchtime he is bored, and so is Mona.

In the afternoon he goes back to work, wondering how he will explain.

Actually, I think the success of most marriages depends to a large extent on the fact that the husband is away at work all day.

Men like Porfirio Rubirosa, who don't go to work, are the ones that keep changing their wives.

Porfirio might settle down nicely if he took a job with a firm like the Acme Pet Food Company.

WAITING FOR TONY

A complete short story

By YVONNE MAY

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

IN a very little while now there will be a ring at my door. Tony will be standing there, and he will be smiling with happiness because he has come back. He has come back to the girl he left six months ago when he went to Singapore; the girl who has never been out of his thoughts since she waved him goodbye way back in the spring...

I sit at the window of my flat and listen for the taxi. I am sick with longing for him, as I have been every day since he went away... since almost the first time I saw him... and yet more than anything in the world I dread the moment that is coming so soon.

I dread it so much that my throat is dry, and I can hardly swallow; and my heart is racing so madly I feel giddy.

I dread it because I know that when I open the door the smile will vanish, his eyes will go blank with disappointment, and he'll say, "Where is she?"

It is my sister he has come back to, my gay, enchanting sister, Rita.

Where is she, indeed? And what do I say to that? That I am not my sister's keeper? Do I shrug nonchalantly, as if my heart weren't aching at the wound I am about to give him, and tell him that she married Don—exactly one month after he left? Do I say that she never had been in love with him; any more than she had been in love with all those others whose hearts she had collected with the same indiscriminating eagerness that a child plucks flowers?

I can see the puzzled hurt in his eyes, and, for the moment, I hate my sister. I hate her with all my strength for doing this to him.

And then the moment passes. Because I know I am being unjust. Rita sowed the seed of love; but left to itself it would have withered painlessly. It is I who am to blame, I who nursed and nourished the tender shoot until now it is almost ready to blossom.

How could I have done what I did?

Now I see that all these months I have been more than a little mad... haven't I known all along that this moment would have to come? And yet I have gone on, refusing to

think of the consequences, hugging to myself with lunatic joy the happiness from the letters...

"But the letters," he will say, "all those letters she has written to me. I can't believe it—she can't be married! She knew—she must have known—that—that I was coming home to ask her to marry me! Rita couldn't be so—so dishonest!"

I shake my head sadly. No, Rita couldn't. But I could. Rita didn't have to be. Love came easily to her. But to me?

A taxi is coming down the street. Is this Tony now? My legs begin to tremble, and I sit down quickly. Ah! It has gone by! I am like a drowning man clutching at any straw... and like a drowning man I see past events re-shape themselves before my despairing eyes...

It was one evening last spring when I was working at my drawing-board, finishing off a rough I was doing for an illustration job, that there was a ring at the door. That will be Don, I thought; and I felt a little irritated at being interrupted.

Rita and I had known Don Gregory since we all used to play together as children. I looked upon him as a brother; or rather as a brother-in-law, because I had always known that Rita would marry him sooner or later, however much she behaved like a gadfly in the meantime.

There was something solid and dependable about Don, something that was as essential to Rita as the safety-net to a tightrope walker.

I opened the door and said uncompromisingly: "If it's Rita you're wanting, she's not in yet—and I don't know when she will be!"

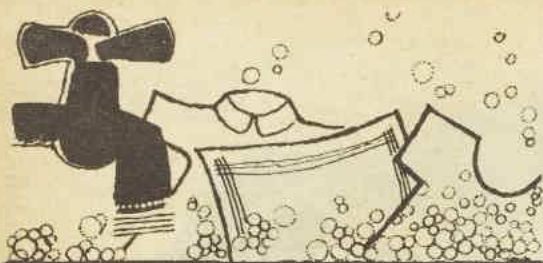
Then I saw there were two of them. Don grinned amiably.

"Since you're so pressing, Roberta, my dear, of course we'll come in and have a drink! We might even stick around until Rita comes!"

Sighing resignedly, I turned, and the two men followed me into the living-room, which was also my studio.

To page 44

"Don tells me you are a very clever young woman," Tony said as he watched Roberta at her work.



Hurried washdays?
Well, don't forget
the only way to
keep white clothes
white is still
the final rinse in
Reckitt's Blue



and
**Robin
STARCH**
keeps things
crisper, cleaner
longer



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SYLVESTER

Fifth long instalment
of our charming serial

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

By *Georgette Heyer*

ALTHOUGH PHOEBE MARLOW ran away from her home, Austerby, with the Squire's son, TOM ORDE, to escape a proposal of marriage from SYLVESTER, the arrogant Duke of Salford, she finds him to be unexpectedly charming when he discovers her and Tom marooned by bad weather in an inn en route to London. In spite of the fact that he is piqued to learn she did not want to marry him, he aids her to get to London to stay with her grandmother, LADY INGHAM, as Phoebe does not wish to continue her unhappy life with her stepmother, LADY MARLOW. Phoebe's first act in London is her effort to stop the publication of her novel, "The Lost Heir." Its chief character, Count Ugolino, is based on Sylvester from her impressions of him at her first unhappy Lon-

don season. But it is too late. She is later appalled to hear from LANTHE, widow of Sylvester's brother, Harry, and mother of young EDMUND, that the boy's uncle is the sole guardian and acts in a tyrannical manner. This situation is parallel with the plot in Phoebe's story.

Phoebe finds herself enjoying the gay London season, with Sylvester her constant escort, but she treats him warily, feeling his consideration for her may be due to the fact that he wishes to make her want him to propose to her and so wipe out his unpleasant memory of her early aversion to the prospect of marriage with him. One day riding in the park he introduces her to his cousin, GEORGIANA NEWBURY, and says he hopes they will be great friends. NOW READ ON:

SYLVESTER had been right when he had prophesied that she and Georgiana would be friends; each took an instant liking to the other; and since the Dowager raised no objection Phoebe became a frequent guest in the Newburys' haphazard house. Lady Ingham said they were a ramshackle pair; Phoebe, who had hitherto attended only large, formal parties in London, thought them delightful, and enjoyed nothing so much as the evenings she spent in their very ill-run house.

One never knew what might happen at one of Georgie's parties, said Lord Yarrow, declaring that he had once arrived five minutes after the crystal chandelier in the drawing-room had crashed to the floor, and had found Georgie standing like Dido amongst the ruins of Carthage, only rather more composed. Sylvester agreed that this had been a remarkably good party, but contended that by far the best evening he had yet spent in the establishment was that on which the new butler, having admitted him into the hall, had fallen flat on his face in a drunken stupor.

Phoebe had never dreamed that people could be as gay and as unceremonious as they were in Georgie's house. Nor had she ever liked Sylvester as well as when she saw him there, amongst his intimates. It might be another instance of his pride that he should show his most agreeable side only to his relatives and his closest friends, but it was impossible to deny that that side was endearing.

He was just as charming when the projected expedition to Richmond Park took place, and even more surprisingly since the original party was augmented by three persons, one of whom was not very acceptable to him. He welcomed the news that Major Newbury was to join it; when his sister-in-law, hearing of the scheme, announced that she would come, too, with her brother Charles, he bore it with equanimity; but when the day dawned, and it was discovered that Lanthé, instead of by her brother, was escorted by Sir Nugent Fotherby, even the Major, not famed for perspicacity, informed his wife, in a penetrating whisper, that he had a very good mind to tip the double, since he clearly saw that this expedition of pleasure was ruined at the outset.

For an anxious minute it did indeed seem that it was doomed to failure. It had been arranged that Lanthé and her brother would meet the rest of the party at the Roehampton Gate, having sent their horses on in charge of a groom; a last-minute alteration in plan which was only made known to Sylvester when he arrived at the Newburys' house to escort the party.

He looked vexed when the message was repeated to him, and exclaimed: "Georgie, why didn't you tell Lanthé that if she didn't choose to go with us she might remain at home? She'll keep us waiting an hour, and very likely more!"

"I daresay she will, but it's of no use to fly into a pet with me," responded Georgiana calmly. "I received her note not twenty minutes ago, and all I could do was to send the footman back to her with a reminder that since you held the tickets of admission she must take care not to be late."

"Much good that will do!" he observed.

But when they reached the Roehampton Gate he was agreeably surprised to find his sister-in-law already there, and was beginning to feel quite in charity with her when he suddenly perceived that the sprig of fashion with her was not her brother but Sir Nugent Fotherby. He stiffened, the expression of easy good-humor on his face changing in a flash to one of haughty astonishment. Phoebe, obliged to repress a strong desire to tell him precisely what she thought of such odious self-consequence, could only be sorry for Sir Nugent.

Her pity was wasted. Sir Nugent knew that Sylvester did not like him, but it never crossed his mind that Sylvester, or anyone else, held him in contempt. If he could have been brought to believe it, he would have known that Sylvester was queer in his attic, and he would have been very

much shocked. When Sylvester raised his quizzing-glass he was not at all unnerved, because it was plain that Sylvester was studying the exquisite folds of his neck-cloth.

He was not surprised. He would have been disappointed if what had cost him so much time and skill to arrange had attracted no attention. It was not everyone who could tie an Oriental: he was pretty sure Sylvester couldn't; and if Sylvester were to ask him how it was done he would be obliged to tell him that it took years to learn the art, and often several hours of concentrated effort to achieve a respectable result when one had learnt it.

Other men might envy Sir Nugent; they could not despise him, for his pedigree was impeccable, his fortune exceeded sixty thousand pounds a year, and he had it on the authority of those boon-companions whom Lord Marlow rudely stigmatised as barnacles that, just as in all matters of fashion he was the finest Pink of the Ton, in the world of sport he figured as a Nonpareil, a regular Top-of-the-Trees, a Sure Card, never to be beaten on any suit.

His imperviousness to insult saved the day's pleasure from wreck. He seized the earliest opportunity that offered of edging his showy chestnut alongside Sylvester's hack for the purpose of drawing his attention to the circumstance of his having, as he phrased it, brought Lady Henry bang up to the mark on time.

"You are to be congratulated," said Sylvester, in a discouraging tone.

"Devilish good of you to say so, Duke!" responded Sir Nugent, acknowledging the tribute with a slight bow. "Don't mind owning it wasn't easy. Took a devilish deal of address. If there is a thing I pride myself on it's that. 'Lady Henry,' I said—well, not to cut a wheedle with you, Duke, I put it a devilish sight stronger than that! 'My love,' I said, 'we shan't turn his grace up sweet if we keep him kicking his heels at the rendezvous. Take my word for it! She did.'"

In spite of himself Sylvester's face relaxed. "She did?"

"She did," asseverated Sir Nugent gravely. "My sweet life, I said—you've no objection to that, Duke?"

"Not the least in the world."

"You haven't?" exclaimed Sir Nugent, slewing his body round to stare at Sylvester, an exertion which the stiff points of his collar and the height of that Oriental tie made necessary.

"Why should I?"

"You've put your finger on the hub, Duke!" said Sir Nugent. "Why should you? I can't tell, and I believe I've cut my wisdoms. 'My love,' I said (if you've no objection), 'you've got a maggot in your idea-pot.'"

"And what had she to say to that?" inquired Sylvester, conscious of a wish that Phoebe had not cantered ahead. "She denied it," said Sir Nugent. "Said you were bent on throwing a rub in our way."

"Oh?"

"Just what I said myself! 'Oh!' I said."

"Not 'my love'?"

"Not then. Because I was surprised. You might say I was bettled."

"Like a duck in a thunderstorm."

"No," said Sir Nugent, giving this his consideration. "I fancy, Duke, that if you were to ask all round the ton if Nugent Fotherby had ever looked like any species of fowl in such a situation the answer would be, in a word, No!"

"Well, I haven't the least desire to throw a rub in the way of your marriage to my sister-in-law. You may marry her with my goodwill, but you will not prevail upon me to relinquish my nephew into your care."

"But that's another nub!" objected Sir Nugent. "You may say it's the primest nub of all. Her la'ship won't give him up!"

"A man of your address must surely be able to persuade her to do so."

"Well, that's what I thought myself," said Sir Nugent.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 9, 1958



"Queer creatures, females! Devilish attached to the infantry. Let us discuss the matter!"

"No. Let us do no such thing," interrupted Sylvester. "Talking to me will pay no toll. I have only this to say: I have neither the power nor the desire to scotch your marriage with Ianthe, but there is no argument you can advance that will induce me to delegate the least part of my authority over Edmund to you or to anyone! Try if you can twist Ianthe round your thumb; don't waste your time on me!"

He spurred his horse forward as he spoke, and cantered on to overtake the rest of the party.

Phoebe, meanwhile, after enjoying an all too brief gallop, had been forced to pull up, and to continue at a walking pace beside Ianthe, who wanted to talk about herself, and had found Georgiana an unresponsive audience. She disclosed that she had brought Sir Nugent in place of her brother because she was convinced that Sylvester's dislike of him arose from mere prejudice. He was barely acquainted with Sir Nugent; did not Phoebe think that if he were given this opportunity of getting to know him better he might well reconsider his cruel decision to part a mother from her child?

Phoebe found it impossible to answer this question, since a flat negative was clearly ineligible. Fortunately, Ianthe was more interested in her own opinion than in Phoebe's, and had posed the question in a rhetorical spirit. Without waiting for an answer, she continued: "For my part, I am persuaded that Sylvester must be agreeably surprised in him. I don't mean to say that his understanding is superior, for it is not—in fact, he has a great deal less than common-sense, and is sometimes quite addle-brained—but if I don't care for that I'm sure I don't know why Sylvester should!"

"Besides, even Sylvester must own that there can be no one better able to teach Edmund just how he should go on in all matters of taste and ton! He is always in the high kick of fashion, and makes the other men appear positively shabby! You have only to look at him!"

Phoebe looked instead at her, and in wonder. Beside Sylvester's quiet elegance and Major Newbury's military cut she had been thinking that Sir Nugent presented all the appearance of a coxcomb. He was a tall man, rather willowy in build, by no means unhandsome, but so tightly laced-in at the waist, so exaggeratedly padded at the shoulders that he looked a little ridiculous. From the striking hat set rakishly on his Corinthian crop (he had already divulged that it was the New Dash, and the latest hit in fashion) to his gleaming boots, everything he wore seemed to have been chosen for the purpose of making him conspicuous.

His extravagantly cut coat was embellished with very large and bright buttons; a glimpse of exotic color hinted at a splendid waistcoat beneath it; his breeches were of white corduroy; a diamond pin was stuck in the folds of his preposterous neckcloth; and he wore so many rings on his

fingers and so many fobs and seals dangling at his waist that he might have been taken for a jeweller advertising his wares.

Phoebe was not obliged to make any comment on Ianthe's last observation, for Sylvester overtook them just then, and a minute later Sir Nugent ranged alongside, trying to convey to Ianthe by a series of shrugs and grimaces, which nearly upset Phoebe's gravity, that his mission had not prospered. She stole an apprehensive glance at Sylvester, fearing that Sir Nugent had put him out of temper, and was relieved to see no trace of the cold look of indifference she so much disliked. He looked rather amused, and when he addressed Sir Nugent it was in a light, good-humored tone.

Encouraged by this, Sir Nugent, who had been looking dejected, brightened, and asked him for his opinion of the horse he was riding. He won so courteous a reply that Phoebe took her underlip firmly between her teeth and stared resolutely ahead. Sir Nugent, gratified by Sylvester's praise, drew his attention to the chestnut's manifold excellences, and confided that he had bought the animal at a devilish long price. A stifled sound from Phoebe, who knew just how long a price he had paid, made Sylvester's lips quiver, but he said, without a tremor: "Did you, indeed?"

It might have been thought odd conduct in a sporting man to use his hunters for hacking at the end of the hunting season, but this idiosyncrasy was not as inhumane as it seemed to the uninitiated. Sir Nugent was a member of several hunts, and he owned an astonishing number of horses, which he stabled all over the country, and seldom rode. When he did turn out it was rarely that he went beyond the first few fields, for, like Mr. Brummell when he had led the ton, he wore white tops to his boots and feared to get them splashed. Lord Marlow's showy chestnut certainly looked to be more in need of exercise than of rest, and succeeded, by sidlings, plungings, and head-tossing, in giving Sir Nugent an uncomfortable ride.

As soon as he could contrive to do without the appearance of incivility, Sylvester suggested to Phoebe that they should shake the fidgets out of the horses. She agreed to it in a strangled voice; the Firefly broke into a canter, lengthened her stride to a gallop; and in a few moments carried Phoebe far beyond earshot of Ianthe and Sir Nugent. Beside her thundered Sylvester's black, but neither she nor Sylvester spoke until they presently reined in at the end of the stretch of greensward.

Then, as Phoebe bent forward to pat the Firefly's neck, Sylvester said in a voice of mock censure: "Miss Marlow, I had occasion once to reprove you for laughing at rustics! Now I find you laughing at the very finest Pink that blooms in the Ton! You are incorrigible!"

"Oh, I didn't!" she protested, gurgling irrepressibly. "You know I didn't!"

"Do I, indeed? I promise you I was in the liveliest

Phoebe, leaving Sylvester alone in the middle of the ballroom, hurried away, her eyes full of tears.

dread that you would start at any moment to giggle. If you had seen your own face—!"

"Well, I own it was a very close-run thing with me," she admitted. "How you were able to answer him so gravely I can't imagine!"

"Oh, he has been on the town for as long as I have, so that I have grown inured to him! I can understand, of course, that the first sight of his magnificence must come as a severe shock."

She laughed. "Yes, but I can't plead that excuse. I was forever seeing him last year. In fact, I—"

"In fact, you, you—?" he prompted, after waiting for a moment for her to finish the sentence.

She had broken off in confusion, the words "I put him into my book" only just bitten back in time. She said now, with a tiny gasp: "Grew so accustomed to him that I began not to notice him! Except when he came to a ball in a green velvet coat and a waistcoat embroidered all over with pink roses!"

He did not immediately reply, and, glancing a little nervously at him, she saw that the flying line of his brows was accentuated by a slight frown which drew down their inner corners. He looked steadily at her and said: "Yes. But that isn't what you were going to say, is it?"

She hoped her countenance did not betray her, and said with a fair assumption of ease: "No; but I daresay I ought not to tell you what that was. You won't repeat it? It was not his appearance which nearly had me in whoops, but that peacocky chestnut of his, and the things he said of him. He bought him from Papa, and paid three hundred guineas for him! And thinks himself a downy one!"

He burst out laughing, and she hoped the dangerous moment had passed. But, although he laughed at Marlow's successful essay in flat-catching, he said: "I am still wondering what it was that you really meant to say, Sparrow."

She was thankful to see Major and Mrs. Newbury cantering towards them. There was only time to return a light rejoinder before Georgie called out to them, with news of a charming glade to be visited. They waited for Ianthe and Sir Nugent to come up with them, and there was no further opportunity for private talk.

The incident cast a cloud over Phoebe's pleasure. She could not be comfortable. To uneasiness was added a strong sense of guilt, which was not rendered less by the flattering distinction with which Sylvester was treating her.

She was still in a state of wretched indecision when she parted from him at the end of the day; but as she trod up the steps of Lady Ingham's house she thought suddenly that if anyone could advise her it must be her grandmother; and

To page 47

Page 21

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"But—I live here," the man said as Bob and Jennie questioned him.

A short story complete on this page

By PETER TAIT

DOUBLE TAKE

CIRCLING happily round the dance floor in each other's arms, Jennie and Bob Mitchell had no idea of the queer encounter—the strange upheaval that was destined to affect their lives before the night was out.

They were at the firm's annual dinner and dance, and as usual it was proving to be a lovely evening.

Both Jennie and Bob held fairly high executive positions in the firm. They had been married eight years, but still found it exciting to dance together beneath soft lights.

All too soon, for them, the evening came to an end. Good-nights rang in the chilly air outside as Bob went to get their car.

Jennie was waiting at the entrance, and the drive back was, as always, enjoyable. It was warm in the car with the heater on, and their talk ranged pleasantly around the evening's festivities.

Rounding the corner into their road, Jennie said: "Oh, dear, we've left the front room light on."

"No, darling. I remember switching it off. I think you asked me if I'd done so."

But, whatever they had done, the light was on now. Definitely so. The curtains were clumsily drawn and a beam stabbed out into the misty night air.

"Maybe your mother came over unexpectedly," suggested Bob brightly.

"Hmm, maybe. But I doubt it. Anyway, we'll soon know."

Some instinct made Bob cut his engine for the last few yards and coast slowly to a stop. He hadn't any definite suspicions, but decided to take care.

"Shut the car door quietly, dear," he said softly.

"You—you don't think there will be anyone there, do you?" whispered Jennie, feeling not quite so sure of herself.

The light still shone as the pair crept stealthily out of the car. It was a quiet street—at that hour very quiet. The rest of the house

was in darkness as they let themselves in as quietly as possible. Jennie thought to herself it would be a good idea to look for a policeman. But Bob was stalking purposefully up the stairs into the darkness above; so, rather than be left alone, she caught him up and held on to his arm.

They came to a silent stop outside the door. It was fastened by an old-fashioned lock, but the intruder, if any, in the room must have left the catch up, for the door was open a fraction. Listening hard for a few seconds and not hearing anything, Bob squeezed Jennie's hand as a warning that he was going in—and as a comforter.

Turning the handle quickly, and flinging open the door, Bob jumped into the room, closely followed by Jennie. For a second they were dazzled by the light; then they gasped as they saw a man in the middle of the room.

Bob was about to leap at him when he saw the fellow was looking even more scared than he was feeling.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Bob, grabbing the man's coat by the lapel.

The stranger was a very ordinary looking man, and pretty shabby. His clothes looked as if they had been good once, but long wearing had made them sag.

He dithered around a bit and looked longingly at the door that Jennie had shut firmly behind her. Then eventually he answered Bob, and his reply knocked them for six.

"But—but—I live here," he spluttered.

"What!" they shouted together. "You live here?"

"Yes," said the man, "I do."

"Don't talk rot!" snapped Bob. "You watch him, dear; I'm going to call the police." And he moved over to the phone.

"No, don't do that," pleaded the stranger desperately. "Please don't do that. I tell you this is my flat. How could I get in otherwise?"

Bob wavered, and Jennie touched his arm, as if to say, "Wait a minute."

"It's an easy lock to pick," said Bob knowingly.

"But this is my flat," whined the man.

"Listen to me," said Bob firmly. "My wife and I have lived here for six months. So how can it be yours?"

There was then a strained silence for what, to Jennie, seemed an eternity. Then she had an idea.

"If you took a look in that cupboard you'd see our clothes in there. And those ornaments on the mantelpiece; whose are they, may I ask?"

The man looked around him in a dazed fashion. Backing slowly to a chair, he sank into it.

"You know," he wavered, "I thought there was something different from when I was last here. But my memory is not good."

His head dropped on to his hands in a gesture of despair.

Bob was watching him carefully in case of any dirty work, and Jennie made her way to the cocktail cabinet and started pouring some drinks. The man spoke again:

"All I seem to remember was leaving here last night until suddenly I found myself walking in the High Street about an hour ago. What happened between I can't remember; I just can't remember."

Jennie began to feel really sorry for him and took him over a whisky.

"When you left here, where were you going?" she asked quietly.

"I wish I could remember," he replied. "All I know is I had an appointment on the 23rd . . ."

"The 23rd!" said Bob incredulously. "But this is only the 15th now. I must phone the police."

"Please don't, sir," pleaded the man. He looked really puzzled. "The 15th? But it can't be. That's my sister's birthday—the 15th September—and that's past by a week now."

"I say, old man," interrupted Bob sarcastically; "which year are you

in? This is 1958, you know—April the 15th, to be exact."

"No, no, it can't be," mumbled the man. "1958. I won't believe it."

"Here's a calendar," said Jennie. "Look."

As he stared at it the fellow went even whiter round the gills. "This is terrible," he gasped. "I must have lost my memory for six months. Six whole months! What the devil have I been up to in that time?"

His plaintive cry shocked Bob and Jennie. It's a bit upsetting to have a man drop such a bombshell at midnight in one's flat.

Bob was looking really puzzled now. "I wonder why the landlord didn't tell us the previous tenant disappeared?" he mused. "It's not usual for people to walk out and not be seen again, especially in this district."

"He might have given notice," said Jennie.

"True," replied Bob, and seemed a little relieved. The tension had been getting him down.

They discussed amnesia quite a bit and got nowhere. Jennie bustled about getting a snack, which the two men ate eagerly. Eventually the talk turned to where the man was going to spend the night.

"I know," he said brightly. "I've a friend next door who used to put me up on a camp-bed before I lived here. He's not the type to move, so I expect he's still around."

So that's what was decided, and the man went off, saying he would look in again in the morning.

A minute later Bob and Jennie heard a car start up outside and they dashed to the window. Theirs was still there, but they could see the dim shape of a saloon moving away from the other side of the street.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Jennie went to the cupboard to hang up

her coat. She switched on the light and gasped. The cupboard was empty, not a coat or a frock in sight. She dashed to her jewel-box. It, too, was empty.

And in the speeding car, with Jennie's fur coat, her jewels, and frocks in the back, one man said to the other: "If you hadn't gone back to have a last look round we'd be home by now. I almost didn't wait for you."

"Never mind," said the other. "I proved my worth as an actor. Fair wrung their hearts, I did." And as an afterthought: "Say, Joe, I hope you've got a camp-bed for me to-night."

And that would have been that. Jennie's jewels and clothes would have been lost for ever if a policeman on a motor-cycle hadn't suddenly signalled the speeding car to stop.

Joe panicked and put his foot down. The policeman started after them, soon to be joined by another. Joe did all he knew to shake them off, and was just executing a racing turn to the left when his rear wheel hit the pavement and the car slewed round, mounting the kerb and hitting a lamp-post.

The car had been signalled because the crooks were driving without lights. That was all. Just a lapse of memory—only this time it was a real one.

(Copyright)

*She never told anyone that
she planned to marry him
when she grew up . . .*

A charming short story.

**BY JANICE
HOLT GILES**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

The Gift of Love

NEARLY every day she went out to the big gate and waited for him to come swinging home across the prairie. She climbed the post and sat there patiently, her hands folded in her lap.

She was a round, apple-cheeked little girl, not very tall for eight. But when she waited for Jeff to come home, she felt slender, and tall, and fair like a princess. She waited like a princess, quietly and decorously, in her tower atop the gatepost.

If he had been to the lower range, he would come into sight on the rim of the prairie straight out of the west, the sun behind him like a golden chariot wheel, both he and his piebald pony gilded with its fire.

If he had been to the upper range, he would come from the north, out of the foothills of the Winding Stair Mountains. She would not see him as quickly then, for the darkness of the mountains would hide him until he came out of their shadows.

She could never decide which direction she would rather he came from, and she never knew which to expect, for he left home long before she was awake in the morning. If he came from the west, she saw him sooner, but it took longer for him to reach home. It sometimes seemed like an eternity before he grew from a speck on the horizon to a man on a horse.

If he came from the north, he emerged suddenly from the shadows into full view, and it was no time at all until he was riding up to the gate, smiling at her, lifting her solemnly from her perch to the saddle in front of him.

She liked the suspense of not knowing. She liked sitting there waiting, facing the west, but turning to the north from time to time, trying to guess where he would come from. Sometimes when she thought she had seen him, she slitted her eyes to make him small and almost invisible again, to prolong the suspense a little longer, to fool herself that it wasn't he.

Those were the days when she was aware of the shortness of time, when she knew, profoundly, that the time of waiting was really the best, that once he had reached the gate and lifted her on to his horse, all too soon they would reach the corral and the moment for which she had waited would be over.

He never waved to her from the prairie, and she never waved to him from the gatepost. She simply waited, and he rode towards her. When he reached the gate, he would smile at her. She knew, truly, that that was the perfect moment, for her love would swell inside her until she felt big with its swelling.

She sometimes could not bear to see his lean, dark face lifted towards her, the smile parting his lips until his teeth showed white. She sometimes could not lift her eyes higher than his thin hands holding the reins, for fear the swelling love inside her would burst. She felt strangely aquiver then, achy and shivery.

He would smile and say, "Hello, Sallie."

She would reply, returning his smile, "Hello, Jeff."

He would open the gate, ride through, close it, and then he would sidle his horse up close to the post and lift her down. He never asked her if she had been waiting long, if she were hot, what she had been doing all day, if she had been a good girl. He never talked foolishly to her at all.

Instead, he walked the horse slowly to the corral, sometimes never saying a word, sometimes telling her the most beautiful things. "I saw the big brown trout in Beaver Creek today."

"Was he in the big pool?"

"Yes. He was lazy and sleepy today, just lying there in the water, close down to the bottom, hardly moving at all. I watched him for an hour, and he didn't move more than a few inches in all that time."

She knew then he had eaten his lunch on the bank of the creek, in the shade of the cottonwood tree, and that he had lain on the grassy bank and watched the trout in the clear, shallow waters of the big pool.

Another time he would tell her the beavers had finished their dam, and she would know he had been working the ravine where the creek flowed small and narrow and fast between the sides of the mountain, and while he talked she could see the beavers, their brown sides glistening with water and sun, their broad tails slapping, their slim, flat heads nosing twigs and branches and mud into place.

Once in the mountains he had seen an eagle. "He was a golden eagle, as gold as the sun, and he sailed down the canyon not more than six feet away from me where I stood. Not a feather on his wings moved, he sailed so stilly, and the sun glinted off his head like a mirror."

If he had been to the lower ranch, far out on the level prairie, he might tell her, "There was a lizard on a rock today, just sitting

there, sunning himself, and a fly came by, and quicker than you can tell it, the lizard's tongue flicked out and the fly was gone."

She could see it, the lizard blue-flamed in the sun, the rock grey beneath him, waiting motionlessly until the fly flew past. She could see the incredibly rapid flick of the stiletto tongue, and the settling back, then, into immobility, of the lizard. "Did he go away then?"

"No, he waited for another fly."

And she knew that Jeff had eaten his lunch in the shade of the rock, and that he had sat, shoulders propped against the granite surface, watching the lizard catch flies.

He never told her that he had been branding calves; that he had been rounding up cattle; that he had been mending fences. She knew that. He was hired to do that, and it was unnecessary for him to tell her.

He told her instead what he had seen—a big brown trout, beavers at work, an eagle sailing down the canyon, a lizard catching flies. And when they reached the corral, he slid out of the saddle and lifted her on to the ground. Politely, then, knowing he must take care of his horse, she thanked him and told him good night.

Sometimes she did not have to wait for him. When he worked about the place he was there all day, and she followed him around. Her pink sunbonnet shading her face, her yellow braids swinging beneath it, her short, sturdy legs tireless behind him.

She held the staples for him while he nailed wire-fencing in place. She held a piece of lumber while he sawed it in half. She held the oilcan while he worked on an old motor. Her father would say, "Jeff, don't let Sallie get in your way."

And Jeff would slant his eyes at her under the brim of his hat and smile and say, "She never gets in the way."

Her father would laugh and pull one of Sallie's braids. "You like Jeff a lot, don't you, baby?"

And she would be ashamed of him, for his foolishness and his childishness. She did not like Jeff. She liked dozens of people, but what she felt for Jeff was so different it was as if she herself were a different person with him. She loved Jeff, dearly, wholly, utterly.

Depending upon her mood, he was sometimes a prince, sometimes a knight, sometimes quite satisfactorily just the foreman of her father's ranch. She never told him or anyone that she planned to marry him when she was grown, or that she planned to grow up very fast to make it possible.

She never told anyone that when she waited on the gatepost so patiently, or followed at his heels about the place, she was in training to be his wife.

When her aunt had been planning to be married, she had overheard her mother tell her: "In this country a wife has to do a lot of waiting while he's off seeing to things, and she has to be a help to him. Remember that, Susan, and don't be impatient with him."

Sallie remembered it, and she set herself to learn to wait patiently, to hold staples and oilcans and pieces of lumber helpfully. She meant to be a good wife to Jeff when the time came, and it was inconceivable to her that it should not come. But she never told him so.

There came a day, in the early autumn, when she had to say to him, "I am going away to school next week."

"I know," he said. "Your father told me. You're going to stay in town with your aunt and go to school."

"Yes."

He was cleaning his rifle, and she was holding the gun-grease for him. "I expect," he said seriously, "you will do well in school. You have a good mind, Sallie."

She was pleased that he thought so. "I expect I will," she said.

He rubbed thoughtfully on the gunbarrel



She recognised the splendor of his lie and honored him by believing it

with an old cloth. "Books are a fine thing to know."

She nodded. "My father says so."

"I never got to know enough about books myself. I've always wished I had."

"Why didn't you?"

"I had to go to work."

"But you know a lot of things that aren't in books."

"Yes. It would help me, though, to know more that's in the books. I'd be a better man, I expect."

Although she did not know in what way Jeff could be better than he was, she did not argue about it. If he said so it must be true. "I intend to study real hard," she told him. Since he thought so highly of books, she must apply herself to them.

"You do that. Not everyone has the chance for an education. You must make the most of it."

As the last days went by she was conscious of restlessness in herself, not being able to settle happily to any play or task.

The impending change hung over her, making her wander about. She came to each familiar chore and thing with the knowledge it was going to be left behind, and she stored up its familiarity to take with her into this new world.

She came finally to the last day, and to her goodbye to Jeff. They rode into the corral, and he lifted her off the horse. "I am going tomorrow!" she said.

"Yes." He did not tell her to be a good girl. He did not remind her again of her duty to the books. He held out his hand, "I will miss you," he said.

She took his hand, felt its hard, calloused palm, and for the first time felt tearful and afraid.

A lump choked her throat, and she had to swallow twice, very hard. "I will miss you, too," she told him.

He squatted beside her then, and she looked directly into his eyes, which were now on a level with hers. Wonderingly, she noticed

there were little gold flecks in them, and that there were fine, weathered wrinkles at the corners.

Then he smiled at her, and she wanted terribly to fling her arms about his neck, hang on to him, and let the stinging tears she was holding back have their way. Instead, she continued to search his eyes, "You will be here when I come back?"

"I will be here."

She sighed. In nine months she would be back home, and he would be here. But then he would be waiting, and she would be riding towards him. From the corner of her eye she saw her father coming. Hurriedly she murmured, "Goodbye now," and went into the house.

If he said goodbye, she did not hear him. Her ears were stopped by the beating of her heart.

The nine months were long, but she did not pine or dream overly much. She

To page 45

She twisted away from him as Jeff squatted beside her and took hold of her hands. "Sallie," he said, "what is wrong? Aren't we friends any more?"



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Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

I AM nearly 15 years old and would like your advice on whether you think I am old enough to wear make-up, earrings, and high-heeled shoes. Also, am I old enough to go to balls? As I live in a very small town, there are only about five or six balls a year.

"Blue Eyes," Vic.

You are old enough to wear a little pink lipstick when you go out, but not old enough for ear-rings or high-heeled shoes or to go to balls.

I MET a boy from another town, and each time I see him my love grows stronger for him, but I do not know whether the feeling is mutual. Please tell me how I can find out. When he comes to my town he takes me out. What should I do?

"Teenager," N.S.W.

Nothing. Just leave things be; they seem to be going very satisfactorily. Unasked-for declarations of feeling from girls are guaranteed to wither a boy's shy affections.

COULD you please tell me if there is any home in Sydney in which I could stay until my baby is born? The father is already married, and I could not support the child and would like to have it adopted.

"Anxious," N.S.W.

Yes, there are a number of places. You should see the Almoner at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, immediately, and she will give you practical help in all your problems.

RECENTLY I attended a camp, and kept company with a 16-year-old boy. I am 13. Now I find I am pregnant. I am afraid to tell my mother. Could you give me any advice in a hurry, please?

"Wondering Winifred," Vic.

Tell your mother immediately. She is the only one who can help you. Go and tell her now. Don't wait for the right moment to arrive. Just blurt it out, and then you'll find it easier to talk to her.

FRANTIC: See answer to "Wondering Winifred."

FOR two years I have been helplessly in love with a man of 26. I am almost 14. He is very nice, but hasn't much of a reputation and takes too much drink. About 12 months ago he went away and has recently come back. Every time I see him he is sitting on the doorstep of a hotel. I don't want to act as if I am chasing him, as I know he resents this. Please help me as I am desperately in love with him. I am quite sure of my feelings.

"Desperate," N.S.W.

Little girls should keep a little girl's place. You have no place in the life of a man of 26. Leave this man alone unless you want him to end in gaol.

A COUPLE of months ago I broke off a steady love affair with a very respectable boy whom I had been going with for 13 months. Since then I have been very lonely and miserable. The effect on him has resulted in his spending most of his time in hotels and mixing in bad company. He is 20 and I am now 17. What should I do, as I feel I am the cause of his behaviour?

"Undecided," Vic.

Your romantic notion that you have driven him to drink is quite wrong. If he wants to see you again he will.

OUR school dance is coming up shortly. I have asked a boy I do not know very well. His best friend is my girl-friend's boy-friend, and although he has accepted I feel that he doesn't want to come. Should I ask him if this is so or leave it to him?

"Worried," Vic.

The boy would not have accepted your invitation unless he wanted to. Let the matter alone. If there is one thing a boy can't stand it's a girl who makes a big emotional business out of a perfectly normal, ordinary social situation.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

THE first LP in a series of four, which is called "The History of Jazz," has made its appearance. Of course, to do the thing properly it would take a score or more of long players, but considering the limitations the first volume, "N' Orleans Origins" (T.793), makes a very worthy effort to showcase the various types of jazz heard between 1900 and 1920. There are several very interesting tracks. One is "Whooping The Blues" by Sonny Terry; another is a recording of an actual church service. The preacher sings the vocals and plays piano, leading the congregation as they sing "He's The Lily Of The Valley." It may appear unchurchlike to us, but, for colored folk, religion and hot jazz go hand in hand.

Two very famous names in the story of jazz appear on this disc, Leadbelly, who contributes on piano a rough ragtime number called "Eagle Rock Rag," and the shouting blues singer, Lizzie Miles. She recorded her terrific version of "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home" in New Orleans, backed by Sharkey Bonano's band.

Among the better-known numbers on the disc are "That Da-Da Strain," "Tailgate Ramble," and "High Society." Other artists and groups include Zutty Singleton, Johnny Mercer, Matty Matlock, Bugle Sam De Kemel, Eddie Miller, Ray Bauduc, Blue Lu Barker, and Wingy Manone. The series promise to be a valuable set, with performances by Paul Whiteman, Red Nichols, Jack Teagarden, Glen Gray, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, Art Tatum, and Bob Crosby. The informative album notes are by Dave Dexter, a former editor of "Down Beat," so you can be sure that his "gen" is as accurate as possible.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



A word from Debbie...

OFTEN you find unfamiliar French words or phrases in something you are reading, or you may hear some spoken.

It is affected to sprinkle your conversation with them, but you should know what they mean and when you can use them effectively.

There's "a deux" (you say it "ah der"), which means, literally, "for two," but is used to mean in a twosome; "savoir-faire" ("savwah fair"), which means tact, cleverness, ability, social flair, has become a synonym for worldliness; and there's "faux pas" ("fo par"), which means, literally, "false step."

But it is incorrect to say, "Debbie took a 'faux pas' and fell up the stairs"; you use it to mean a social mistake like this: "I made a 'faux pas' asking Debbie about Bill; it's all off."



GOLDEN CIRCLE puts holiday sunshine in this

Gold Coast

PINEAPPLE PIE



GOLD COAST PIE

1 15oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE Small Cut Pineapple, 1½ cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2 eggs (separated), ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons coconut.

Blend cornflour and sugar into ½ cup of milk. Heat remainder; stir in cornflour mixture. Cook, stirring till smooth and thick. Remove from stove, beat in egg yolks, vanilla, coconut. Pour into baked pastry shell. Top with drained pineapple. Beat 4 tablespoons sugar into the egg whites for a meringue; swirl on top of pineapple. Brown lightly in oven. Serve with Tongala Cream.

STILL TIME TO WIN
BIG MONEY PRIZES!

Send your entry for the Women's Weekly Pineapple Recipe Competition.

Golden Circle

Sun Drenched

SMALL CUT PINEAPPLE

AT YOUR STORE

THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.

The Charm of Flowerlike Beauty

Framed by the glowing panorama of the Australian landscape and matching the fragile beauty of the flowers themselves, is the natural loveliness of true Australian beauty Junette Luker of Five Dock, N.S.W. The gentle care of Rexona Toilet Soap gives Junette her flower-soft complexion . . . helps her keep it youthfully lovely, always.



See your skin improve on Rexona's health and beauty diet

Bring out your natural loveliness with Rexona Soap

Only Rexona Toilet Soap has Cadyl, a special blend of rare and wonderful beauty oils, oils of cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth. As you smooth Rexona's silky lather over yourself, Cadyl flows gently deep into the pores of your skin, where blemishes begin . . . healing, nourishing.

Give your skin Rexona's health and beauty treatment every day . . . and day by day, reveal your natural loveliness. Rexona even smells like a beauty treatment . . . its fragrance lingers with you like that faint whiff of honeysuckle on the morning air.



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WOMAN DOCTOR TELLS HEALTHY AND HAPPY

HEALTHY (AND HAPPY)

● As a housewife and also a doctor, I believe that a happy home is the best preventive treatment for all mental and physical disease and, since the mother is the keystone in any home, her health is all-important.

MY child patients are rarely old enough to tell me their troubles, so I usually have to get the story from Mother. It is generally all mixed up with her troubles, so that we women doctors are naturally very interested in housewives.

There is an international organisation of women doctors to which our Medical Women's Society belongs, and in 1952 "The Health of the Housewife" was the subject of an international convention.

I was amazed at the similarity of the reports from countries as widely separated as Austria, Finland, Italy, the United States, and the United Kingdom. Common illnesses and everyday problems are the same in all civilised countries.

We too often think that our problems are unique and greater than other people's.

There are no illnesses that could be called "housewives' illnesses," but the common symptoms are general tiredness, pain in the back, eczema, rheumatism, headaches, varicose veins, and disturbances of posture, like flat feet.

Commonest of all is a state of mind in which women are restless, dissatisfied, and have nervous symptoms, many of which the women themselves imagine are due to disease.

Doctors talk about "psychosomatic housewives' illness." The word "psychosomatic" comes from the Greek psyche (the mind) and soma (the body); and psychosomatic illnesses are those where mind and body are so closely related that the physical illness may be caused by the worried mind.

Fall in status

The woman who has been trained for a career and has earned her living under reasonably good working conditions, with short working hours, union rules, and social amenities, may find that the change to housework involves a fall in her status and a deterioration of her living conditions; she may suffer from a particular kind of overstrain.

This state of psychosomatic overstrain in the young housewife leads to family instability and affects the children, who must have stability and security at home.

No job has more to offer a woman than home-making, with all the love of husband and children that comes with it, and there is no field that offers a woman greater scope, mentally, physically, or emotionally, but it is a job with no recognised financial value.

Recently a man in England sued someone for the loss of his wife's services, because she had been injured in an accident. He stated that he now had to employ five women to do the work she had done, and that wasn't allowing for the loss of her company for himself.

Worst-paid job

So let's look at the working hours and conditions of the worst-paid job in the world that none of us would give up, and let us consider some of the common symptoms that bring housewives to the doctor.

We don't get Workers' Compensation, and no industrial or arbitration court cares how many hours we work or whether we get any holidays.

But quite frankly, I don't think we want a union. We mothers work for love and we don't want anyone fixing our hours or telling us how to run our homes. We cling to our security and our privacy, but let's be more sensible about it.

A well-known English doctor, giving her report to the Medical Women's International Association, made this comment: "It is a curious fact that through the ages and in all countries women have made little effort to combine or to do anything to improve their lot; in fact, it has often been the women themselves who have most strongly opposed any attempt to make things easier for them, and

have most rigidly clung to unsatisfactory methods and conditions, even when they were given the opportunity to improve them."

When I think how long I took to agree to installing a washing-machine, I know that she is right.

We say, "Better the Devil we know than the Devil we don't," particularly if it is going to cost money, and we struggle on when other women could tell us a better way.

A very important report published recently as the result of a careful ten-year study of the health of a thousand families in Britain says: "In the study of these families and in attempting to correlate their environments with the health of the children, there emerged one dominating factor—the capacity of the mother."

"If she failed, her children suffered. If she coped with life skilfully and pluckily, she was a safeguard to their health."

"In spite of lapses and failures, the mother stands out as the cornerstone of the family structure, and our experience confirms that in all sections of society she remains the chief guardian of child welfare."

"A family with a good mother can withstand a feckless, even a vicious, father, but rarely can a family survive if the mother fails."

Long hours

That is not a mere comment. It is the result of detailed, accurate research.

The health and happiness of your family depends on you.

So it is not a waste of time for you to keep healthy. This is the first step to success and happiness.

You must accept your responsibilities and face them, and with a firm conviction of the importance of family life you willingly put the family's needs first, but still realise that yours must be supplied.

The report of the 1952 international conference declared that general fatigue was the commonest complaint of housewives in every civilised country.

The psychiatrists may be quite right when they say that much of it is due to being lonely, and feeling that we are not appreciated, yet always wanted.

But let's see how much we do and if we have not good reason to be tired.

The investigations carried out all over the world for the Medical Women's International Association showed that in every country the average housewife was working more than ten hours a day for seven days a week. Britain stated fifteen hours; France eleven hours.

A family can be fun

IF being a combination of dietitian, nurse, psychologist, dressmaker, financial wizard, diplomat, cook, teacher, handyman, and laundress is fun, then having a family really can be fun.

But even the most incurably optimistic of us can't say it is all fun.

Bringing up a family taxes our patience, intelligence, and ingenuity to the limits; it carries us through the full gamut of emotional experience, from the heights of ecstasy to the depths of despair.

We parents certainly get an opportunity to live life to the full and then to relive it, if we are lucky, as grandparents.

TIRED MOTHERS THAT A FAMILY DEPEND ON A...

HOUSEWIFE



CLAIR ISBISTER, Australian doctor and housewife, who is widely known for her broadcasts on the problems of mothers and children. This is the first of a series of extracts from "What is Your Problem, Mother?" recently published by Angus and Robertson. Dr. Isbister deals in a practical way with the everyday things that plague you — tiredness, aches and pains, headaches and nerves, food for mothers and children, how your doctor can help, and what you can do about it.

Women who were also doing work outside the home had a full-time job eight hours a day for five or more days a week, and then did another eight hours a day for seven days to get their housework done.

Heavy work

Much of this work is heavy and manual—washing, housecleaning, shopping, and the carrying of heavy baskets.

Women have to spend long hours on their feet and lift heavy weights. Think of the woman who has two children under two; and often even three and four-year-olds need lifting; think, too, how many miles that woman runs, looking to see that those children are not in trouble.

Think of the constant mental strain of being on the alert—always listening, always ready to run, always half expecting an emergency — as many mothers are.

The British study of seven hundred housewives' diaries kept specially for this investigation showed that five hours

a day was spent in the kitchen preparing and cooking food.

The French study tried to separate how much time was actually needed for children, and an average figure was about one-third, or five hours out of the fifteen for dressing, washing, supervising homework, taking children to school, and taking baby for a walk. This figure did not include general washing and general cooking or tidying up after them.

The majority of women really felt the need of eight hours' sleep; so that would leave them one hour for leisure, beauty care, etc. But in fact the mother of young children does not get eight hours' sleep a night, or anything like it.

I know women who have not had eight hours' uninterrupted sleep for years — because of young babies; two-year-olds that wake when they wet the bed; three-year-olds having occasional nightmares on the night that baby sleeps through; pregnancy, with its disturbed nights; husbands on shift work; husbands who

come home late or drunk; teenagers out to parties and Mother, of course, waits up.

No, not many of us get our eight hours' uninterrupted sleep.

Now, it isn't really quite as bad as it sounds, because, except for the mothers of young children, we are not all working under pressure; we can plan a pause now and again.

The statistics show that though the mothers of young children do fifteen hours' work, and are on call for nine more, the mothers of older children are averaging eight hours a day and have much more leisure.

Happy group

Another group interested me very much — three hundred women doctors in America, over ninety per cent. of them practising, and most of those in full practice. Over eighty per cent. had domestic help, and all had labor-saving devices.

There were twenty-eight women with no domestic help, who had an average of two children under ten, but said they so planned their work that they could do their housekeeping in four hours a day.

Many others had very little domestic help, except for cleaning, yet managed so well that a few hours' housework a day was all that was required.

This was not a wealthy group — they were a hard-working, intelligent group; they put vacuum cleaners, washing-machines, and deep-freezers very high on their list of labor-saving devices; they stressed the need for convenient kitchens and bathrooms, and the value of the wireless set in relieving the tedium of the housework.

Forty per cent. of these women stated they really enjoyed their household duties, and this came from a group of women with practically no training for housework.

Less to carry

I know that many mothers are managing equally well. I know, too, from talking to my clinic mothers that they are physically tired, and they could do something about it.

They go shopping too often and carry too much — husbands could co-operate more and families could do more for one another.

Quite a few are using the markets more: a case of apples and oranges or a side of lamb between three families saves a lot of carrying, and a bag of sugar delivered by the grocer means ninety pounds less for the housewife to carry.

How many miles a day do you walk round a kitchen table that is badly placed? How often do you bend to power-points down near the floor?

Continued on Page 36

You avoid the risk
of stomach upset
when you take . . .

DISPRIN

THE DISSOLVING ASPIRIN

For HEADACHE and PAIN



Here's why Disprin will not cause stomach upset

Ordinary aspirin and a.p.c. do not readily dissolve — they merely break up into coarse acid particles. Medical experience shows that these particles of aspirin can lodge in and irritate the stomach lining — a cause of serious conditions in some people. Others can suffer symptoms of irritation such as indigestion, dyspepsia and heartburn.

But Disprin *dissolves in seconds* to become a solution in your stomach. No irritation of the stomach lining occurs. And Disprin is far less acid. That's why Disprin is the safe, fast way to relieve headache and pain.

You'll find your doctor will recommend Disprin, too.

PERIOD PAINS
Disprin at such times is a blessing to women. Pain is relieved and the nerves rapidly soothed. Keep the flat pack in your handbag.

SAFE FOR CHILDREN
Because Disprin dissolves and is far less acid it is much safer for children. It can easily be given as a drink.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS



DOCTORS RECOMMEND

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For Headaches, Feverishness, Nerve Pains, Colds, Chills, 'Flu.

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To wake fresh

and fit

It's marvellous

what a difference

MILO
makes!

Yes... it's marvellous what a difference Milo makes
...and no wonder! Milo is a delicious chocolate-flavoured
blend of pure country milk and malted cereals fortified with
invigorating vitamins. If you drink Milo during the
day and last thing at night you'll feel better, sleep better
and wake each morning marvellously fresh and fit.
Milo helps to soothe the nerves, banish tiredness, restore
expended energy. Moreover, it's the most delightful
tonic food you ever tasted.

*The Milo label has been newly designed: but
Milo itself is still the same delicious Tonic Food*

FOR SOUND RESTFUL SLEEP

MILO

A NESTLÉ'S
QUALITY
PRODUCT



TUNE IN EVERY WEEK TO NESTLÉ'S
"BUNKHOUSE SHOW"

Rush for show she won't see

BEFORE artist Margo Lewers went off on a tour of Red China she had a hectic week finishing paintings for an exhibition she won't see.

It's an all-woman show — the Women Painters' Exhibition — being held at Sydney's Bissetta Gallery from July 22.

Margo, who lives with her sculptor husband, Gerry Lewers, in a lovely old house at Emu Plains, N.S.W., on the banks of the Nepean River, has four pictures in it.

She is making her tour with the Professor of Far Eastern History at Canberra's National University, Professor Patrick Fitzgerald, and his wife.

Other women artists in the show include Judy Cassab, who won the women painters'



prize in The Australian Women's Weekly Art Prize of 1955 and 1956.

Hungarian-born Miss Cassab returned from abroad.

Several well-known "pavement artists" will also show their work. Teacher Jean Appleton, Enid Cambridge, Sheila McDonald, and Thea Proctor are all familiar sights round Sydney suburbs, where they prop up their easels on the pavements.

Elsa Russell, who has balletomania, will exhibit some back-stage ballet scenes.

WORTH REPORTING

His desk is the kitchen table

"ANY success I've had is thanks to my wife — you should see the mess she's had to put up with on the kitchen table!"

The kitchen table is desk and typing table to Ru Pullan — the quiet, shy author of "Curly on the Rack," which will be produced by the Elizabethan Theatre Trust later this year.

The play, set in Rabaul after World War II, is the first Australian play to be accepted by the Trust straight from an author's script.

The now-famous "Doll" was seen by executive director Hugh Hunt in Melbourne before being bought, and "The Shifting Heart" was the winner of a contest.

Ru Pullan (Tim to family and friends) is known to Australian radio listeners for more than 40 plays and serials and about 400 children's stories.

"My two daughters, Pamela, who is now 18, and Tina Rose, who's 12, provided me with quite a few of the ideas — and they're my best listeners," he said.

Married for 19 years, he is essentially a quiet family man who loves to talk about his home in Hunter's Hill, N.S.W., and the cooking (in spite of his literary mess) of his wife, Chris.

★ ★ ★
CONFESSIONS of English novelist Helen Eastwood about her 115 best-sellers of passionate love and burning passion: "Passion must be proper. My heroines never fall too much in love with married men. And the bad girls always come to a fearful end."

THE Sack is still going strong. Latest announcement comes from militant politician Nancy Lady Astor, aged 79, who eyed a pretty girl in a sack and said: "I've had six children and I wouldn't want to look like that. Most fashionable girls look as if they're going to have a baby in a fortnight."



Got pictures but lost soles

ATTRACTIVE American Jina Dellaccio came to Sydney in the Mariposa recently for two days as a tourist with a mission.

She had to get Sydney and its surroundings on film as assistant to her brother, Paul Duckworth, an ace news photographer.

They're doing a Pacific pictorial round-up for American magazines and papers.

"Usually Paul and I work together," Mrs. Dellaccio said when we caught up with her in Lane Cove National Park.

"I've got Sydney on my own, because Paul is hopping round New Zealand on his motor scooter. He'll rejoin the ship on the way back."

Armed with four cameras and humping a bag of film, Jina photographed Bungan Castle on the way to Palm Beach, visited the glass-roofed home of architect Peter Muller at Whale Beach, learnt to throw a boomerang, climbed into cages at the Zoo, tramped across the Harbor Bridge — and wore out a pair of shoes in the three days.

Tell the truth to children

TRUTHFULNESS is one of the secrets of writing successfully for children, according to Melbourne author Mrs. Joyce Nicholson.

She is arranging the Victorian display for the Australian Children's Book Week, opening on July 7 in the Melbourne Public Library.

"Absolute truth is not necessary, but stories should be reasonably credible," said Mrs. Nicholson, who has four young children and has written seven children's books.

The Australia-wide Children's Book of the Year award will be announced on the opening day.

Footnote: Dr. George Chisholm, former director of the World Health Organisation, also urges mothers not to tell lies to children. "If you tell a child that Santa Claus comes down the chimney," he says, "he can have nightmares about other things, like big black bears, also coming into the house that way."

Girls' hobbies not uniform

WHAT people do in their spare time always interests us. Here's a hobby list of girls who work in neat, anonymous uniforms in Sydney's Martin Place headquarters of the Commonwealth Bank.

Fay Robertson, aged 18, takes fencing lessons; Carol Johnston, 20, learns cake decorating; Clare Doherty, 20, and Jan Fredericks, 21, are in the Army Nursing Corps; and Geraldine Kelly, 21, goes water-skiing.

Joyce Champion and Patricia Frost do carpentry and woodwork, and Jill Bennett

studies surveying and draughtsmanship. Milba Wilson and Betty James make their own



hats; Gwen and Pauline Cowling make artificial flowers and study astronomy.

Furnishing and interior decorating keep Myrtle Straker busy, while Stella Mudge and Frances Argall do flower arrangements.

Elizabeth Devine is on her own — with water-color and portrait painting.

The laugh was on me

This week's winners of "The Laugh Was On Me":

● On our first afternoon parade the sergeant was detailing us to various camp duties. To me he said: "You go to the Sergeants' Mess and wait."

Eventually I found the mess kitchen and was given a cuppa as soon as I arrived.

Nobody bothered to ask me my business, so I just stood around and drank tea when it was offered.

Next morning, was my face red when the sergeant shouted: "I thought I ordered you to wait at table in the Sergeants' Mess, you —!!"

£2/2/- to A. Calder, 71 West St., Toowoomba, Qld.

● Being only too well aware of the highly active grapevine system that exists in a hospital, and particularly in the Nurses' Home, while I was a young resident I would assume a heavy German accent when ringing up and asking for the nurse of my choice.

I thought I was doing very well until one day the switchboard girl said in extremely exasperated tones: "I could understand you much more easily if you would only speak in a normal voice, Dr. Thompson!"

£2/2/- to L. I. Thompson, 34 Segenhoe St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "The Laugh Was On Me," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Two £2/2/- prizes are awarded each week.

Five girls in a goldfish bowl

WORKING in Sydney's newest goldfish bowl — a glass-walled beauty salon in Kay House, on the corner of King and Castlereagh Streets — are five pretty girls who stop as much sidewalk traffic as a TV set during a Test match.

"It's a bit like being a dummy in a store window," said the 23-year-old "boss lady" of the girls, Pat Hart, of Roseville. "We have to remember not to pull faces or hitch our stockings up. We're almost public property."

Hand Knit for Fashion and Economy!

Knitting instructions for 9 classic designs in Patons Tee Vee Book No. 1 (Price 1/9). If unobtainable locally write, enclosing 3½d. extra for postage, to the address below

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Garden plans and planting for spring

● The special feature here and on page 35 shows planting ideas for every type of garden, large or small.

Check these pictures against your own garden, and then, using your favorite plants, plan a corner for year-round color.

And in this planning, don't forget to aim for an unobtrusive blending of lawn and borders; borders and beds; beds and backgrounds.

Haphazard gardens can be charming but, like houses, they're the better for occasional redecorating.

Now, when many plants have finished their season's growth and are waiting for spring sunshine to revitalise them, is a good opportunity.

Continued on page 35



INFORMAL HILLSIDE GARDEN shows how color can be obtained on sloping ground without great labor. Kurume azaleas, diosma, and marguerites grow in the foreground, with azaleas and flowering peach behind them. Jonquils, sparaxis, and thrift accent rock path.



ABOVE: A small concrete pool with rock edgings is relatively easy to make, will double the beauty of your favorite iris, and allow you to grow delicate water-lilies.

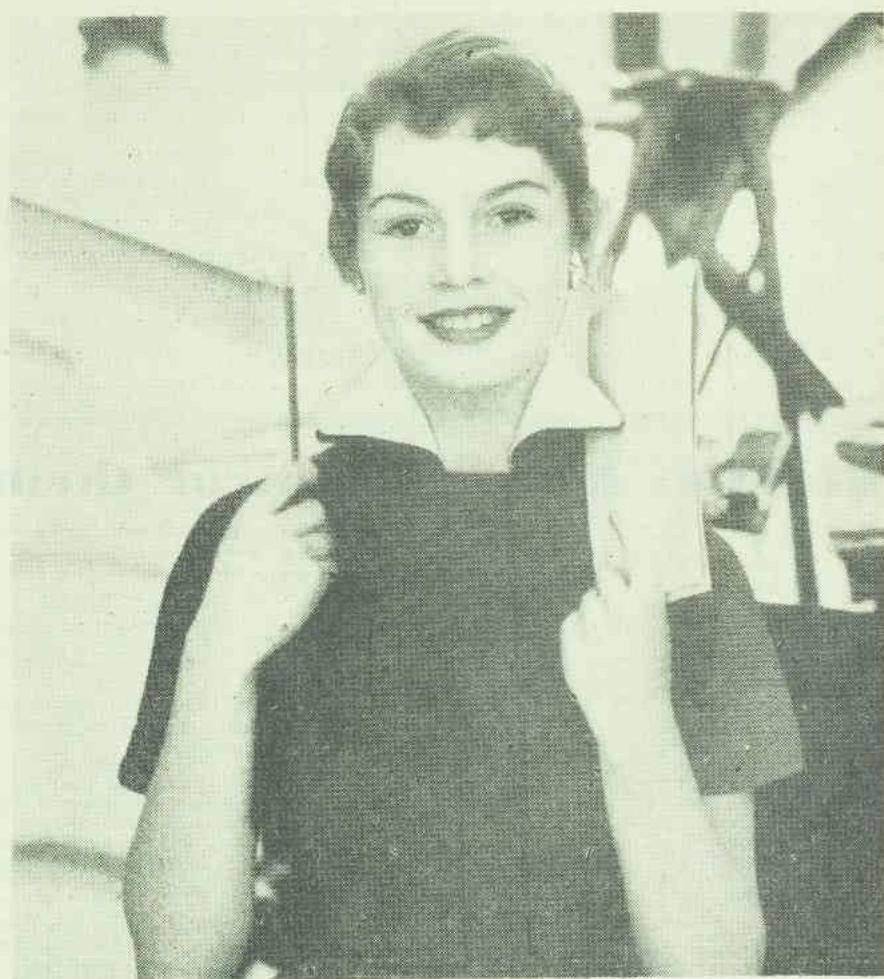
RIGHT: A well-planted perennial border needs little upkeep and will give pleasure all the year. This is Mrs. J. Murray-Walker's garden at Warrawee, N.S.W.

**SERVICE
FEATURE**

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

500

**HOUSEHOLD
HINTS**



SAVE TIME, SAVE MONEY

*** COOKING * WASHING * CLEANING * IRONING**

FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

On other pages . . .

- Keep this hint booklet handy in your kitchen. Every modern kitchen should have a library shelf or drawer.

You can make this reference corner of your kitchen more efficient by indexing your books. Buy yourself an alphabetical notebook and note under the appropriate heading the name of the book that contains the information.

List under the heading "Entertaining" the names of the dishes you find most popular when you have guests to dinner. Beside each recipe title put the name and page number of the relevant recipe book.

In this booklet we've put together as many household hints as we have room for. Some of them are old and some are new, but all of them will come in handy.

Basic Recipes	6	Oven Temperatures	7
Clothes, Care of	10, 11	Painting	16
Cooking Hints	4, 5, 6, 7	Saucepans	3
Cooking, Quantity Chart	7	Sewing	11
Curtains	9	Shoe-cleaning	10
Floors	9	Shopping List	12
Flowers	8	Silver	3
Furniture	8	Sink, Stopped	3
Glassware	3	Stain-removal Chart	15
Gloves	10	Storage	11
Ironing	13	Stoves	3
Kitchen Equipment	12	Walls	8
Laundry Guide	14	Washing	13, 14, 15
Nylon	14	Windows	9

PESTS: How to control them

PEST control has been revolutionised by the recently developed chlordane.

(Chlordane is usually marketed as an 80 per cent. emulsion concentrate in 4oz. bottles which sell at about 7/6. Mixed with one gallon of water, this quantity of chlordane makes a 2 per cent. spray, which is the correct strength for normal household use. Don't make up more than is required for immediate use. For most jobs one fluid ounce of the concentrate in a quart of water will provide sufficient spray.)

DO NOT USE CHLORDANE AS A SPACE SPRAY.

ANTS: In contact with food use a pyrethrum spray. Where food is not involved use a 2 per cent. chlordane.

BEDBUGS: Spray mattresses and bed frames thoroughly with 5 per cent. D.D.T.

BEEES AND WASPS: Spray nests with 5 per cent. D.D.T. To keep them from coming indoors, spray walls, windowsills, and screens.

BORERS: Brush or spray on to affected surface a mixture of 20 per cent. dichloroethylene and 2 per cent. chlordane in kerosene, or a light, non-staining oil.

COCKROACHES: Chlordane (2 per cent.) around floorboards and pipes.

FLIES: Paint screens, windowsills, doorsteps with 2 per cent. chlordane or 5 per cent. D.D.T. Or spray with .5 per cent. D.D.T. If you buy a commercial flyspray make sure that it contains a "knock-down" insecticide.

MOSQUITOES: Paint screens, windowsills, doorsteps with 2 per cent. chlordane, 5 per cent. D.D.T. Rooms may be sprayed with .5 per cent. D.D.T.

RATS AND MICE: Use warfarin, which is sold ready to use mixed with crushed wheat or other grain products.

SANDFLIES: Paint screens, windowsills, and surfaces near light fixtures with 5 per cent. D.D.T.

SILVERFISH: Apply 5 per cent. D.D.T. to floor cracks and corners of bookshelves.

SPIDERS: All types of spiders, including the dangerous redbacks, funnel-webs, and trapdoors, can be wiped out by spraying the webs and woodwork with 2 per cent. chlordane.

TICKS: Remove ticks from dogs, children, or adults with forceps, being careful not to crush, as the fluid they contain is poisonous. Treat animals' kennels with D.D.T.

WEEVILS: Throw away affected food, clean out cupboards or drawers thoroughly, and spray with .5 per cent. D.D.T.

IN THE KITCHEN

SAUCEPANS

Loosen burnt-on foods in enamel saucepans by filling pan two-thirds full of water and adding 2 dessertspoonfuls baking soda to 1 pint of water. Boil for a few minutes. Wash in hot suds, finish cleaning with a mild abrasive.

To clean aluminium saucepans that have become dark from cooking, add 2 teaspoons of cream of tartar to water and boil 20 minutes; or boil some spinach in the pan for a few moments.

If stored cast-iron cooking utensils (e.g., gem-scone irons) have become rusty, brush over with olive oil and heat in an oven at moderate temperature for an hour. Then wash with hot water and dry thoroughly over heat.

To remove the fish odor from a frying-pan, sprinkle salt on the pan, add hot water, and let it stand a while before washing.

A thick layer of lime deposit can be removed from the bottom of a kettle by boiling 1 cup vinegar mixed with 1 quart water for 15 minutes. Rinse in cold water.

Don't let salted liquids stand in aluminium. They are likely to cause pitting. Silver polish may be used to restore the gleam to satin-finish aluminium.

To prevent scratching and otherwise damaging enamelware, always stir foods with a wooden spoon.

GLASSWARE

To loosen a glass stopper, let a few drops of glycerine soak between stopper and neck of bottle.

Always rinse out glassware which has contained milk in COLD water before washing in lukewarm suds.



If you want to label a glass jar in a hurry, write on it with your nail-varnish brush.

To remove cloudiness and mineral deposits which accumulate in glass decanters, vases, or cruets, fill with hot soapy water to which has been

KEEP WEEVILS AT BAY

● If you want to keep rice and sago free of weevils, here's the magic formula. Add a dessertspoon of salt when you fill the canister and shake it through the contents. Result: no weevils. When you wash the rice or sago the salt washes away.

added two tablespoons of ammonia. Leave for several hours, then rinse. Loosen sediment with a bottle brush.

Before using a vacuum flask which has been stored for some time, rinse out with boiling water to which has been added 2 teaspoons of sugar. This removes any musty taste.

THE STOVE

A quick way to clean your oven. Place a rag saturated with household ammonia inside the hot oven, close the door and leave until oven is cool. Grease will then wipe off easily.

To dissolve grease on stoves wipe over with cloth dipped in kerosene. Follow with hot detergent, wash, and clear rinse.

Remove stubborn finger-marks or grease spatters from the chrome trim of your stove by dissolving a teaspoon of powdered water softener and a teaspoon of detergent in a cup of warm water. Wipe the trim with the solution, rinse, and dry with a soft cloth.

CLEANING SILVER

Clean knives which have turned dark from an acid by rubbing a raw potato over the blade.

Put small piece of blotting-paper at the bottom of a silver salt shaker. This will absorb the salt's moisture and keep it running freely.

If after you have eaten your boiled breakfast egg the spoon is discolored, place it in the water in which the egg was boiled. Stain then comes off easily in the washing-up.

To polish pewter, mix a little finely powdered whiting with a little oil and apply to the metal with a soft rag. Rub in well and then polish with a clean cloth, giving a final rub with a chamois leather.

To keep small pieces of silverware seldom used bright and free from tarnish, store in a screw-top jar.

To clean inside of silver tea and coffee pots, pour in a little borax and some hot water—leave stand for an hour or two. Finish cleaning with brush, and rinse thoroughly.

Remove egg-stains from silver with a damp cloth which has been dipped in salt. Wash off immediately.

To whiten ivory or bone handles of cutlery, or piano keys, apply a paste made with ordinary whiting and lemon juice. Leave on for a few moments, rinse, and polish.

GENERAL CLEANING

To keep your refrigerator sweet-smelling, place inside a saucer filled with a paste of dry mustard and cold water. It will absorb odors.



Remove rust from galvanised steel or wire screens with fine steel wool or a stiff brush; or apply a layer of paste made from salts of lemon (chemically known as oxalic acid) and water. Let stand for ten minutes, then rinse. Repeat if rust persists.

If the kitchen ceiling is soiled with smoke, spread a thick paste of starch and water over dirty area, allow to dry, and brush off.

Keep dustbins clean by burning newspaper in them occasionally after they have been emptied, and sprinkle with disinfectant.

Pick up pieces of broken glass with a piece of fresh bread kneaded into a ball.

WASHING UP

If the sink pipe gets stopped try putting a generous handful of washing-soda down the drain, then pour in half a glassful of vinegar.

Give longer wear to rubber gloves by turning inside out and sticking pieces of adhesive plaster over each finger tip.

Laundry blue in the washing-up water will make glassware sparkle.

WHAT'S COOKING?

TIME-SAVERS

For ready-mixed pastry, rub fat into flour in correct proportions and store in an airtight container in a cool place. This mixture will keep for weeks, and when you want pastry quickly merely measure out the amount needed, add water, and roll out ready for the oven.

Sour milk can be quickly prepared by adding one tablespoon of vinegar to a measuring cup of milk and slightly warming.

For speed, sprinkle salt on parsley before chopping.

Always beat the white first and then the yolk when beating separated eggs, as this will save washing the beater twice.

An easy way to scrape carrots: Use a metal sponge, the kind you use for pot-scouring.

To avoid constant stirring and the nauseating smell of boiling vinegar when making chutney, cook in a casserole in the oven. It will then need only occasional stirring. The process is first to dissolve sugar in vinegar over low heat, and then pour over the other ingredients.

Scooping out the inside of a tomato or a pepper is really simple if a grapefruit knife with a curved blade is used.

Making bread-sauce is tedious when you also have to make the breadcrumbs for it. Save this effort by pulling the inside of a loaf (it doesn't matter whether it's fresh or stale) and putting it in the pan as it is with milk, onions, and cloves. Then simply make the bread-sauce in the usual way, beating with a fork as it boils.

Keep one large shaker of mixed salt and pepper in the kitchen. It's a time-saver for seasoning.

To prevent milk from burning when heating, first rinse the saucepan with cold water.

TO prevent tears when cutting onions:

- Keep your mouth open.
- Hold a piece of bread between your teeth.
- Work with your hands and the onion under running water.

WORK-SAVERS

To skin flat fish, such as sole, place under hot grill for just 30 seconds, after which it will come away without any trouble.

It's much easier to open oysters if they've first been heated in the oven for 30 seconds.

It's clever to wash and trim greens before storing in your refrigerator or freezer, because it saves considerable time later and considerable space right away.

Although there are two schools of thought on the subject, the tedious job of peeling mushrooms isn't at all necessary if mushrooms are clean.



Skimming fresh tomatoes for salad is simple if they're first dropped into boiling water or held over a low flame on a fork or skewer.

To hasten the defrosting of your refrigerator, remove the ice-cube trays, fill them with boiling water, and put them back in place.

For easier washing-up, always grease a casserole before filling with food.

CHEF'S SECRETS

Pork crackling will always be crisp if it's rubbed well with salt before cooking.

Add a teaspoon of dissolved gelatine to whipped cream before beating, and it will remain stiff for an hour or more.

A jar of cream will go twice as far if it is whipped and a stiffly beaten egg-white folded in just before serving.

Soaking bacon in cold water for a few minutes before frying lessens the extent of curling and shrinking.

If you think a steak will be tough, tenderise it by soaking in a pint of water and tablespoon of vinegar for 10 minutes before cooking.

It's a waste to turn on the oven to bake apples alone. Instead, core the apples and fill with sugar. Then place them in a pan with a tight lid, add two tablespoons of water, and cook over gentle heat for 25 to 30 minutes. Besides being more economical, they're just as delicious.

When boiling eggs in an aluminium saucepan add a few drops of vinegar or lemon juice to the water to prevent discoloration of the saucepan.

Nuts can be grated in a flash if you pop them into your electric blender.

When a cake refuses to part company with the baking-tin, chill the bottom of the tin immediately it's removed from the oven by placing it on a folded cloth which has been soaked in very cold water. Slip a knife round the edge of the cake, and leave for a few minutes, after which it should just slip out.

Slicing meat at an angle helps retain the juices in each piece till eaten.

For success in making omelets that don't stick to the pan, always use a special pan, and never wash it. Instead, clean immediately after use with soft paper or tissue.

When boiling rice, add a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar to prevent the grains sticking together.

To save constant basting when roasting any type of poultry, amply grease all over with suitable fat and wrap securely in greaseproof paper. Tie with string, and cook as usual in hot fat. Remove paper during last ten minutes.

CHIPPED POTATOES

Want to make first-class chipped potatoes? Cut them about the size of cigarettes. Put plenty of peanut oil into a deep frypan. Let it come to smoking point. Put potatoes in a wire basket. Let cook a couple of minutes. Lift out basket. Let oil heat again. Do this twice. Then drain chips on brown paper.

It will be good if you use these ideas

NEW FLAVORS

To give soup a rich, creamy taste, add a tablespoon of grated cheese to each quart of soup just before serving.

It improves the flavor of prunes if a little salt is added when cooking.

For an extra-special apple-sauce, add a wineglass of port and a pinch of cinnamon just as it finishes cooking.

The left-over juice from a jar of sweet pickles gives an unusual flavor in a coleslaw dressing when used in place of vinegar.

For an original menu touch, combine two cans of different soup. A beef broth or clear chicken soup, for instance, enhances any cream soup, and your guests will think it's sheer cooking genius.

There's no need to waste all the watermelon apart from the red, fleshy part. Just as delicious are pickles and preserves made from the greenish-white section of the rind, just beneath the skin. They have a piquancy which makes them specially good served with meats.

RESCUES

To rescue sauce which has gone into lumps during making, pour through a fine sieve, pressing it with the back of a spoon, and throw away the residue. Reheat if necessary.

If a pie-shell is browning too rapidly, place a piece of aluminium foil or paper over it to stop further browning.



To remove burned crust from a cake, use a grater rather than a knife, and carefully grate off the charred portion.

When using your recipe book while cooking, place the open book inside a transparent plastic bag to keep it clean.

There'll be no need for browning when making gravy if two lumps of

sugar are placed in the baking-tin with the joint.

Shorten the stirring time in making boiled custard by bringing half the milk to boiling point before starting to stir in the beaten-up eggs and rest of milk.

You can always have excellent white sauces on hand for casserole dishes by using tinned cream of celery or cream of chicken soup.

Add a tablespoon of butter to the next batch of jam you make, and you'll find it prevents foaming and eliminates skimming.

To flour chicken before frying, place in a paper bag containing a little seasoned flour. Close the bag, and shake.

It's easy to string beans if they are put into boiling water for a few minutes after washing, and peas can be popped out of their shells easily if given the same treatment.

For a speedy glamor dessert, top a scoop of ice-cream with chocolate syrup and cover with a snow of coconut.

Coffee custard is simply made by adding two teaspoons of instant coffee to a package of custard dessert-mix before adding the liquid.

Save yourself the work of making stuffings by using pre-mixed packet stuffing. The addition of a little fresh chopped parsley or onion and perhaps a few drops of lemon juice deceives even the expert.

TO KEEP

To keep egg-yolks, put them in a glass and cover with melted butter (not too hot). Put the glass in the refrigerator and the yolks will keep without drying for several days.

You can save the fat used for cooking doughnuts or other fried food if, after using, you cut a few

slices of raw potato and drop into the cooled fat. Heat this slowly, and when the slices are cooked you'll find the potato has absorbed the odors and flavors. Strain and store for next time.

Instead of throwing out those soggy pieces of left-over roast, turn them into delicious croutons by cutting into small squares and browning under the grill till crisp.



Add a teaspoon of baking powder to cooked potatoes when they are about to be mashed, then beat vigorously, and they'll be light and creamy.

GLAZED PIE

For a nice glazed look on the top of a pie-crust, paint with beaten egg and water before putting in the oven.

Sliced apple will stand for some time without discoloring if dropped into cold salted water.

Olives will stay fresh in a bottle that has been opened and partly used if a little olive oil is poured on the top of the liquid in the bottle.

Individual taste is really the only guide when using curry powder, but start with 1 dessertspoon to each pound of meat or fish, or to each pint of sauce. Then add more if desired.

Remember raw rice trebles its bulk when cooked, so if a recipe needs 1 cup cooked rice, only use 1-3rd cup raw rice.

For hard-boiled eggs with a firm, delicate texture, NEVER really boil. Cook them below boiling point for 15 to 20 minutes, adding a tablespoon of salt for every quart of water. For at least one minute after cooking, soak in cold water.

Buns are simply iced by popping a piece of cooking chocolate on each one as soon as they're taken from the oven and spreading with a knife dipped in hot water.

When the oven is to be fully loaded, it is necessary to pre-heat it to "very hot," because the temperature drops immediately a number of cold dishes are put in it.

More tips for cooks

If uncovered butter has absorbed other food flavors in the refrigerator cut it into small pieces, cover with fresh milk, and leave it for an hour. Strain off the milk. The butter will be sweet again.

To clarify and remove sediment from the fat derived from gravy, let the fat cool, pour it into a container of hot water, and place in the refrigerator. When the fat which collects on top of the water hardens, make a hole in it and pour out the water. With it will go the sediment.

It's economical, if not entirely correct, to slice a leg of ham at an angle towards the bone, starting at the knuckle. This means the fat and lean are cut simultaneously.

If your menfolk steal the kitchen matches, cut away about a third of the box top. The matches are still satisfactory for household use but men won't carry a box likely to spill.

To restore wilted green vegetables, wrap them in a damp paper and place in refrigerator.

When making fried rice, boil the rice several hours before. After pouring cold water through it till grains are well separated, spread it on a plate to dry, and put it in the refrigerator.

SUBSTITUTES

● For cream in cooking use an equal quantity of undiluted evaporated milk.

● For thickening soup use rolled oats instead of barley.

● For meat stock use 1 teaspoon gravy browning powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

● For cake-making, honey may be used instead of half the sugar. If this is done, reduce the liquid by one-quarter and cook the cake at slightly lower temperature.

If you like to make your own poultry stuffing, put bread, herbs, and suet through a mincer together. This saves both grating and chopping.

When you want breadcrumbs for frying and have none in hand, put stale slices of bread through the meat-mincer and mix the crumbs with equal parts of flour. In doing this, you'll save work if, instead of

catching them in a bowl, you tie a paper bag securely over the end of the mincer.

Lemon-squeezers should be rinsed immediately after use to remove pith and seeds. If it's allowed to dry on the squeezer it becomes very hard to clean.

When jellies refuse to leave the mould, dip the mould for a second or so in hot water, turn upside down, and then give a sharp shake. If you want to hasten setting, melt the jelly or gelatine in the smallest possible amount of hot water, and then make up the quantity with cold water.

To prevent curdling of baked-milk puddings containing eggs and milk, stand the pudding in a dish of warm water while cooking.

Parsley will keep fresh if you put it in a screw-top jar in the refrigerator.

Freshen raisins and other dried fruits which have become stale and hard by putting them in a strainer and placing it, covered, over a pot of boiling water for about 15 minutes.

Oranges at room temperature, or slightly warmer, will give more juice than chilled oranges.



To prevent potatoes turning soft before you're ready to use them, store by spreading them out in a shallow box so that air can circulate freely round them.

Fresh bread will cut more easily if the bread knife is heated first by holding it under the hot-water tap for a few minutes.

Bread can be freshened by dampening it all over and placing in a warm oven for about 10 minutes.

Emergency way of crisping up lettuce leaves — soak in water with a piece of coal.

SOME BASIC RECIPES

TEACAKE. For every 2 cups self-raising flour (or 2 cups flour and 4 teaspoons baking powder) allow pinch salt, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 3 or 4 tablespoons mixed fruit, 1 egg, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk.

PANCAKE BATTER. For every cup of flour allow a pinch of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, and 1 egg.

COVERING BATTER. For every cup of flour allow a pinch of salt, 1 egg, and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk.

SHORTCRUST PASTRY. For every two cups flour allow 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 4 tablespoons shortening (any solid type cooking fat), 4 tablespoons water, squeeze lemon juice.

PLAIN SCONES. For every 2 cups of flour allow 4 teaspoons baking powder (or use self-raising flour), 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk.

SPONGE SANDWICH. To fill 7in. tins allow 3 eggs, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup castor sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour (or 1 cup flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder), pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 3 tablespoons hot milk. For 8in. tins use 4 eggs.

WHITE SAUCE. For one pint of milk, allow 2oz. each of flour and butter or substitute. This makes thin sauce. For medium thickness, use 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of flour and butter; for thick sauce, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of each.

QUANTITY CHART

• Use this as a guide to accurate measurements.

Accurate weighing or measuring is essential for good results. If kitchen scales are not available, standard measuring cups and spoons, correctly used, are satisfactory. Graduated glass or plastic measuring cups holding eight fluid ounces should be used for measuring dry or liquid ingredients.

A tablespoon used for measuring should hold one fluid ounce; a dessertspoon should hold $\frac{1}{2}$ fluid ounce; a teaspoon should hold 30 drops. Half a spoonful of dry ingredients means a level spoonful divided lengthwise. Quarter spoonful of dry ingredients means a level spoonful divided lengthwise, then crosswise. For maximum accuracy when measuring liquid with a spoon, pour the liquid into the spoon, do not dip the spoon into the liquid.

Unless a recipe states otherwise, spoon measurements always mean level spoons.

American-type round, plastic measuring spoons, available in sets of four, should be used when measuring ingredients for American recipes. These spoons are labelled 1 tablespoon, 1 teaspoon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon. The tablespoon holds only $\frac{1}{2}$ fluid ounce, and is therefore equal only to a dessertspoonful. The teaspoon holds $\frac{1}{4}$ fluid ounce. Liquid measurements in American recipes are based on the American pint of 16 fluid ounces. The British liquid measure is 20 fluid ounces to 1 pint.

1 cup flour (measured before sifting) ..	4 oz.	2 level tablespoons ground rice or rice flour ..	1 oz.
1 cup sugar (crystal or castor) ..	8 oz.	1 level tablespoon fat ..	1 oz.
1 cup sifted icing sugar ..	5 oz.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons crystal sugar ..	1 oz.
1 cup brown sugar ..	5 oz.	2 level tablespoons sifted icing sugar ..	1 oz.
1 cup fat, butter, or margarine ..	8 oz.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons castor sugar ..	1 oz.
1 cup soft breadcrumbs ..	4 oz.	5 tablespoons liquid ..	$\frac{1}{4}$ pt.
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups liquid ..	1 pt.	2 level tablespoons gelatine ..	1 oz.
1-3rd cup honey ..	4 oz.	1 tablespoon golden syrup ..	$1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
2 level tablespoons flour ..	1 oz.	$1\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons rice, barley, or split peas ..	1 oz.
2 level tablespoons cornflour ..	1 oz.	2 level tablespoons sago ..	1 oz.
2 level tablespoons cocoa ..	1 oz.	4 level tablespoons finely chopped suet ..	1 oz.
2 level tablespoons custard powder ..	1 oz.	2 level tablespoons grated cheese ..	1 oz.

Oven temperatures and positions

Slow oven .. 250 deg. F. — 350 deg. F.

Hot oven .. 400 deg. F. — 450 deg. F.

Moderate oven 350 deg. F. — 400 deg. F.

Very hot oven 450 deg. F. — 500 deg. F.

FOOD	TEMPERATURE	POSITION	
		Gas, fuel, or slow-combustion stoves.	Electric stoves.
BAKED CUSTARDS AND MILK PUDDINGS	325 deg. F.	Below centre.	In the centre.
RICH FRUIT CAKES	300 deg. F.	Top of cake level with centre of oven.	Top of cake level with centre of oven.
CASSEROLES	325 deg. F.	About centre.	Centre or below.
ROAST MEAT	325-350 deg. F.	About centre.	Below centre.
BISCUITS	350-375 deg. F.	Just above centre.	Below centre.
BUTTER-CAKES	350 deg. F.	About centre or slightly below (depends on depth of cake).	Below centre.
SPONGE SANDWICH OR SWISS ROLL	375 deg. F.	Above centre.	Below centre.
GINGERBREAD	325-350 deg. F.	Just above centre.	Below centre.
LIGHT FRUIT CAKE	350 deg. F.	About the centre.	Centre or below.
PATTY CAKES	400 deg. F.	Near top.	Near bottom.
PASTRY (shortcrust)	450 deg. F.	Small tarts near top. Tart cases, filled tarts, and pies about the centre.	Small tarts, tart cases, filled tarts, and pies near the bottom.
PASTRY (puff or flaky)	475 deg. F.	Pies above the centre.	Pies near the bottom.
SCONES	475 deg. F.	Near top.	Near bottom.

ROUND THE HOUSE

FURNITURE

Remove watermarks from polished surfaces by rubbing lightly with a piece of camphor. Follow with an application of linseed-turpentine polish.

Cover a scratch on oak or "blond" furniture by rubbing a cut oily walnut over the scratch until the oil has saturated the wood. Polish with a soft cloth.

Scratches on furniture may be disguised if the scratches are filled with beeswax and polished up. For dark furniture use a little shoe polish of the appropriate color, applied on the end of an orange stick wrapped round with cotton-wool. Polish up in the usual way with furniture cream.

To remove finger marks from highly polished furniture, rub lightly with a cloth dipped in alcohol, then polish with a soft cloth.

Remove white marks by rubbing with a slightly diluted mixture of linseed oil and turpentine. Polish well.

To clean piano keys, rub them with a soft cloth that has been dipped in denatured alcohol, available at any chemist's.

YOU need not wash your pottery or metal ashtrays every time you use them. Apply a thin layer of floor wax to the ashtrays after you wash them next time, and allow to dry. Polish well. This prevents ashes and moisture from clinging and the ashtrays can be wiped out quickly with a facial tissue or cloth.

Remove heat marks by sprinkling with salt, pour on a little olive oil, and allow to soak in several hours before polishing.

Glue rubber jar rings to the bottoms of ashtrays, vases, and lamp-bases to prevent scratching of polished surfaces.

Glass rings may be removed by rubbing with dampened cigarette ash and a soft cloth.

PICTURES

Clean gilt picture-frames by brushing away any dust, then washing with a solution of vinegar and water. Dry with a clean cloth, and polish with a chamois.

FIREPLACES

Keep brickwork around your fireplace in good condition by soaking it once a year with a coat of raw linseed oil.

Clean a stone fireplace with clear water and a stiff wire brush. If necessary, use a little powdered pumice. Do not use soap or scouring powder. These may spoil the stone's color.

WALLPAPER

When patching a tear in wallpaper, use a matching patch with torn edges. Cut edges show up too clearly.

Remove grease spots from wallpaper by applying a paste of Fuller's earth mixed with carbon tetrachloride. Leave a quarter-inch coat on spot overnight.

Another method: Cover spots with several thicknesses of blotting-paper and press with a hot iron.

To clean grease spots from distempered walls, sponge with rag soaked in carbon tetrachloride. Always retain a little of the paint used on walls for patching-up jobs.

Making the most of flowers

When picking flowers cut the stems on the slant. This allows more water absorption. Thick, tough stems should be slit up from the bottom.

Cut flowers, especially roses, stocks, and sweet-peas, should be placed in a deep container filled with water to within three inches of the heads. Leave them like this for an hour or so before arranging them in vases.

To keep flowers fresher longer add an aspirin tablet to the water. A lump of charcoal in a vase will prevent the odor from decaying stems. A couple of teaspoons of sugar serves the same purpose.

To stop flowers wilting in heated winter rooms, try putting ice-cubes in the vases.

Always leave cut flowers up to their necks in water overnight. Unless the water has become stained and smells, don't change it, but merely top up the vase.

Line a leaking vase with a thick layer of candle-grease. It will keep it water-tight.

If flower-heads are too heavy for their stalks, give added support by pushing the stems through drinking-straws.

"Double" the quantity of your flowers by placing the vase in front of a mirror.



If you give a lot of winter parties, there'll be few flowers in the garden, and buying flowers can be expensive. Invest instead in a couple of beautiful artificial roses (the type you might pin to an evening-dress) and use them as an everlasting table centre surrounded by a few fresh green leaves.

There's no fun in being conventional with flower arrangements, so experiment. One idea is to cut a square out of a vegetable-marrow at one end. Fill with water and use as a holder for leaves, flowers, grasses, and so on.

When arranging flowers in a non-transparent vase, try putting screwed-up newspaper between the stems to hold them in their places.

Never leave flowers in draughts, as they like even temperatures.

Carnations will last longer in the house if they're sprinkled from time to time with ice-cold water.

Put a penny in the bottom of your rose bowl. It helps keep the roses fresh.

A teaspoon of common salt in a vase of lukewarm water will sometimes revive roses and other flowers.

When growing ivy in water, keep a small piece of charcoal in the water.

Floors, walls, windows

WINDOWS

To save trouble when threading a curtain on to its rod, place the finger from an old glove over the rod's end. The curtain will then slip on easily.

If a sash window is hard to raise, pour a little hot oil or melted butter between the window frame and the casing, and also on the roller rope.

Windows and mirrors sparkle if washed with plain bluing water. For very dirty windows, add 1 tablespoon ammonia or washing soda to a bucket of water. Polish with a lintless cloth or crumpled newspaper.

To tint and rejuvenate curtains, put dye or tint in the washing machine with the soap powder. The tint is whirled around and evenly distributed through the curtains in this way.

When ironing curtains, never iron up and down. Always press across and they will hang straight.



CHAIRS

Cane seats which have sagged can be tightened and cleaned if you wash them with warm salt water and lemon juice, and follow this by completely saturating with hot water and turning upside down to dry in the sun.

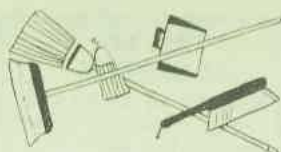
SHELVES

Narrow shelves are better for storing household linen as you then don't have to sort through heavy deep piles. To make sure all sheets, pillowcases, and towels get equal wear, put away clean laundry at bottom of each pile so each article is used in rotation.

FLOORS

To settle curled rug corners, wring a bath-towel out in cold water, place over curled spot, and leave overnight.

Take scratches off varnished floors by rubbing over with a little lard, then polishing off with a clean cloth.



How to clean under the piano or other heavy pieces of furniture without having to move: Wrap an oily piece of cloth around the end of a yardstick, and run the stick under the pieces.

To prevent a floor from squeaking, sprinkle talcum powder between the boards.

To repair holes in cork carpeting, fill with powdered cork mixed to stiff consistency with glue or melted beeswax. Seal or polish in the usual way.

Rub your dustpan over with floor wax. It keeps the pan clean and makes the dust and dirt slide on and off more easily.

Small cracks in linoleum can be filled with melted sealing wax. Sealing wax comes in many shades, one of which should match.

When measuring for stair carpets, always allow an extra half-yard so that the carpet can be moved periodically. This prevents it wearing thin on the edges of each stair.

Sprinkle a broom with kerosene. It gathers dust more easily.

If needing to sweep dust on to a piece of newspaper, dampen the edges of the paper. It will adhere to the floor and allow the dust to slide on easily.

Revive color of faded carpets by rinsing with warm water and vinegar.

Remove a cigarette burn from a cork tiled floor by rubbing gently with fine sandpaper.

WICKERWORK

To give special cleaning care to reed, cane, and wicker furniture, add 1 tablespoon of household ammonia to 1 quart of water. Dip a cleaning cloth in this solution and wipe the furniture. Rinse and wipe dry. Apply a coat of furniture wax.

CURTAINS

Don't use tie-backs on curtains made with material that will crease or shade unless you intend to leave them draped back. They look unsightly when released from the tie-back.

After washing curtains you may not need to iron them if you hang them while damp.



PICTURES

Clean old photographs with soft bread.

DUSTING

Soak dusters in turpentine and allow to dry. They will dust better.

To prevent windows from steaming, after cleaning, wipe over with a little glycerine.

Clean china display figurines by washing in warm water to which baking soda has been added. Rinse in hot water and dry with a soft cloth.

IN THE BATHROOM

To keep a bathtub clean, run cold water before hot. Afterwards clean the tub while it is still warm.

Remove stains from a basin, sink, or bath caused by a dripping tap with a paste made by mixing powdered chalk with a little household ammonia. Apply with a brush.

Line the inside shelves of your medicine chest with blotting paper. Saves stains on the wood.

Bath towels that have frayed or torn at the edges and are looking shabby take on new life if you cut off torn borders and edge with fresh chalk-white cotton fringe. They look good enough to double as beach towels this way.

CLOTHES SENSE

SHOES

Wrap gold and silver shoes in black cloth or paper when you put them away.

Shoes should always be kept in shape when not in use. If you have no shoe-trees, try rolling up a wad of tissue paper and stuff it into the toes of your shoes. It soon takes on the shape of the shoe and does the job just as well.

Patent-leather shoes should be dusted and wiped over with petroleum jelly, then polished with a soft cloth.

When you buy colored shoes be sure to ask about the method of cleaning. Some colored shoes need special cleaning preparations, now sold in shoe stores.

To protect small feet against winter chills, buy a tin of waterproof boot polish and give all your children's shoes a heavy coat. If done before shoes are worn, it will keep them dry and protect the leather much longer.

Old nylon stockings or woollen socks make ideal covers for shoes when being packed or stored in boxes or drawers.

Your shoes sometimes need a rest. Try to wear them in turns and you will find that they will wear longer and look better.

To clean soiled white or pastel-colored satin shoes, rub lengthwise with a clean cloth dipped in methylated spirit.

Badly rubbed spots on suede shoes can sometimes be improved by using coarse emery paper.

CHEAP SLIPPERS

INSTEAD of throwing away children's socks when the feet have worn out, buy a small length of dark colored felt, cut into shoe sole shape, and attach to feet of worn socks with wool crochet. They make warm and economical indoor slippers.

When the lid has been left off a tin of shoe-polish and the polish becomes hard and dry, you can soften it up by pouring a few drops of turpentine in it.

GLOVES

Dark kid gloves can be freshened by a rub with petroleum jelly.

Suede gloves: Brush with a rubber suede brush or a soft-bristled brush. Dry-clean by putting them on your hands and going through the motions of hand-washing in a bowl of hot bran.

Doeskin, pigskin, and most smooth-leather gloves can be washed in lukewarm water and mild soap. The best way is to put the gloves on and proceed as if you were washing your hands. Always rinse in soapy water. Clear water hardens the skin, and the soap keeps it supple.

Stale bread can be used to clean suede gloves in light colors.

PLASTIC COATS

Soap and water will remove marks from a plastic raincoat.

BRUSH AND COMB

Wash hairbrushes in warm water with soap flakes and a little ammonia.

Combs are easy to wash if you put a teaspoon of borax or a little ammonia in warm water. Leave the comb in the water a few minutes, then brush with a nailbrush.

After you wash a hairbrush, you can help regain its original stiffness by adding two teaspoonfuls of powdered alum to each cup of water used for rinsing the brush.

HATS

Fine emery paper will clean a white felt hat. Then rub it over with black magnesia and leave a day before brushing.

DRESSES

To prevent lame or other fabric with gilt or silver thread from tarnishing store in black tissue paper.

Clean a velvet dress by first brushing off dust with a soft brush; then turn it inside out and hang it in the bathroom while you take a hot shower.

STOCKINGS

It is easy to snag or ladder stockings as you pull them out of the drawer. Try storing them in a special stocking sachet, easy to make yourself. Buy two yards of 5 or 6 inch wide cheap satin ribbon and fold into pockets deep enough to take one pair of stockings, pin, and stitch down the sides.

JEWELLERY

To prevent losing a piece from a mosaic brooch paint over the entire surface with colorless nail varnish. This will hold it in position without affecting the color.

To clean pearl and amber beads, rub olive oil on them with a chamomile cloth, remembering to go lightly on the amount and the pressure of rubbing.

WOOLLIES

To prevent moths and to keep your woollies tidy, store them in plastic bags, which are also excellent for travelling, as they are light. When you arrive at your destination, unpacking will be easier, as you merely transfer the plastic bags into the drawers.

Sweaters keep in better shape if they are hung on coat-hangers instead of folded and put in drawers. Women's blouses, too, should be put on to coat-hangers after ironing so they will not be creased by folding away.

Be your own valet and save dry-cleaning bills

TO keep clothes immaculate — and make them last longer—be your own valet every time you take them off.

Keep handy in a cupboard a tray equipped with a clothes brush, a suede brush, and a little rubber brush to get fluff off dark materials.

With it keep a bottle of cleaning fluid, some clean rags.

Once a week go through your wardrobe, cleaning and brushing all your clothes.

Brush your shoes every night when you take them off. Set aside time at the weekend to clean all your shoes.

Your things will wear if you show this care

STAINS

When putting away one season's clothes before taking out the new, remove all stains and wash or clean all garments. This way your clothes will remain spruce much longer, for dirt rots clothes. While fresh stains may be easy to remove, they'll always be stubborn when left a while.

To clean white braid, wet an old toothbrush, rub it across a cake of mild soap, and scrub the braid with it. The lather can be removed with a damp cloth.

BELTS

Belts of all kinds — fabric or leather — keep their shape much better if they're not rolled up when out of use. Attach a cord to two hooks and screw into inside door of your cupboard and keep belts hung from it. Or attach a row of little hooks and hang belts by their buckles.

STORAGE

When storing or packing accordion-pleated skirts pull through an old stocking with the foot cut off. This keeps the pleats together.

Children remember to put away their clothes and keep their room tidy if you can manage to give them a special cupboard of their own. It mustn't be too high (so they can reach the coat-hangers), and if two are sharing the same cupboard, paint each side a different color with colored coat-hangers to match so they will easily recognise their own and take pride in keeping their own section tidy.

It is much easier to keep family clothes and household linen in good repair if you do each repair as it occurs. Try keeping a well-equipped sewing-box near your ironing-board

so that you can put in the stitch that may save nine.

To keep drawers sweet-smelling, use your empty perfume bottles as sachets, putting them into the cupboard and among your underclothes.

To make a simple indoor clothes line: Attach a string of pegs to a wire coat-hanger, which can hang from the shower to dry stockings, underclothes, socks.

FURS

Furs deserve good care. Remember never to dry in front of a radiator, and always hang well away from heat pipes. In the wardrobe, furs should not touch the walls or other clothing.

To protect furs from moths, don't spray anything on the surface, but store in a tightly sealed box or plastic robe.

TIPS ON SEWING AND KNITTING

KNITTING

The crinkles can be taken out of wool that has already been knitted by rewinding the yarn into a skein and holding it taut before the spout of a steaming kettle. Simply move the skein backwards and forwards through the steam until the kinks have disappeared, and the wool will be like new again.

Reinforce the elbows of children's sweaters by stitching rounds from old nylon stockings on the inside of the sleeves. The jumpers will last much longer if you do this before the elbows begin to wear.

When working in fine yarns, the number of increases on a sleeve and decreases on a skirt grow proportionately more. To save recounting, knit in a strand of colored wool on the increasing or decreasing row.

Knitting should be measured flat on a table—lay it flat, put it into position, and then measure. Otherwise, the garment will stretch in all directions.

When using two, or even four, strands of wool while knitting a garment, it is a good idea to thread each strand through a four-holed button. This prevents tangles and makes the knitting much easier.

Mend the fingertips of knitted gloves over a thimble.

The correct way to join wool when knitting is to split the two ends. Then remove half the strands of each for a few inches, and twine them together with the two ends pointing in opposite directions. Knit for about 8 stitches, and continue with the new thread of wool. Never knot the ends together as this will form a lump that is likely to leave a hole after washing.

MAKE AND MEND

Men's shirts usually go first around the collar, the cuffs, and the armholes. Instead of throwing them away or putting them in the rag



basket, turn them into smocks for your small children. Cut away the collar into a round neck, cut out sleeves, bind neckline and armholes with colored binding. If you are energetic, make pockets from the sleeves and attach. French school-children wear these smocks to keep their clothes clean during play and school.

When your trousseau linen starts wearing out and the tops of sheets and the borders of pillowcases tear, invest in several yards of washable

floral ribbon (it should be at least 3in. wide, to fold over and hem back) and use as new borders.

Attach an old powder-puff to your wrist with a rubber band for use as a pincushion when fitting a dress.

Keep a small magnet in your sewing-basket. It's handy for picking up stray pins and needles.

Use the best quality pins for sewing. They're worth the outlay.

If you have trouble in threading a needle, it's a help to hold the needle against a piece of white paper. It makes the eye of the needle stand out sharply.

To find your true waistline if you are making a waisted dress — tie a piece of tape round your waist where it feels natural and comfortable.

If you have no help in turning up a skirt hem, stand beside a table. Using the table edge as a guide, put a row of pins across the front below your hips. Use this row of pins to measure evenly to bottom of hem.

Cut two or three nicks in the underarm curve when making a dress with raglan sleeves. Otherwise the stitching may come undone when you stretch your arms.

To sharpen scissors in a hurry, cut through fine sandpaper a couple of times.

Your Shopping List

• Here we have listed food and other groceries used in the average household. Check with it before you go shopping.

Bread.	Gelatine.	Cordials, soft drinks.
Meat, fish.	Breakfast foods.	Soups, tinned or packaged.
Bacon, ham.	Rice.	Soap, bath and household.
Eggs.	Spaghetti, macaroni.	Soap powders, flakes.
Milk, cream.	Jam, honey.	Synthetic detergent.
Butter, margarine.	Sauces, pickles, chutney.	Starch, blue.
Cheese.	Salad oil.	Polishes, floor, furniture.
Potatoes, onions.	Salad dressing.	Polishes, silver and metal.
Vegetables, fruit.	Vinegar.	Scouring powder.
Garlic.	Pepper, cayenne, paprika.	Bleach.
Flour, plain, self-raising.	Peppercorns.	Ammonia.
Sugar, icing-sugar.	Herbs, spices.	Methylated spirit.
Salt.	Mustard.	Kerosene, turpentine.
Tea, coffee, cocoa.	Coconut.	Disinfectant.
Baking powder.	Extracts, flavorings.	Toilet paper.
Cream of tartar, baking soda.	Raisins, sultanas, currants.	Matches.
Cornflour, arrowroot.	Fruit juice, tomato juice.	Lunchwraps.

EQUIPMENT FOR A KITCHEN

• If you are setting up house you'll want a list of kitchen equipment. We've divided it into essential and optional equipment. Opinions may vary on what is essential and what is optional, but you'll find the entire list useful. If you are a housekeeper of long standing you will still find this handy to check through when you take a seaside cottage.

ESSENTIAL

Set saucepans with lids.
Frying-pan.
Grilling-pan.
Lipped saucepan.
Kettle.
Teapot.
Roasting-pan.
Biscuit trays.
Two sets patty-pans.
Nest of round caketins.
Oblong loaf tin.
Wire cake-cooler.
Three piedishes, small, medium, large.
Pieplate.
Heat-proof pudding-basin.
Ovenware casserole.
Flour sifter.
Rolling-pin.
Egg beater.
Biscuit cutter.
Bread and chopping board.
Bread knife.
Sharp chopping knife.

Bread tin.
Toaster.
One standard glass measuring jug.
Measuring cup.
Kitchen cutlery.
Canisters.
Nest of mixing bowls.
Grater.
Wooden spoon.
Bottle and tin opener.
Kitchen scissors.
Kitchen tongs.
Knife sharpener.
Potato masher.
Egg slicer.
Plate scraper.
Lemon squeezer.
Jar opener.
Two wire strainers, fine and coarse.
Colander.
Potato peeler (two-edged blade).
Apple corer.
Waxed paper and plastic bags.

Dishwashing supplies (soap, steel wool, kitchen cleansers, etc.).

Tea-towels and dishcloths.
Towel rack.
Bucket, scrubbing brush.
Garbage can.

OPTIONAL

Household scales.
Dish-drying rack.
Storage jars for biscuits, etc.
Moulds for cakes and jellies.
Double boiler.
Pressure cooker.
Electric beater or mixer.
Coffee percolator.
Spice containers.
Cake-icing equipment.
Vegetable bin.
Deep-frying basket.
Sugar scoop.
Large perforated spoon.
Paper cake cups.
Pastry-board.
One enamel dishpan.
Refrigerator boxes and bowl covers.

WASHING AND IRONING

To help whiten handkerchiefs, soak in cold water to which a good pinch of cream of tartar has been added.

To protect pearl or glass buttons on blouses in the washing machine, place garments in a mesh bag.

Save lemon peels and drop them in with tea-towels when boiling them up. Helps make them white.

Put handkerchiefs or other small articles together in a flour bag for running through the washing machine or boiling in copper. Takes less time than handling them individually.

To test colored material for fastness, dip a corner in soap suds. Squeeze, then press on a white cloth with an iron adjusted to the correct heat for the material. A fast color will not stain the white cloth.

When emptying a ticking pillow-case to wash it, transfer the filling into a muslin bag in this way: Make a hole in the ticking-case and a similar-sized hole in the muslin bag. Roughly sew the two holes together, shake the filling through (no spilling), undo rough sewing, wash ticking-bag. To fill, repeat procedure.

A squeeze of blue in the rinsing water will lighten stockings that are too intense in color.

When washing articles of black cotton, use vinegar in the rinsing water. Another notion to keep the black a good color: Rinse in water containing twice as much blue as you use for whites.

Avoid waste of soap powder. Keep a small tin or measuring cup of the required size in your laundry cupboard.

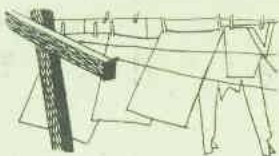
★ Put clothes pegs in a warm oven for about 10 minutes before hanging the clothes out in cold weather. Each time you reach in the bag, a peg will warm your hands.

To remove lettering from flour or sugar bags, soak overnight in kerosene, then boil with soap and water.

Soak clothes pegs in hot water to make them grip clothes more firmly on the line.

To remove perspiration odor completely from a garment, add a little vinegar to the rinsing water.

To keep woolies soft, add a few drops of glycerine or a pinch of borax to the washing water.



To keep good condition of black lace after washing, dip into half a pint of strong tea to which has been added two teaspoonfuls methylated spirit. The latter adds a gloss to the lace, tea keeps the color.

Pegs that have split can be saved. They make useful window wedges.

To whiten sugar-bags boil about 20 minutes in copper in water to which 1 packet of dye stripper has been added for about 1 dozen sugar-bags.

STARCH

When you cook rice use a large quantity of water. Pour off and save to starch collars, lace edgings, and other dainty things.

To prevent starch sticking to the iron, add a teaspoon of salt or a few drops of turpentine or glycerine to the starch when making it.

Add one cup of cooked starch to the last rinse of a mixed cotton wash. Gives new life to clothes.

If starching colored cottons, add dye or tint of appropriate color to starch solution. Use squeeze of blue-bag for blue or black cottons; cold strong tea for brown. Turn garment inside out before dipping it.

Save left-over starch for next wash-day by pouring into ice-cube tray and storing it in refrigerator or deep freeze.

A teaspoonful of kerosene added to boiled starch will help prevent the iron from sticking later.

To distribute starch evenly through lace or other flimsy curtains, dip curtains in boiling hot starch solution, then put them through the wringer.

IRONING

When covering an ironing-board, wet the cloth thoroughly before tacking it into place. When it dries it will be taut and smooth.

If iron is sticky with starch, rub iron over a towel which has been sprinkled with talcum powder.

Before ironing a man's tie, insert a piece of cardboard the same shape. This will prevent seam-marks from showing.

Stand on a rubber mat or a soft floor rug when ironing. It keeps your feet happy.

To save time when ironing, place a sheet on the ironing-board and iron pillow-cases and other small items on top of it. Keep moving sheet with each different item. It will get ironed without extra effort.

To make embroidery patterns stand out, place the piece face down on soft towelling, iron dry on the wrong side.

Your hands

- Most vegetable stains can be removed from the hands by rubbing with a slice of raw potato.
- Before working in the garden, scratch your fingertips over a moist cake of soap. This will keep soil from getting under your nails.
- Fine oatmeal mixed with a little lemon juice in the palm of the hand, and then rubbed well in, makes an excellent remover of ingrained hand dirt.
- Keep hand lotion or a tube of lanolin in the kitchen and remember to use it after washing up.
- Train yourself to wear gloves for dirty household tasks. It's worth the trouble in the long run.

LAUNDERING GUIDE

HOW TO WASH		WATER	CLEANSING AGENT	FINISHES	DRYING
WHITE COTTONS AND LINENS	Soak if badly soiled.	Very hot.	Soap powder.	Blue or bleach when necessary. Starch cottons, not linens.	Hang in sun. Sheets: Fold double hem to hem; fold 4 in. over line, peg in 3 places.
COLORED COTTONS AND LINENS	Soak if badly soiled.	Hot.	Soap powder.	Never bleach. Starch when necessary.	Hang in shade.
RAYON, NYLON, AND OTHER SYNTHETICS	Do not soak. Do not wash white synthetics with coloreds, pick up color.	Hot.	Synthetic detergent.	Bleach can be used on white synthetics.	Dry in shade.
SILK	Don't soak. (Perspiration deteriorates silk quickly.)	Warm.	Synthetic detergent.	Never bleach.	Hang in shade.
WOOLLENS	Squeeze gently.	Warm.	Synthetic detergent.	Blue white woolies. Never bleach. Rinse in warm water.	Hang in shade.
SWEATERS	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.	Pull out to right size. Dry flat on a towel.
BLANKETS	Support well. Do not rub, wring, or twist.	Warm.	Synthetic detergent.	—	Hang out and shake occasionally.
LACES	Tack fragile pieces on to a firm piece of cotton.	Warm.	Soap flakes.	Blue for white lace. Light starch for cotton lace.	Pat into shape. Pin to a towel.
GIRDLES AND CORSETS	Turn inside out. Close fasteners. Use brush on spots.	High warm.	Soap flakes.	—	Pull into shape, dry flat. Wipe fasteners dry.

HOW TO CARE FOR NYLON

WHITE nylon tends to pick up an off-white tinge if not laundered properly. Wash separately, or with other white fabrics. If washed or dried with colored fabrics, even pastels, white nylon will take on their dyes.

Wash nylon with synthetic detergent in **SOFT** water. Add commercial water softener if necessary. White nylon can stand fairly hot water. Use lukewarm water for coloreds. Nylon does not take dye well, so colors are not always very fast to washing.

With all synthetic fabrics, though, too-high temperatures, twisting, wringing, and spinning tend to cause wrinkling. Minimise these as much as possible in either hand or machine washing.

Bleach and blue may be used on white nylon.

Rinse nylon garments thoroughly in clear water to remove all traces of dirt and detergent.

Dry in shade, and away from radiators or other direct heat.

Occasionally dip nylon blouses in a light starch solution to give them a crisp, new look.

HOW TO KEEP NYLON WHITE: Discoloration of white nylon is a phenomenon characteristic of many synthetic fibres.

Even correct washing may not keep whiteness.

To help it, garments which are hand-washed should occasionally be bleached, using two tablespoons of a liquid bleach per gallon of water. Soak for 30 minutes, followed by a thorough rinsing.

TO REMOVE SEVERE DISCOLORATION OF NYLON: If discoloration is stubborn, apply the following treatment, in four steps:

1. After a thorough washing dissolve one packet of commercial color remover in one gallon of hot water (160 degrees) in an enamel container and put in wet garments. Stir gently while maintaining the temperature. (Temperatures higher than 160 degrees may set wrinkles in the garments.) If whiteness is restored evenly after 30 minutes, remove garments and rinse thoroughly in hot water. If they are still dull, leave in for another 30 minutes. Then remove and rinse thoroughly.

2. To one gallon of warm water add two tablespoons of liquid bleach and two tablespoons of detergent. Soak the garments for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally.

3. Rinse thoroughly in warm clear water.

4. For the final rinse, immerse the garments in warm clear water to which has been added 1 tablespoon bleach or blue.

KEEP THIS STAIN-REMOVAL CHART

• Here is a guide to stain removal. Follow these basic rules: Treat stains when fresh; test with remover first on a hidden part of garment. Try to find what caused the stain, and first use the simplest method—water. As acids and bleaches may injure fabrics, follow with an alkali rinse (ammonia or baking soda). When sponging off grease, place fabric on absorbent pad and work from outside to centre. If a ring forms, shake over steam.

STAIN	WASHABLE WHITE COTTONS AND LINENS	WASHABLE COLORED COTTONS AND LINENS, SYNTHETICS, SILK AND WOOL
Adhesive Tape	Kerosene, carbon tetrachloride.	Same. Detergent wash.
Alcohol	Add glycerine to washing water, rinse with vinegar; or use household bleach.	Same; but hydrogen peroxide rinse.
Blood	Weak ammonia soak.	Hydrogen peroxide.
Bluing (from wash) .	Warm vinegar water.	Same.
Carbon Paper	Carbon tetrachloride.	Same.
Chewing-gum	Should rub off after cold soak.	Same; or carbon tetrachloride.
Chocolate, Cocoa . .	Household bleach.	Cleaning fluid; hydrogen peroxide.
Cod-liver Oil	Must remove before washing or will turn brown when ironed. Household bleach.	Same; but hydrogen peroxide bleach.
Coffee	Glycerine, then borax and warm water rinse; household bleach.	Same; but hydrogen peroxide bleach.
Dye	Difficult to remove. Household bleach and ammonia rinse.	Same; but use hydrogen peroxide bleach.
Fruit Stains	Must remove before washing—stretch fabric over bowl, rub on detergent, pour boiling water on from 3ft. height; soften old stain with glycerine.	Stretch fabric over bowl of steaming water to which ammonia has been added. Hydrogen peroxide bleach.
Grass	Methylated spirit; household bleach.	Meth.; hydrogen peroxide.
Grease and Oil	Cleaning fluid.	Same.
Ice-cream	Carbon tetrachloride; household bleach.	Carbon tetrachloride; hydrogen peroxide.
Ink—writing	Salt and lemon juice, leave in sun; ammonia rinse. Oxalic acid for old stain.	Same.
Ink—ballpoint	Petroleum jelly; hot wash.	Petroleum jelly; cleaning fluid.
Iodine	Sodium thiosulphate, ammonia rinse.	Same.
Lipstick and Rouge . .	Cleaning fluid.	Same.
Meat Juices	Cleaning fluid.	Same.
Mildew	Salt, lemon juice, and sunshine.	Same.
Milk and Cream	Cleaning fluid.	Same.
Mustard	Glycerine, then methylated spirit.	Same.
Nail Polish	Amylacetate (nail-polish remover). If colored, follow with household bleach.	Same; but hydrogen peroxide bleach.
Paint and Varnish . . .	Petroleum jelly and turpentine. Or soak in equal parts turps and ammonia.	Same.
Pencil Marks—Indelible	Do NOT use water first—spreads dye. Cleaning fluid.	Same.
Perspiration	Household bleach.	Hydrogen peroxide bleach. If fabric has lost color, hold over ammonia fumes; sponge with wine vinegar.
Rust	Boil in cream of tartar solution—1 teaspoon to 1pt. water; oxalic acid.	Lemon juice with baking-soda rinse.
Scorch	Heavy scorch, ruins fibres. Light scorch—press over cloth dampened with hydrogen peroxide.	Same.
Shoe Polish	Black: Turpentine, cleaning fluid, detergent wash. Colored: Cleaning fluid, household bleach.	Same. Cleaning fluid, hydrogen peroxide.
Soft Drinks	Household bleach.	Hydrogen peroxide.
Tar	Petroleum jelly; eucalyptus.	Same.
Urine	Ammonia solution soak. Wine vinegar, lemon juice, with ammonia rinse.	Same.
Water Spots	—	If taffeta or velvet is spotted, hold over steam.

WASHABLE: These stains when FRESH, and after a soak in COLD water, usually wash out in the regular hot soap or detergent wash.

Acid, blood, bluing, chocolate, coffee, cocoa, egg, ice-cream, lipstick, meat juice, oil, and grease, perspiration, tea, urine, some types of inks and medicines.

We have reprinted this chart because of many requests from readers.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 9, 1958

Page 15

FOR AMATEUR PAINTERS

BRUSH DRILL

Be sure not to dip a new paintbrush into the paint without striking it against the palm of your hand two or three times. This will remove any possible particle of dust.

To get the best out of a new paintbrush follow this procedure: First flip it to remove dust. Then drill a small hole in the handle and suspend it in raw linseed oil for 24 hours. Wash the oil out with mineral turpentine. Dry by spinning the brush between your hands.

Tip for a beginner: Get into the habit of not loading a paintbrush beyond capacity. Train yourself to put it into the paint at the same depth every time you dip it.

When painting a ceiling, poke the brush-handle through a paper plate to stop the paint running down the handle and then down your arm.

Another idea to catch ceiling drips: Push the brush handle through half an old tennis ball.

When you've finished painting, an excellent method for keeping paintbrush bristles nice and straight is to drive a tack in the side of the brush, near the top, and suspend the brush in the can by means of this tack. Your next painting job will be much less likely to streak because of curled bristles if you follow this idea.

PROTECTIONS

To protect wallpaper when painting skirting-boards, hold a stiff piece of cardboard against the wall, with edge on skirting-board top.

The chances are your hands will get as solid a coating of paint as whatever you're working on, so before starting rub your hands well with a moist cake of toilet soap.

CLEANING CLUES

To preserve paintbrushes and get the best of work from them: After using, work off as much paint as possible on a dry, clean board. Then soak the brush thoroughly according to what you have been using:

- Oil paint, enamel, or varnish in turpentine or benzine.
- Shellac in denatured alcohol or liquid varnish remover.
- Lacquer in lacquer thinner.
- Water paint in warm water.

Then take an old comb or small stiff brush and scrape out the soft paint, working from the base of the bristles away from the handle. Squeeze out all liquid, rinse in clean liquid, smooth bristles, and hang up to dry.

IN any kind of painting, the one hard-and-fast rule to follow for good results is always to read the directions on the paint tin labels very carefully. And make sure the directions you follow are the ones on the particular tin you're working with, because they vary so much from one paint to another.

This will act as the same sort of preventive as petroleum jelly, or you can buy excellent barrier creams for the same purpose.

When painting woodwork, coat the doorknobs, locks, and other metals with petroleum jelly, so that any paint which splashes on these areas can be easily wiped off.

When coping with wall corners, it prevents smudging if you hold a square piece of card against the ceiling.

If you want to paint knobs on furniture a different color from the rest of it, unscrew the knobs, screw them into cardboard, and paint. When they're dry screw them back in place.

When painting the leg of a chair, put two drawing pins into the base of the chair leg to lift it off the floor.

TRICKS OF TRADE

To avoid surface bubbles when varnishing, don't shake the tin. Instead, stir the contents gently with a clean stick. With oil paints, surface bubbles can come from many sources, such as water getting into the paint, or failure to mix properly. But just as often these bubbles are caused

by applying paint to a surface that isn't perfectly clean and free of grease and oil.

If in cold weather paint becomes stiff and difficult to work with, stand the paint tin in a bowl of hot water and stir the paint constantly.

For an interesting effect, spray paint through a wire screen. This will give a delightful "stippled" effect.

If rainspots have marked your paintwork before it has dried you can restore it by rubbing with pumice stone dipped in water, and then applying another coat.

When working on a door, first unscrew the fittings if possible. Clean off all fingermarks. Put a piece of newspaper under the door and use a wedge of wood to keep it in one position.

REMOVING TRACES

Paint remover takes time to do its job, so never try to rush the process. The best way to use the remover is to apply with a brush, and when the paint begins to curl remove it with a putty knife.

To remove the smells of paint, place in the room a bowl of water containing a chopped-up onion.

For coping with small paint spots which have splashed on to tile or porcelain soak a piece of cotton-wool or absorbent cotton in nail-polish remover and rub the spot.

To remove whitewash from walls in order to paint them with colored distemper, go over the surface with a wire brush. Then scrub the brickwork with one part of vinegar to 20 parts of water. Rinse the wall down with clean water.

Don't start on outside walls early in the morning or after wet weather. Be sure the walls are really dry.

A WORKING ORDER

If you're redecorating an entire room, the order of work, in both preparation and finishing, should be ceiling, walls, woodwork (windows, skirting-boards, doors), and finally floors.

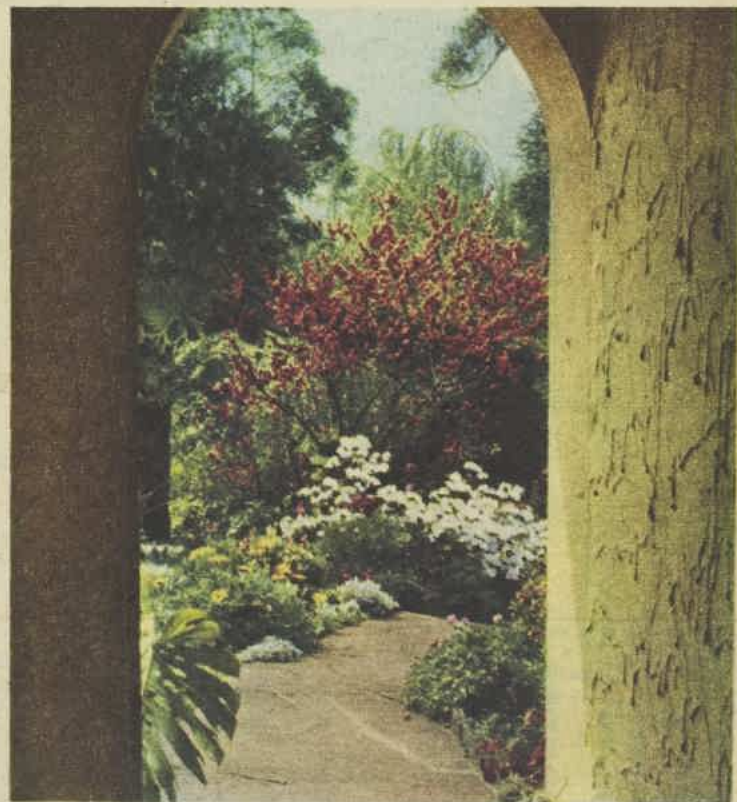
With panelled doors you should paint the panels first, and then the cross-pieces.

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 183-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

FIRST FOLD ALONG THIS LINE



FORMAL ROSE GARDEN. Straight lines are the key to this formal rose garden in the grounds of Sir Russell and Lady Grimwade's home at Toorak, Victoria. Main horizontal lines are straight paths and walls, clipped cypress hedge, and a border of rosemary. Clumps of iris, ribbon grass, and daisies sprawl over the path; classical urns and tall pines give vertical interest.



LEFT: This bird-bath with its decorative floral arrangement is a conversation piece along a favorite pathway in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Rothwell's home at Lindfield, N.S.W.

ABOVE: Improve the outlook of a favorite door or archway. At Mrs. H. L. Bradshaw's garden in Gordon, N.S.W., attention is drawn to the flowering peach and white azaleas.

EASILY ADAPTED DESIGN

● This week's "signature" home plan is an outstanding design that can be turned in a variety of ways to suit the slope of the land or the outlook.

THE architect, Mr. Dermot B. Murphy, has planned the house to take advantage of a fine rear outlook. In the position illustrated the lounge-room, sun-room, and kitchen face the view.

Because the living-room extends the entire depth of the house, it also has a garden outlook through the large studio window across the front terrace.

The natural slope of the land has been used to place the garage under the rear terrace, and laundry under the

kitchen. The garage then is accessible from either street should the house be built on a corner position.

The chimney wall, flanked on either side by terraces, could be chosen as an alternative front elevation. Or the rear aspect, as illustrated at right, could become the front of the house.

It is possible to alternate the position of the sun-room and entrance hall by moving the dining-room walls. These suggestions give some idea just how versatile this plan can be.

The design is available in the mirror reverse position at no additional cost, and in any building material required.

This plan costs £7/7/- per full set and is available at our Home Planning Centres. See details in panel.

Approximate costs of building this house would be:

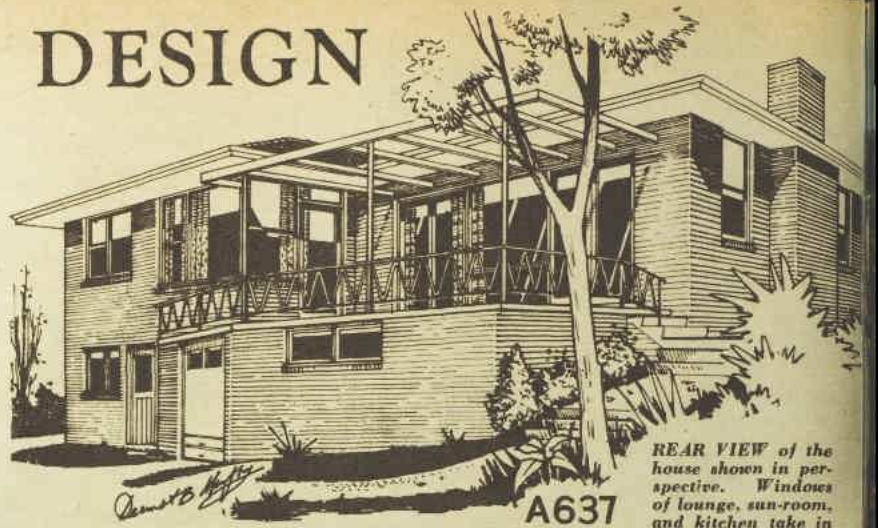
In New South Wales: Brick, £5500; timber, £4055; fibro, £3850.

In Victoria: Brick, £4850; brick veneer, £4450; timber, £3725.

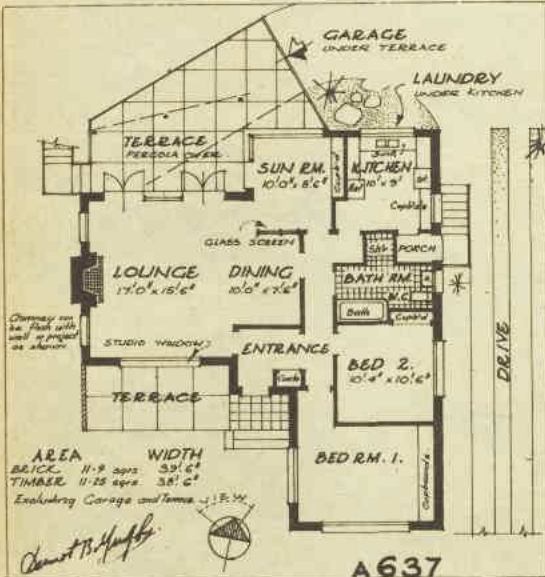
In Queensland: Brick, £5425; timber, £3725; fibro, £3595.

In South Australia: Brick, £3955; timber, £3595; asbestos, £3475.

In Canberra: Brick, £5650; brick veneer, £4950; timber, £4155.



REAR VIEW of the house shown in perspective. Windows of lounge, sun-room, and kitchen take in the outlook.



FLOOR LAYOUT of Home Plan No. A637 with front terrace in foreground. This sketch shows how easily dining-room walls could be moved to vary the size of sun-room and entrance hall should the front and rear entrances be reversed.

HELP FOR HOME-BUILDERS

OUR Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to assist all intending home-builders.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/-.

A new standard plan is published every week in The Australian Women's Weekly.

HOME PLAN LEAFLETS are compiled periodically from a selection of our standard plans. The leaflets available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans," price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design, or can be modified from

any of our standard plans. Fee is £1/1/- per square.

All plans are guaranteed to be acceptable to your council.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given by our Centres. These services to help you plan the ideal home include site inspections, ground-plan sketches, sketch perspectives.

During building we will help you with any minor problem that may arise.

The resources of the stores in which our Home Planning Centres are established are available to assist the home-builder. They are:

MELBOURNE and GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

MIRANDA: Master Builders' Bureau.

For Her

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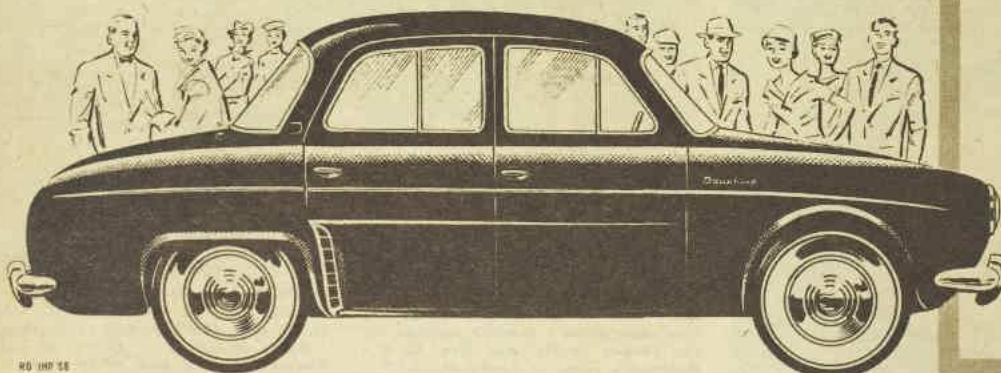
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MASSSED GARDEN. Spring planting can brighten the smallest patch of garden. Mrs. A. Hammond, of Chatswood, N.S.W., has hundreds of different plants in her garden, which is always a blaze of color — particularly in spring. Sheds and unsightly fences are covered with light creepers such as sweet-peas and jasmine on wire trellises.

Continued from pages 32, 33.

Garden "facelift"

- If your garden has a favorite corner with a view, or a nice patch that's shady in summer, plan the spring "facelift" round it.

PUT in a garden seat, or perhaps a table, and sow plants that will provide shelter from the wind.

You'll then have a pleasant place for quiet moments, on all but the hottest days.

If, however, your taste runs to the old-fashioned formal garden, you'll want to keep lines straight, use hard stone borders or neatly clipped edgings of rosemary, box, and lavender, and mass plant roses, carnations, or geraniums, all of the one height and color.

But remember the formal garden takes a lot of work.

It must be kept neat, clipped, and weed-free all year round, for when the main planting isn't in flower its beauty lies only in perfectly groomed formality.

Remember, too, that any garden can be improved by a

pool of water, whether it's a small concrete pool or just a bird-bath.

Pools reflect the beauty of your most colorful flowers, and also attract birds, which help keep down insect pests.

As nature abhors vacuums and straight lines, let year-round bloom, softness of line, and variety of growth be your gardening aims.

You'll soon have a garden that rewards you with new and exciting pictures every season.

Start with the soil. Any type can be improved by the addition of compost, so dig autumn leaves and garden clippings right back into the ground.

But beware of lime. Some plants can't stand it and you'll simplify your work and get better results if you keep lime-hating plants together.

Next, correct any bad drainage which could rot roots

or wash away delicate plants during heavy rain. Plant closely for heavy ground cover in summer, as this will keep roots cool.

Sketch in the outlines of your garden with the higher shrubs and trees—long-term fixtures which you can plant or move now, while they're dormant.

For your main effects use massed perennials which will flower as heavily as annuals and won't leave empty spaces later. Many of them flower all year round.

You can achieve quick color with the annuals. Primula, viola, and Virginian stock all flower quickly and can be planted right into spring blooming-time.

Try not to plant in rows, for good-sized clumps are much more attractive. For best effect put plants of low habit in front of tall ones, and sow large, tall-growing perennials at the back, where untidy stakes can be hidden.

Work out your planting on paper first, so that all the spring-flowering plants aren't together. You'll find it's easy to plan for color all year round if you leave spaces for plants that come later.

Lead attention gradually to background shrubs and trees, and if there's an unsightly fence or shed, hide it with fast-growing creepers.

Shape the edges of your beds in wide, flowing curves so that every few yards shows an entirely new picture.

And, if you're wise, you'll lay down a narrow flat edging of flagstones or concrete paving slabs between lawn and garden so that small annuals and creeping perennials can creep forward over the edge of the bed and soften garden outlines without getting in the way of your lawnmower.

LEFT: Beautify a flight of steps with double camellias and azaleas of varied colors. These steps are in the garden of Mrs. F. Hassall, of Clifton Gardens, N.S.W.

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Watch every week for news about your baby's care, feeding, growth and fun.



Always put
his safety first

Home accidents to precious toddlers are all too frequent. Be sure your kitchen is safe — saucepan handles turned in on the stove — sharp knives and scissors out of reach — cleaning fluids locked away. Be particularly careful that medicines are in a high cupboard. But DO give him the green light on the pots and pans cupboard! He'll have a wonderful time!

"DANCE WITH ME, DADDY!" Even a little baby loves the rhythm of rocking, and will often stop crying to listen to music.

Dad will enjoy doing a "rock and roll" with his little one while you're busy preparing tea. DOES YOUR BABY WIGGLE WITH JOY when he sees his food coming? A feather in YOUR cap. You've trained him well and you've probably served him a well varied menu from the Heinz Baby Food range. Heinz Strained Chicken Broth with Vegetables is a great favourite and have you tried baby with Heinz Strained Lamb Brains, or Liver and Vegetables?

HEINZ Baby Foods

Over 40 varieties of Broths, Soups, Meats, Vegetables, Sweets, Puddings for young and older babies.



Housewives need not get so tired

From page 29

Have you a high kitchen stool, or do you lower and raise your weight six inches more than you need do, if you do sit at all to peel the potatoes and shell the peas? You can even sit and iron satisfactorily if you have a high stool.

Do you use plastic covers for the tablecloths, or seersucker cloths? Do you dress your children in good tough clothes that don't need ironing?

A British expert on family relations recently stated that too many young couples build their home round an expensive bedroom suite. It would certainly be better to have a divan bed and a corner wardrobe if the extra money buys a washing-machine.

I have often heard husbands boast, when the wife is ill, how they rearranged the kitchen so that they could reach all the most-used foods without taking one step from the stove; and how they fixed a scrubbing-brush on the end of a broom-handle and never got down on their knees.

A man will see many ways of reducing work where we plod on in the same old way, so have a good look at your house and shopping and washing, and see if you can cut down the heavy work. The American women doctors have.

Plan your work

Many women don't plan their work at all. You may not be able to do some jobs as often as you feel they should be done; but if you know that at least once a week the bathroom gets a "good do," then it doesn't trouble your conscience to do only the basin and the floor each day, or even shut the door and take the children for a picnic.

There is nothing more tiring and demoralising than to be in a constant muddle, feeling that you are incompetent, so plan your work and learn how to do it properly.

The first problem to be mentioned in the Australian report to the Medical Women's International Association was dermatitis of the hands.

All household detergents and soaps remove the natural fats, which not only keep our skins soft and pliable but form a protective covering against germs and dirt.

Those deep, dirty-looking lines we get are the result of fat being removed and not replaced.

You can tackle the problem in two ways. You can try not to remove so much fat or you can make sure that it is replaced.

I belong to the group of women who find it awfully hard to remember to put on gloves until they are up to the elbows in the job, but I do think we could use them more.

For the wash-up it means more broken crockery at first, and the gloves are easy to cut or prick, but once you get used to wearing them you will find them well worth while.

You can use a mop and keep your hands out of the water as much as possible.

Many women use far too much detergent. Read the instructions on the bottle and

measure it each time, and don't always expect a lather, and you won't get trouble with your hands.

The same applies to the antiseptics. Don't use too much, use gloves, and keep your hands out of the water as much as possible by using floor mops with wringers.

Use creams

The barrier creams have been a boon to housewives, and there is now one that can be used quite effectively before working in water, too. Keep a pot in the kitchen and put it on before you start, not after you finish.

For replacing the fats, lanolin is simple and inexpensive, but you must use it frequently.

For roughened, sore hands it may be necessary to use a cream that covers them more like a zinc cream in oil.

Quite a few women become allergic to some soaps and detergents, and simply changing to another brand clears up the trouble.

Allergy is a funny business — it rarely seems to be a simple sensitivity; there is usually a psychological aspect, and a woman whose dermatitis is not cured by changing her soap or detergent or antiseptic may do well to examine her attitude to her work, and she may find that better-planned work, and an outside interest like joining a church club or a library, may make all the difference.

As for all the minor cuts we get peeling potatoes, and stringing beans, don't use unsightly sticky tape that keeps the air away from them. It is not so bad if there is a dressing under it, but better still is a bandage and rubber gloves when it's necessary to put the hand in water.

Infected nails are often due to a fungus that thrives in waterlogged skin. It is a tough germ, and common, and though it can be cured by gentian violet, the purple paint you all know, it will tend to come back if you don't use gloves and keep out of water

as much as possible until the skin and nails are back to the normal, natural state.

Other nail infections are usually due to the organism that causes boils. They can be dangerous — don't neglect them — and here is the occasion when a few good soakings in hot salt water do a lot of good. And report to the doctor, since you may well need an antibiotic.

At the 1952 convention nearly every country decided that flat feet and varicose veins were housewives' occupational problems, and both are the result of long hours on our feet.

Flat feet in themselves don't cause trouble; it is because we are not using our muscles properly and are expecting our poor arches to support several stone more than they should, for hours on end.

If we pad round in slippers all day and then jack up the heels three inches to go shopping, of course our toes and arches object.

Rest periods

A large percentage of middle-aged women are overweight, and if you like to do a little sum and calculate how much more work you make your feet do by carrying round an extra stone all day you may feel sufficiently impressed to cut some bread and butter out of your diet.

During pregnancy, when women carry one and a half to two stone extra, and a baby that is pressing on veins and making them work under difficulties, it is commonsense to observe rest periods.

I know you say you haven't time, but I don't mean do nothing. Get your feet up while you shell the peas, see that you do the pre-natal exercises, including foot exercises, to keep muscles in tone and working efficiently, take the weight off those veins for a while as you listen to your favorite session.

Nature has wonderful ways of curing if you give her a chance. Your varicose veins may not need an operation

or even injection — res periods, a supporting stocking and some general help for Nature, and that may be all.

Chiropodists are a great help with corns and ingrown toenails. The tough, calloused skin should be removed, and if you can't do it after a good soaking in hot water then get it done by someone who knows how.

Heel height

Have a good look at your shoes and see if they are causing trouble.

Elderly people particularly should take care of their feet since it is unwise to risk infected corns or falls caused by sore feet and unsteady shoes.

Bunions are a more serious proposition than corns. They are caused by a deformed bone that may have been present for years, and are definitely a job for an orthopaedic specialist, though good shoes may delay the operation.

Young women can adapt themselves to changes in height, but older women should choose their height and keep to it. If you want to do your housework in so comfortable slippers, the they must have heels when you pass forty.

In recent years two forms of valuable treatment have become better known and more used by doctors.

One is exercise of muscle not strong-man stuff but correct use as Nature intended. Asthma patients do breathing exercises and people with flat feet and bad posture go to the physiotherapist to learn how to use their limbs more efficiently.

The other method of treatment is relaxation, mental as physical, by changing one's occupation and position frequently so that one does not become mentally bored physically inefficient.

NEXT WEEK: Rheumatism and aches and pains.

DRESS SENSE

● Bridesmaids-to-be have written to Dress Sense asking for a versatile dress design they'll be able to wear "at parties after the wedding."

THE dress pictured here is our answer to these requests.

It has a billowing skirt, and the insertion of a contrasting-material panel adds effect to the strapless top.

For the wedding, the dress is covered by a ribbon-tied jacket.

Details of how to order the pattern are given below.

DS311.—Bridesmaid's dress pattern may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires (for ballerina length) 7yds. 36in. material and 6yds. 36in. material for slip; for full-length, 9½yds. 36in. material and 8½yds. 36in. material for slip; plus—for both lengths —3-8yd. 36in. contrast material, 1½yds. net for jacket lining, 2½yds. ribbon. Price 6/6.





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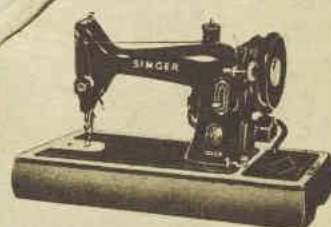
SINGER 201 ... the most popular sewing machine in the world! And no wonder ... it makes every sewing job so easy, so fast, so beautifully finished. It features automatic tension, stitch-length control and a complete range of attachments. It sews backwards as well as forwards. Take your choice of Portable or Console models.

Which colour would you prefer ... two-tone beige or black?

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What better way to follow Lamb & Peas than by serving a delightful Apple Pie with hot custard sauce? Take it easy, make it easy with BAKED Pastry Mix. Simply add water or milk, roll out and bake. BAKED is guaranteed to make perfect pastry every time!



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RECIPES TO KEEP IN YOUR FILE

SAUSAGES AND SWEET CORN



● On this page and overleaf are eight kitchen-tested recipes for your cookery index file. Each of these eight recipes uses versatile cheese in one of its many forms, and they range from hearty main dishes to desserts and confections. The recipes are printed back-to-back, with the ingredients and method on one side and the illustration on the other. Cut the recipes along the dotted line and each one is complete.

CHEESED VEGETABLE CREME

● One pint milk, 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, 4oz. shredded cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, 1 finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup diced carrot, 1 cup stock or water, salt, pepper.

Melt half the butter or margarine in a saucepan, add flour, and cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk and bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 3 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper; remove from heat, cover and stand aside. Melt remaining butter or margarine in small pan, add chopped celery, chopped onion, and diced carrot; saute gently until lightly browned. Add stock or water and simmer 5 minutes. Combine the two mixtures and add grated cheese and parsley. Reheat thoroughly but do not boil or the mixture may curdle. Serve hot to 4 persons.

COD AND RICE SAVORY



DEVILLED EGG BOATS

● Six hard-boiled eggs, 6 slices of bread, 8oz. processed cheese (shredded), 1/2 cup milk, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1/2 teaspoon mustard, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, parsley to garnish.

Slice eggs in halves lengthwise. Remove yolks and place in small basin. Combine with mayonnaise and seasonings; mix. Carefully fill mixture back into egg-whites-cases. Toast bread slices until golden brown, remove crusts. Cut into halves diagonally. Arrange toast pieces on large serving-dish, and top each with a stuffed egg. Heat milk in saucepan, add cheese. Stir over heat until cheese is melted and mixture is smooth. Spoon over eggs and serve at once. Garnish with parsley. Serves 6 persons.

These devilled eggs are equally nice served on hot crumpets or large savory scones.

GINGER CUPCAKES



CHEDDAR SHORTCAKE

● Eight ounces rich shortcrust pastry, milk glazing, 4 skinned and sliced tomatoes, 1 peeled and sliced onion, 1 sliced green pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, salt and pepper.

Divide pastry into 2 equal portions. Roll each portion out to approximately 1/4-inch thickness; cut into rounds, 8 inches in diameter. Place one piece into a greased 8-inch pie-plate; glaze. Bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Remove and cool. Melt remaining butter in pan, add prepared vegetables; saute 10 to 15 minutes. Season and allow to cool slightly. Spoon mixture over cooled pastry-base. Place remaining round on top; glaze. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot with cheddar sauce.

Cheddar Sauce: Combine 6oz. grated cheddar cheese and 1 tablespoon milk in saucepan. Heat slowly, gradually adding an extra 2 to 3 tablespoons milk. Stir until smooth; pour over shortcake.

GOLDEN SAVORY BAKE

● Six thick slices of bread, 4oz. butter or margarine, 2 sliced tomatoes, 2 cups coarsely grated processed cheese, 2 eggs, 2 cups milk, salt and pepper, extra tomato slices to garnish.

Trim crusts from bread slices and cut in halves. Spread with butter or margarine. Arrange half the bread in the bottom of a greased ovenproof dish. Cover with sliced tomatoes; season lightly, and sprinkle with half the grated cheese. Place remaining bread slices on top, and sprinkle with remainder of cheese. Beat eggs lightly, add milk, salt and pepper to taste. Pour over bread, and allow to stand 1/2 hour. Place in pan of hot water, and bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes or until set and golden brown. Garnish with parsley and extra tomato slices. Serve hot. Serves 4 to 6 persons.

FUDGE CANDIES



If you're always
Irritable...

your Nerves need Sanatogen

If you are easily irritated and always worried, when your nerves are bad and you're continually tired, it's a sign that your body and nerve cells are not getting enough of the essential nutrients, particularly protein and phosphorus. This "malnutrition" of the nerve cells is the basic cause of nervous exhaustion. It leads inevitably to a run-down condition with all the symptoms of depression, worry and irritability.

SEDATIVES ARE NOT ENOUGH. It isn't enough to try "calming" your nerves with sedatives. Sedatives merely "dope" the nerves; and their action is only temporary. What your body and nerve cells need if you are run down, over-fatigued, depressed

and worried, is concentrated protein combined with essential phosphorus. Sanatogen provides both. A course of Sanatogen nourishes your physical and nervous system back to full health.

THERE IS NO OVER-NIGHT CURE. Just as nerve tension develops gradually, so must your system be nursed gradually back to health. But from the first day you take Sanatogen, your body will begin to respond to its strengthening effect. From then on, you will feel a progressive lightening of your mental load. You will find it easier to relax and you will feel calm and unworried in your daily life. Sanatogen is recommended by doctors the world over, and is available from all chemists.

Sanatogen

THE PROTEIN NERVE TONIC

* Sanatogen supplies large amounts of protein together with essential phosphorus. Its vigorous tonic action on both body and nervous tissue helps to build up a strong stable nervous system and restore full mental energy.



CUT OUT THIS RECIPE



Try these delicious CHOCOLATE PINWHEELS

6 oz. (6 rounded tablespoons)	1 level teaspoon baking powder
plain flour	Pinch salt
3 oz. (3 level tablespoons)	2 oz. sugar (2 slightly rounded tablespoons)
butter or margarine	1 tablespoon water
1 egg yolk	1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence
1 level tablespoon	
Bournville Cocoa	

Cream together the butter or margarine and the sugar. Add the egg yolk, water and vanilla. Sift the flour and baking powder with the salt and stir into the mixture, making rather a dry dough. Divide the dough into 2 equal portions. To one portion add the cocoa, kneading it in lightly. Roll each piece of paste on waxed paper into an oblong sheet about 1/4-inch in thickness. Brush the plain portion with a little egg white and cover with the chocolate portion. Roll up like a jelly roll. Wrap in the paper and chill until firm enough to handle easily. Unwrap and cut into slices about 1/4-inch thick. Place on a greased tray and bake in a moderate oven for 8 to 10 minutes. Leave on the tray until cold.



**CADBURY'S
BOURNVILLE
COCOA**

B12/B18

TO LOOK YOUNGER AND LIVE LONGER

Everyone over 35 should take **Vitamin-Mineral Capsules**
— advise world's leading dietitians.



Diet deficiencies rob many of us — especially those over 35 — of the stamina we need to enjoy normal, healthy relationships at work and play. In many cases, food alone does not do a full job of supplying the body with much needed nutrients. Doing things by halves is no longer necessary. You can recapture the full and complete feeling of zest usually associated with persons years younger . . . and begin to enjoy yourself more! Do as thousands of Australians are now doing — increase your energetic output by increasing your intake of vitamins and minerals. It's that simple! And what could be more simple than starting on your way back to new health and happiness with **VYKMIN** concentrated vitamin and mineral capsules.

SCIENTIFIC . . . CLINICALLY RECOMMENDED

VYKMIN (Combined Multiple Complex) brings you the modern way to good health and greater energy. They hold the secret of youthfulness (in body and mind) and the secret to long, happy life! They are the scientific and clinically recommended vitamin-mineral supplement so vital to your daily diet. Take just two every day (one black, one red) and you'll feel and see your health and vitality improve — in a very short time.

Remember — the **VYKMIN** way is the modern way to good health!

9 VITAMINS—4 MINERALS

The daily dose of one red and one black capsule supplies:
Vitamin B1 (333 I.U.).
Vitamin B2 Riboflavin (1 mg.).
Vitamin B6 (0.1 mg.).
Vitamin B12 (1 mcgm.).
Vitamin A (5000 I.U.).
Vitamin C (300 I.U.).
Vitamin D (750 I.U.).
Vitamin E (1.25 mgs.).
Vitamin PP Nicotinamide, 10 mgs.
Phosphorus, 15.2 mgs.; Calcium, 30.4 mgs.; Iron, 17.3 mgs. and Manganese, 0.5 mg.

VYKMIN VITAMIN-MINERAL CAPSULES

AT CHEMISTS ONLY: 2 weeks' supply, 9/6 . . . 4 weeks' supply, 18/-.
A PRODUCT OF SCOTT & BOWNE

Men go for Mustard!



Make the BIG difference to every meal with Keen's Mustard! It brings out the hidden goodness of all meats . . . adds flavour to fish and cheese dishes. Serve it with every meal for extra enjoyment.

...but it must be

Keen's

RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

More cheese recipes to be filed

Below are the four other recipes that complete this week's series featuring cheese, and are planned to fit your kitchen index file. Readers who do not own a file already can order a ready-made one, measuring approximately 8½ in. by 6½ in., from any of our branch offices. See addresses on top of page 2. Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office. The price is 10/-, postage 2/- extra.



CHEESED
VEGETABLE CREME

SAUSAGES AND SWEET CORN

One pound thin sausages, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 6oz. shredded cheese, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tins whole kernel sweet corn, 2 stalks celery (chopped), salt and pepper, extra shredded cheese.

Heat oil in large pan; saute sausages until lightly browned. Remove from pan, add onion and celery, saute lightly; drain on absorbent paper. Combine in large basin the breadcrumbs, shredded cheese, milk, chopped parsley, sweet corn, sauteed onion and celery. Season to taste with salt and pepper; mix well. Spoon into a greased ovenproof dish or casserole. Arrange sausages on top; sprinkle with extra grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes or until mixture is just bubbling. Serve hot to 4 to 6 persons.

Thin frankfurts could replace the sausages in this recipe if desired.

COD AND RICE SAVORY

One pound smoked cod or cape fillets, 1 cup uncooked rice, 2oz. butter or substitute, ¼ cup green pepper, 1 onion, pepper and salt, and water, 2 tomatoes, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup grated cheese.

Place fish in large saucepan of cold water and bring to the boil; drain. Remove skin and bones and flake. Wash rice, drain and dry. Cook in heated butter or substitute, stirring constantly, until golden brown. Season with salt and pepper, add green pepper and sliced onion browned lightly. Place in a greased ovenware dish, add milk and water, then fish and sliced skinned tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, top with breadcrumbs mixed with grated cheese. Cover lightly, bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour. Uncover for last 15 minutes to brown top. Serve hot, garnished with parsley. Serves 4 persons.

DEVILLED EGG BOATS



GOLDEN SAVORY BAKE



GINGER CUPCAKES

Four ounces butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup treacle, 1 cup boiling water, 2½ cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, pinch salt, 1½ teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream butter or margarine with sugar, add egg, and beat thoroughly. Blend in treacle and boiling water. Add sifted dry ingredients, beat until smooth. Spoon into greased patty-tins and bake in a slow oven 20 minutes. Allow to cool. Cut a slice from top of each cake, spread with prepared orange cream. Cut tops in halves, press into cream as illustrated.

Orange Cream: Two ounces cream cheese, 1½ teaspoons orange juice, ½ teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar.

Blend cream cheese and orange juice. Add rind and gradually mix in the sugar; blend well.

FUDGE CANDIES

Citrus Squares: Half packet cream cheese, 2½ cups sifted icing-sugar, ¼ teaspoon lemon or orange essence, pinch salt, ½ cup chopped peel.

Beat cheese until soft, gradually blend in icing-sugar, salt, essence, and peel; mix well. Press into greased shallow tin. Chill until firm; cut into squares.

Chocolate Fudge: Half packet cream cheese, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, 5 dessertspoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Beat cheese until smooth, gradually blend in icing-sugar and cocoa; mix well. Add vanilla and nuts. Press into a greased shallow tin. Chill, cut into squares.

Coconut Balls: Half packet cream cheese, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt, shredded coconut.

Beat cheese until soft, gradually add icing-sugar, vanilla, and salt; mix. Roll into small balls, coat with coconut. Chill until firm.

CHEDDAR SHORTCAKE



Taste the **REAL MUSHROOM** flavour of **MAGGI** mushroom soup

Maggi Mushroom Soup is *real* mushroom soup - rich with prime, luscious mushrooms at their delicious, flavourful best.

And don't forget this: Maggi Mushroom Soup is made to a very special recipe. That's the secret of its fascinating flavour, and, all the preparation has been done for you. You simply put the contents of the Maggi Packet into a saucepan with water, bring to the boil, then simmer for a few minutes. There are 4 palate-tempting, heart-warming, man-sized bowls of creamy mushroom soup in every packet.

Mushroom Sauce...

Make this marvellous Mushroom Sauce. Serve it with steak!

1 Packet Maggi Mushroom Soup; 1 Cup of Water; 1 Cup of Milk (preferably made with 'Sunshine')
Carry out directions for mixing as on the back of packet but using 1 cup of water only, simmer for 20 minutes, stirring constantly, and then add one cup of "Sunshine" Milk and stir in well.

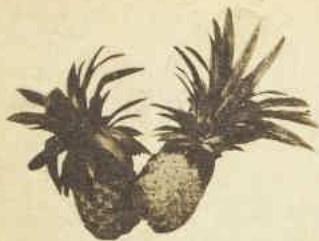
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MANY WONDERFUL VARIETIES

MUSHROOM	
MINESTRONE	CHICKEN NOODLE
PEA WITH HAM	
CREME OF CHICKEN	OXTAIL
PEA WITH VEGETABLES	
TOMATO	TOMATO & VEGETABLES

NESTLES QUALITY PRODUCTS



Pineapple Contest progress prizes

● Here are this week's three progress prizewinners in our Pineapple Contest, which closes on July 8. The final progress prizewinners will be published in our issue of July 16, and the main prizewinners will be announced at a later date.

Meat Section

PROGRESS Prize of £5 to Mrs. H. Gardner, 31 Rosedale Rd., Gordon, N.S.W., for:

PINEAPPLE VEAL WITH RICE

One and a half pounds veal steak, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 tin pineapple cubes, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup water, 1-3rd cup vinegar, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 thinly sliced seeded green pepper, 1 onion.

Prepare veal the day before required for serving. Cut veal into one-inch cubes and brown in fat. Blend cornflour with water, add vinegar, brown sugar, soy sauce, and pineapple juice. Cook until clear and thickened, add veal, cover, and cook gently until veal is tender. Chill overnight. Heat gently, add green pepper, finely sliced onion, and pineapple cubes. Cook slowly for 15 minutes. Serve hot with fried rice.

Fried Rice: Three rashers bacon, 3 cups cooked unsalted rice, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 3 shallots.

Remove rind from bacon, dice it, and fry until crisp. Remove bacon, leaving bacon dripping. Fry rice for 5 minutes. Turn rice into basin with bacon. Beat the eggs, cook for about 1 minute in pan, add rice, bacon, soy sauce,

and finely cut shallots. Toss gently and serve with veal.

Dessert Section

PROGRESS Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Terpstra, 2 Miller St., O'Connor, A.C.T., for:

SINGAPORE PUDDING

Half-cup tapioca, 1 cup sugar, 2 large apples (cooked), 1 cup crushed pineapple, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 cups milk, grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup cream, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Place tapioca in the top half of a double saucepan. Add milk, sugar, and lemon rind; cook over boiling water until tapioca is soft and tender. Rub apples through a sieve, add apple pulp to tapioca. Separate eggs, add egg-yolks, pineapple, cream, nutmeg, and cinnamon to the tapioca mixture. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into pineapple cream. Fill mixture into a greased ovenware dish, stand in a pan of warm water, and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes or until set. Serve hot with whipped cream flavored with a little sweet sherry or vanilla.

Cake Section

PROGRESS Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Fahey, 8 Dumarquesq St., Moorabbin, Victoria, for:

PINEAPPLE FRUIT BARS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tin small diced pineapple, 1-3rd cup honey, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 cup chopped mixed fruits, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating after each addition, stir in well-drained pineapple. Measure pineapple

liquid, make up to 2-3rds cup, adding a little water if necessary, mix with the honey. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the honey and pineapple liquid, lastly add fruit and nuts. Fill mixture into a greased slab-tin and bake in a moderate oven approximately 40 to 50 minutes. Allow to cool in tin, then ice with the following:

Sift 2 cups icing-sugar into basin, add 1 tablespoon boiling water and 1 teaspoon pineapple or vanilla essence, stir until well blended. Allow to set, then cut into finger lengths.

FAMILY DISH

COLD cooked roast beef or corned beef is used in this week's family dish to make appetising Colonial Squares, which cost approximately 6/9 and serves four.

COLONIAL SQUARES

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 cups minced cooked roast beef or corned beef, 1 cup thick brown gravy, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup diced cooked celery or cooked peas, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 2 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Roll pastry to fit 9in. square cake or slab tin. Combine all other ingredients, except tomatoes and cheese, spread over pastry. Cover with thickly sliced tomatoes, season lightly. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Sprinkle top with grated cheese, return to oven for further 5 minutes. Cut into squares to serve.



APPLE FLUFF is a delicious sweet in which almonds or walnuts may take the place of Brazil nuts. See instructions for making this prizewinning sweet on this page.

PRIZE RECIPE

● Apple fluff, a delicious and unusual sweet, wins the £5 prize in this week's regular recipe contest for readers.

A SPICY crumb mixture gives the prize-winning sweet added flavor and interest.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

APPLE FLUFF

Crumb Crust: One and a half cups biscuit crumbs, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar.

Combine biscuit crumbs, cinnamon, and sugar in a basin, add melted butter, stir until well mixed. Press three-quarters of the mixture into a greased dish. Prepare apple mixture.

Apple Layer: Three eggs, 1 tin sweetened condensed

milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 cups sweetened apple pulp, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons chopped Brazil nuts (optional), 1 teaspoon salt.

Beat egg-yolks until thick, stir in condensed milk, lemon rind and juice, apple pulp, vanilla, and nuts. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, fold into apple mixture. Fill mixture into prepared dish. Sprinkle remaining crumbs over top. Bake in a moderate oven approximately 1 hour or until set. Serve hot or cold with cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Kiddle, Rural Delivery No. 9, Te Puke, New Zealand.

A SURE WAY TO SAVE MONEY

Sunwhite Rice

BUDGET BEATERS

Cook the most exciting meals every night of the week with modern "Sunwhite" packet rice! Follow the lead of thousands of Australian housewives who have discovered the formula of turning every meal into a wholesome, delicious dish by combining the large fluffy grains of Riverina-grown Rice at the lowest possible cost! **You'll beat the budget every time if you use "Sunwhite" when the recipe calls for rice!** Sunwhite cooks so easily, so quickly — makes all meals so economical. Sunwhite is the perfect full-flavoured rice in the modern transparent packet sealed for your convenience and protection. Give the family a treat to-night. Try one of the recipes featured here and see how much you'll **SAVE** when you serve "Sunwhite" Rice!



SUNWHITE

SPICY MEAT LOAF WITH SAVOURY RICE

1 lb. sausage mince; 1 cup salt white breadcrumbs; 1 apple; 1 onion; salt, pepper; 1 egg; 2 tablespoons tomato sauce; 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire Sauce; 1 tablespoon vinegar; 1 1/2 cups water; 1 level tablespoon cornflour; 1 cup uncooked rice; 2 tomatoes skinned and chopped; 1/2 cup celery (chopped); 1/2 cup grated carrot; 2 1/2 cups meat or chicken stock; salt, pepper.

Combine the sausage mince, breadcrumbs, chopped apple and onion, salt, pepper and beaten egg. Shape into a loaf and bake in a moderately hot oven for 30-40 minutes. Place the sauce, vinegar and water into a saucepan and thicken with the blended cornflour. Cook 2 minutes. Keep hot.

Put the rice, tomatoes, celery, carrot, stock and seasonings into a saucepan, bring to the boil, place a lid on the pan and simmer gently until all the liquid is absorbed—approx. 30 minutes. Place a serving of the savoury rice on to each plate, then several slices of the meat loaf and top with the spicy sauce. Serves 4 and costs approx. 1/2 per person.

* A Susan Lee Whyte Kitchen-tested Recipe.

SUNWHITE

RICE FRUIT CAKES WITH ORANGE SAUCE

1 cup Sunwhite rice; 1 pint milk; 3 level tablespoons sugar; 1 level tablespoon butter; 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence; 2 eggs; 4 ozs. raisins, sultanas, currants or chopped dates, etc. **Sauce:** Rind and juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon; 1/2 pint water; 1 level tablespoon arrowroot; 2 level tablespoons sugar; yellow colouring.

Place the rice and milk in a saucepan, bring to the boil, then simmer very gently until the rice has absorbed the milk. Lightly beat the eggs and sugar together and add to the rice mixture with fruit and vanilla essence. Shape the mixture into eight flat cakes and serve with the orange sauce poured over.

Blend the arrowroot with a little of the water and rind added. Place the rest on to heat with orange and lemon the blended arrowroot, then return it to the pan and stir till boiling—cook 2 minutes. Stir in the fruit juices, sugar and a few drops of colouring. Serves 4 and costs approx. 1/- per person.

* A Susan Lee Whyte Kitchen-tested Recipe.

KRAFT CHEDDAR —best cheese for grilling



GOLD TOAST Sandwiches

A new kind of toasted sandwich

Simple! But so appetising with Kraft Cheddar.

Simply make up and toast a variety of sandwiches. In our picture we've used sliced hard-boiled egg with Kraft Mayonnaise . . . Red Feather Fish Supreme and chopped celery . . . sliced ham with chutney . . . sliced tomato and onion.

Crown each sandwich with slices of Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Slip under the griller, or into a hot oven, and in moments our Kraft Cheddar slices are melted to golden perfection.

Good to eat . . . good for you — because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar.

P.S. Like a stronger flavoured packet cheese? Then ask for Kraft Old English.

Kraft Cheddar is best for grilling . . . for slicing, cooking and shredding, too.

- ★ Kraft Cheddar is a careful blend of selected cheddar cheeses — each at the peak of its goodness.
- ★ Pasteurised for purity.
- ★ Slices easily . . . never crumbles.
- ★ No rind . . . no waste . . . wrapped in foil.
- ★ Melts and cooks to perfection — never goes stringy.



Get Kraft Cheddar in the blue 8-oz. packet, handy 1-oz. portions, the family size 2-lb. pack, or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

K Cheese is a wonderful food and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses.

you are looking at the beginning of the end of a cold!



In just **7 seconds** Vicks VapoRub starts
clearing out her cold miseries...

Keeps on giving relief up to **10 full hours**

Atom isotope tests
prove speed and spread
of VapoRub relief



The Hydrogen-3 atom shows how
it takes but 2 breaths for...



... VapoRub relief to go deep
into cold-affected areas and con-
tinue full strength all night long.

● Almost any mother can tell you how Vicks VapoRub helps clear cold miseries overnight. But now, comes new proof of the almost unbelievable speed with which VapoRub begins relief—throughout the cold affected areas! Using atomic isotopes, scientists traced VapoRub's vapour action through the respiratory passages. They found VapoRub takes only seven seconds to become fully effective... and keeps on relieving the cold up to 10 hours!

So, Mother, when your child catches cold, just rub Vicks VapoRub on her chest, throat and back... and with the second breath, she'll feel comforting relief clear her stuffy nose, soothe her sore throat, and break up congestion deep in the bronchial passages. And what's more, VapoRub keeps on comforting her while she sleeps restfully through the night. You try Vicks VapoRub—and you'll almost see the beginning of the end of your child's cold happen right before your eyes.

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

Buy the new
large economy
jar... Save 2/-



World's Most Widely Used Cold Medication...

As a Rub... In Steam... In the Nose

VRE-M3-58

Continuing . . . Waiting for Tony

[from page 19]

"Rob, this is Tony Russell. We were at school together. Met him in the Strand today—we haven't seen each other for about four years. Rita and I are supposed to be having dinner tonight. I thought we might make a foursome..."

"Hello—Roberta!"

Tony stretched out his hand with a friendly grin and I found myself smiling back at him. An unfamiliar, warm feeling of pleasure spread through me. I wiped my fingers on my slacks and we shook hands.

"Hello!" I said. I was suddenly conscious of my old sweater and paint-stained slacks.

"Help—help yourselves to a drink while I go and clean up a bit."

Tony had moved over to my drawing-board.

"Don't tell me you are a very clever young woman, rapidly making a name for yourself."

I made a deprecating gesture.

"I don't know anything about illustrating," he went on, "but the drawing-board is familiar. I'm an architect."

I forgot about changing while we became immersed in a discussion on old buildings. He knew a lot about the subject and I was interested. I don't think I realised at the time that I was even more interested in Tony.

It was only when I heard Rita's key in the door that I felt a swift pang of dismay. I could anticipate the usual pattern; but this time I was not resigned to it.

Rita made her entry. She came forward with arms outstretched.

"Don, darling, how lovely to see you!"

With truly feminine artistry she did not notice Tony at first. She gave him time to take in her dark beauty.

Tony was staring at her and with a sinking heart I felt his interest sliding off me like a warm cloak from my shoulders. And I minded. For once I minded very much.

"Tony, come and meet Rita, the most glamorous girl in the modelling trade!"

"With the greatest pleasure..."

I didn't wait to hear any more, but slipped into the bedroom. I don't think any of them noticed I had gone.

Later that evening as Don and I sat at a table at the Candlelight Club while Tony and Rita danced, Don looked at me curiously.

"What's eating you, Roberta, my poppet? You don't look very cheerful tonight. Is anything wrong?"

My eyes strayed towards the other two, who were dancing close together to the dreamy music. Don followed my gaze and laughed.

"Rita's giving him the full treatment, by jove. Well, it'll give him something to remember when he's far from home!"

"Is he going away?" I asked quickly. Too quickly. Don glanced at the rising color in my cheeks.

"He's going out to Singapore on a big job for about six months." He regarded me thoughtfully. "Why?"

Do you like him, Rob dear?"

"Well—he seems very nice," I answered cautiously.

Don laid his big, capable hand on mine. "Don't worry, Rob. I'm going to take that sister of yours out of circulation soon!"

I laughed, and for once there was an edge of real bitterness to my laughter.

"And what about all the competition? What makes you think you are the one?"

Don looked at me with his direct, honest gaze.

"I just know, Rob. I always have. So has Rita. You'll see."

In the three weeks that followed Tony and I saw a lot of each other.

He got into the habit of dropping in at the flat every afternoon, and I would make tea for us and we would talk. How we talked!

There was that eager exchange of ideas and tastes that flows so readily between two people when there is a bond of sympathy recognised by each of them. And then... and then every evening about six o'clock we would hear Rita's key in the door; and that bond of sympathy would be broken.

I would creep away, unnoticed and defeated. I knew my limitations... What was it Tony had said one afternoon while he was waiting for Rita? I had been on the point of going out, but stayed to give him tea.

"You and Rita are so unlike, Roberta, for sisters," he said. "She is rather like a queen bee with all the male bees in a tizzy around her. And no wonder, either; she's beautiful... and entertaining, too. But you—you always seem too busy and—preoccupied for men friends, you don't seem to care."

"That's because I just like people, regardless of whether they are men or women!"

In all my life I have never repented but of three things: that I trusted a woman with a secret, that I went by sea when I might have gone by land, and that I passed a day in idleness.

—Marcus Cato

He laughed, then looked at me quizzically. "Have you never been in love, Roberta?"

"Not—not so far," I said. And I knew I lied. "What about you?"

He laughed again. And then Rita had come in; I had seen the look in his eyes and I turned away, sick with a futile longing...

I pulled on my gloves and told them brightly that I would leave them alone together. I knew that was what Tony wanted.

It was exactly one month after Tony had gone to Singapore that Rita and Don were married quietly at a registrar's office.

I wasn't surprised; only hurt—for Tony's sake.

"Don't you feel the least twinge of conscience about—about Tony?"

Rita gave her merry peal of laughter that was usually so infectious.

"Of course not, Rob! He knew I wasn't serious!"

"How can you say that, Rita? He's written to you several times, even though you haven't replied. He—he was in love with you!"

"My dear girl—stop fussing! It's not like you. If you're so concerned, you write and break the news!"

The impulse was quite sudden and irresistible.

"All right," I said, "I will."

It was when I was trying to write that letter I was suddenly seized by this strange madness.

How, without being brutal, can you write and tell a man that the girl he loves has married another?

Why tell him at all? Was it reluctance to hurt him? I shall never understand it. I only know that suddenly I was writing to Tony. I was signing myself Rita.

When I had finished the letter, my mind recoiled for a moment from such a fantastic idea. And then gradually, insidiously, I found a hundred reasons why it was not so crazy after all; each reason feeble than the last.

There was only one reason of course; and until this moment I have always shied away from it. But it has been there—all the time. I loved him. I had failed to make him love me. Just for a while I would live in my fool's paradise on a love that was not mine.

I had no pride. I would be content to be second-best...

Yes, it was crazy, all right. But so was I. People like me love once, and it is for keeps. And so I was clutching wildly not at half-a-loaf, but a crumbs...

No doubt the psychiatrist have a name for it. But now when the madness has passed and I am about to face the consequences of my folly, I know that I have a name for it, too. Cheating.

And that is how Tony will see it.

Already I can see the contempt in his eyes, and I shrink from the knowledge that the man I love so utterly will soon now despise me. Every shred of self-respect will be torn from me and I shall stand exposed as a fool! A fool nursing a vicious love...

There is his ring at last... I throw open the door and force myself to look at him. A stubborn remnant of courage even lifts my chin.

And I see that he is smiling. I am in his arms and he is kissing me and murmuring over and over again.

"Roberta, oh, Roberta!" I hear my own voice as from a long way off. "You knew? You knew all the time!"

"My sweet idiot, of course I knew! We get the new papers in Singapore almost as soon as you do. I saw the announcement. A nasty jolt gave me, too!"

I bury my head in his shoulder to hide the hot shame that burns my cheeks. I have been even crazier than I thought...

... And then your first letter came—and by the same post a card from Rita on her honeymoon! I didn't know whether to laugh or cry!"

Now he is lifting my chin in his hand and forcing me to look into his eyes...

"There was something about that letter... I couldn't resist answering it, Roberta! I had told you I knew, you would have stopped writing."

Your letters were wonderful revealing, my darling. I know I had found something precious, something I had been too dazzled to see when I was determined to keep it.

His arms are strong about me and my heart beats ecstatic tattoo.

"... Roberta, in my first letter I said there would be a question I would ask you."

Roberta—will you marry me?"

He is looking at me with his love in his eyes and happiness is too much. I am toppling on the edge of hysteria. Will I marry him?

"Yes," I whisper. I burst into tears. I know I never in the whole of my life will there be a moment comparable to this.

(Copyright)

had always the confidence of her knowledge. They would pass and she would be going home, and Jeff would be there.

She studied dutifully. She made friends with the other schoolchildren, and played their games with them at recesses and during the noon hour. She helped her aunt with the housework, and minded the new baby for her.

But with her whole being she knew that she was faced towards home. She moved through the days and the months with the inner knowledge that she made progress by walking backwards. She moved with time, but with her face turned away.

She did not expect to see Jeff during that long time, but twice he came to town. He came in October when he was taking a shipment of cattle to market in Kansas City, and again at Christmas.

When he came in October, he seemed strange to her at first, dressed as he was for the train in a dark suit and with shirt and tie such as her father and uncle wore. He sat across the room from her on the small sofa by the fire, and talked to her uncle about the cattle market, about the hurried ways of the city, about trains coming and going.

Gradually, as he talked, the strangeness wore off, and when he spoke directly to her, and smiled at her, he became himself again.

"The leaves are beginning to turn," he told her, "in the mountains. The old cottonwood by the big pool on Beaver Creek is yellow already, and so many leaves have fallen on the water that the whole top of the pool looks like a thick yellow carpet. You'd think you could almost walk on them, there are so many."

He asked her if she wanted any special thing from the city. "I don't know," he told her seriously, "how good I'd be at picking out something for you, but I could try."

Feeling unaccountably shy before her uncle and aunt, she refused to name anything, but her aunt spoke up. "She's been wanting some red shoes. There's a pair in the mail-order catalogue she's been wishing for. I'll show you."

She brought the catalogue and Jeff studied the picture. Then he nodded and had her stand on a piece of brown paper while he drew the outline of her feet. "So I'll get the right size," he told her.

She did not know when he came back from the city, for he must have gone directly home to the ranch without stopping in town, and nothing at all was said of the red shoes. Sadly she thought he had forgotten, but without effort she forgave him. He'd been very busy, she told herself.

At Christmas, though, he came with a message and gifts from her parents. The message said they were sorry they could not come to spend the holidays in town with her as planned, but her mother was ill.

The gifts were loving and thoughtful ones — a beautiful new doll (for they did not know she was too old for dolls), a plaid taffeta dress, and a soft, silky fur muff and a pair of slippers. Jeff gave them to her, and when he had admired them with her, he handed her another package, which he had hid on the table when he came.

"Mine looks kind of skimpy alongside your folks' presents, but I thought you might like it."

He had wrapped it clumsily in red paper. Slowly she took off the wrappings, her heart beating suffocatingly up into her throat. It was a small dress that she had made her from cedar wood, just big enough for ribbons and handkerchiefs, and he had carved her name,

Continuing . . . The Gift of Love

[from page 25]

"Sallie," in the top. She put her nose down to smell the sweet, fresh smell of the wood and rubbed her hand over its satiny top.

She could see him working on the chest, evenings maybe, in the bunkhouse, choosing the pieces of cedar, careful to select those with both red and yellow in them, whittling out each piece, fitting it to the next one, sanding them down to this soft smoothness, and then, finally, with his knife, perhaps, cutting her name in the top. She could see his hands, thin, brown, holding the knife.

The chest made every other gift seem small and insignificant. She touched it gently, as she felt she always must.

"Aren't you going to open it?" he asked her then.

Surprised, she looked up at him. "Is there something inside?"

He nodded, and when she lifted the lid there were the red shoes, a little crowded, but he had managed to wedge them in. It was too much that he had not forgotten the shoes, that he should have made her a cedarwood chest. The tears almost came, but she blinked them back. He came to her

and when they headed for the ranch her turnabout feeling left her and she felt as if for the first time since she had left it she was faced in the right direction.

She asked questions eagerly about her mother, about the house, about the cows and horses. She circled all around the subject she most wanted to hear about, knowing she did not really want to hear about it until she could hear it from Jeff himself. Several times she came near the edge of a question concerning him. "Has the herd at the lower ranch wintered well?"

"Fine. There'll be a good shipment this year."

"Has there been enough rain this spring to bring out the pastures on the upper range?"

"Plenty. Beaver Creek has been running full all spring."

Once her father started to say something of his own accord. "Jeff has —" he began, but she forestalled him. "Oh, look, there's a prairie dog!"

She did not want to hear. It was her old game of suspense,

life, nine of them, she had known what it was to be cold, for on the prairie the wind and snow blew icy cold, straight out of the north unimpeded.

But never before had she felt the kind of cold that froze into her bones at that moment. It was as if the cold started in the marrow of her bones and spread slowly into her flesh, congealing it, and turning it hard as stone.

She could not move, and so she stood frozen and waited as her father and Jeff, laughing together now, carried her trunk into the house. She saw the rough bark of the locust tree under which she stood, and she heard the bees humming among the blooms. She smelled the heady sweetness of the blooms, and she felt the crawling itch of an ant on her right ankle. She saw the sun lying blindingly bright on the grass beyond the shade of the tree, and she saw the fences and the outbuildings, and she felt the bulk of the house behind her.

But she really saw only the small frame house in the orchard, and she really felt only the coldness between her shoulders.

She heard the screen door slam and in a moment Jeff was standing beside her again. She found that she could move then and she squared around to face him. "You said you would be here when I came back," she accused.

"I am here," he said quietly.

"No," she told him.

"But I am," he insisted.

"No," she repeated.

He squatted beside her, as he had done when she told him goodbye. He took hold of her hands in his and she could not bear them. She twisted away. "Sallie, what is wrong? Have I done something? Aren't we friends any more?"

She looked at him strangely. "We weren't friends. We weren't ever friends."

"I thought we were. I thought we were good friends."

His eyes still had the small golden flecks in them, and with anguish she thought of this woman he was going to marry, who would all her life look into them, and at whom he would tell about the brown trout and the eagle and the lizard.

"Why are you going to be married?" she burst out angrily at him. "How could you be? I loved you! I was going to marry you!"

His face sobered suddenly and he looked away from her. He did not say anything for a long, long time and, waiting, she tried to regain her composure.

It shocked her that she had burst out at him and confided those hopes to him. She had never meant him to know until the time came, but she had blurted them out in her pain and it outraged her to be so betrayed by her own feelings. She waited, not knowing what he would say, or if he would say anything, not knowing why she waited, except, perhaps, from habit of waiting.

When he spoke finally he did not remind her that she was only a little girl, that she did not know the meaning of love, that some day she would grow up and meet a fine boy her own age and marry him and be happy forever after. He did not tell her she would learn to love his wife, that she must visit them in the new house. He did not say to her, laughingly, that she would forget all this, or that if she did remember it in time she would laugh at the memory.

He said none of these expected and wholly untrue things to her. Instead he said, "I love you, too, Sallie, and if things were different I would

feel very honored to have you marry me. I love you so much, Sallie, that even though I am going to marry someone else, I will never love her in quite the same way. All my life you will be my dearest love, my unobtainable love."

He turned to face her then and gathered her very close in his arms. She felt the hard strength of them tightly about her and the roughness of his cheek against hers.

She cried then, not stormily as a child cries but quietly as a woman cries, and he allowed her tears for a long time. Then he spoke again. "You see, Sallie, you are a princess and a princess can never marry a commoner. A princess can only marry a prince."

"You are a prince to me."

"That's only because you love me. I am the commonest sort of commoner."

His analogy was just reasonable enough to be nearly believable. Dimly she understood that because she was her father's daughter and would some day inherit all these vast lands and herds, and because he was a cowhand, rough and unlettered, there was a likeness to the princess in the storybooks. He loved her, but he could never marry her. She clutched him tighter, wanting to believe. "But you do love me? You always have and you always will?"

"I do love you. I always have and I always will."

"The most?" She whispered it.

"The most."

Gently, tenderly, and even proudly he denied his deepest love and presented the denial

as his finest gift to restore a small girl's sense of dignity, to heal a small girl's sense of treachery.

She wiped her eyes on his shirt sleeve and drew away from his arms. She looked at him, the dark, sober face, the flecked, troubled eyes. And she recognised the denial for what it was.

Sadly she knew she had compelled it. He loved this woman he was going to marry, for he would not be marrying her otherwise. And he loved her the most. She guessed that his Christmas business, which had made him so gay, had been with her.

But instinctively she recognised also the splendor and the kindness of his denial. And since she had willed it from him and her pride was restored by it, she must not now, she saw, do him the dishonor of refusing it. She must not shame him by unbelief. Gently, then, tenderly and bravely, she received it.

With pain still shining in her eyes, with coldness still chill between her shoulders, she took his face between her hands and kissed him sweetly on the forehead. "We will always love each other," she told him, "but we must always hide our broken hearts."

He closed his eyes at the touch of the cool, soft young lips, and when he opened them she was walking away, the red shoes forgotten, twinkling in the sun. With a strange sense of loss he watched her, feeling oddly that at that moment for him as well as for her it was very nearly true.

(Copyright)



rescue. "Try your shoes and see if they fit."

He busied himself to give her time, drawing up a chair, and setting a cushion for her to rest her feet on.

The shoes fitted exactly, and as she swung them, eyeing their twinkling toes, her mood shifted and she felt as bubbly and light as the shoes. Jeff looked at them, his head cocked on one side. "Looks to me," he said, "as if those were dancing shoes. I don't know if they'd stand up to trudging around the ranch much."

"They're for Sunday best," she told him. "I only mean to wear them on very special occasions."

He nodded. "That's what I thought they were for."

Then he swung up his hat and put it on rakishly. "I've got Christmas business of my own," he confided. He looked at her, his flecked eyes larkly and happy. "Merry Christmas, Sallie."

She could not at all find the words to tell him thank you. All she could say was, "Merry Christmas, Jeff."

At the door he turned and spoke again. "I saw wild turkeys in the canyon yesterday. A whole flock of them. I almost didn't see them, they were so nearly the color of the leaves, brown and speckled. But the old tom gobbled and gave himself away."

Thus he added one more gift to her merry Christmas.

Those were the two visits that broke the long winter. In May her father came for her,

not knowing, waiting a little longer for the perfect moment. He would be there, waiting. Not on the gatepost as she had waited, but there, somewhere about the place, and she would soon see him and he would smile at her and say, "Hello, Sallie."

She smoothed the folds of her plaid taffeta dress and bent forward to see the tips of the red shoes. He would know, when he saw them, that this was a very special occasion.

He was there at the gate, waiting to open it for them. And he smiled at her, and at the sight of the smile on his dark face her love swelled up, as always, making her heart feel tight and ready to burst. He said, "Hello, Sallie," and he helped her out of the buggy. He saw the red shoes, too.

She saw his eyes drop to them, and when he looked back up at her his smile widened.

He did not say anything before her father, though, as if he knew he must not. The red shoes were just between themselves.

Instead, he went to help her father with her trunk, and she stood waiting, looking about at the familiar buildings, glad and happy to be at home. At the back of the orchard then she saw a new building, a small frame house painted white. "What is that?" she asked.

"That's Jeff's new house. He's going to get married next week. Couldn't have him bringing a bride home to the bunkhouse."

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she determined, if her mood was propitious, to tell her the whole.

She found the Dowager in perfect good-humor but a trifle preoccupied. She had received a visit from an old friend, just returned from a protracted sojourn in Paris, and Mrs. Irthing's account of the delightful time she had spent there, the charming nature of the parties given by dear Sir Charles Stuart and Lady Elizabeth at the Embassy—just as it used to be before that horrid Bonaparte spoilt everything with his vulgar ways!—the exclusiveness of society—so different from London, where one was increasingly at the mercy of mushrooms and tuft-hunters!—the comfort of the hotels, and the amazing quality and style of the goods in all the shops had reawakened her desire to remove to Paris for a few months herself.

"She did not regret having assumed the charge of her granddaughter, of course, but it did just cross her mind that Phoebe might very well reside with Ingham and Rosina while she was away. A moment's reflection, however, caused her to abandon this scheme: Rosina was a fool, in no way to be trusted with the delicate task of promoting a marriage between Phoebe and Sylvester. The Dowager was feeling very hopeful about this affair, but there was no doubt that it needed skilful handling.

The project had to be abandoned, but Mrs. Irthing's visit had roused many memories. The Dowager fell into a reminiscent vein, and it was not until she and Phoebe removed to the drawing-room after dinner that she emerged from it, and bade Phoebe tell her about her own day. Phoebe said that she had enjoyed herself very much, and then, drawing a resolute breath, took the plunge. "Grandmama, there is something I must tell you!"

She would not have been surprised if her confession of having written a book had met with censure; but the Dowager, once assured that a strict anonymity had been preserved, was rather amused. She even said that she had always known Phoebe to be a clever little puss.

Possibly she considered it unlikely that her granddaughter's book would be read by any member of the ton; possibly she thought it even more unlikely that a portrait drawn by so inexperienced a hand would be recognisable. She only laughed when Phoebe told her the dreadful truth. But when Phoebe asked her if she thought Sylvester ought to be warned of what was hanging over his head she said quickly: "On no account in the world! You must be mad to think of such a thing!"

"Yes, ma'am. Only—I can't be comfortable!" Phoebe said.

"Nonsense! He will know nothing about it!" replied the Dowager.

Unlike Lord Byron, Phoebe could not say that she awoke one morning to find herself famous, for clever Mr. Newsham had allowed no clue to her identity to escape him. He saw no profit in allowing it to be known that a schoolroom bit had written "The Lost Heir": far better, he told his partner, to set the ton wondering. Poor Mr. Otley, protesting in vain that none but sap-skulls would sport the blunt to the tune of eighteen shillings or a romance by an unknown author, resigned himself to ruin, and watched with a jaundiced eye the efforts of the senior partner to puff off the book to be ton.

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Continuing . . . Sylvester

from page 21

But Mr. Newsham had been right all along. The skilful letters he had written to influential persons, the flattery he had expended, the mysterious hints he had dropped bore abundant fruit. The list of private subscribers presently caused Mr. Otley's eyes to start in his head.

"Ay! and that's only the beginning!" said Mr. Newsham. "These are the nob who would melt a fortune not to be behindhand in the mode. All females, of course. By the by, I've discovered who that fellow with the eyebrows is none other than his grace of Salford, my boy! If that ain't enough to make the nobs mad after the book, tell me what is!"

Since Mr. Newsham continued to correspond only with Miss Battery, Phoebe didn't know that her book had been launched until she saw the three handsome volumes in Lady Selton's drawing-room. "Dear Lady Ingham, has this audacious book come in your way? But I need not ask! Is it not the wickedest thing imaginable?" cried her ladyship with much fluttering of her fan and her eyelids.

"Odious creature, whoever she is!—and it is not Caro Lamb, or that Irish woman: that I know for a fact! Setting us all in the pillory! I forgive her only for her sketch of poor dear Emily Cowper! I own I laughed myself into stitches! She has not the least notion of it, of course—thinks it meant for the likeness of Mrs. Burrell! But Ugolino—oh, dear, dear, what must be his feelings if ever the book should come in his way? And that it must, you know, because everyone is talking about it!"

Too soon for her peace of mind did Phoebe prove the truth of this statement. Some, like the haughty Countess Lieven, shrugged it off, calling it an almond for a parrot; some were delighted in it; some were shocked by it; but all were eager to discover its authorship. Never, thought Phoebe, could an author have watched the success of her first venture with more consternation!

All her pride and pleasure in it were destroyed, and by one tiny thing that might so easily have been changed! Could she but have removed from the book every mention of a pair of eyebrows the rest would have been forgiven her, for only in that one portrait had she been blind to the virtues of her victims.

Lady Ingham, startled to find that the whole town (or as much of it as signified) was discussing her granddaughter's novel, demanded a copy of it from the reluctant author. Phoebe, who had received a set, forwarded to her by Miss Battery, shrinkingly presented her ladyship with the three elegant volumes.

The Dowager read it through, for some time anxiously watched by her trembling granddaughter, whose nerves suffered severely from the rapid transitions from hope to despair engendered by the Dowager's frequent utterances. A chuckle sent her spirits up; an ejaculated "Good heavens!" brought them down with a rush; and she was obliged many times to slip out of the room, unable to bear the suspense.

"Recognise himself?" said the Dowager, when she had come to the end. "Of course he will! Mercy, child, how came you to commit such an imprudence? What a mercy that the whole thing is such a farraigo of nonsense! I shouldn't wonder at it if Sylvester treats it beneath his notice. We must hope he will, and at all events it need never be known that you wrote it. Who knows the truth besides your governess?—I collect she is to be trusted?"

"Indeed, she is, ma'am! The only other is Tom Orde."

The Dowager clicked her tongue. "I don't like that! Who's to say that a young rattle won't boast of being acquainted with the author when he finds you've become famous? You must write to him instantly, Phoebe, and warn him!"

Phoebe was hot in defence of her old playfellow, but it was not her championship that allayed the Dowager's alarm: it was the appearance on the scene of Tom himself, accompanied by his father, and managing to walk very creditably with the aid of a stick.

No sooner were the guests announced than Phoebe flew across the room to hug first one and then the other. The Squire, kissing her in a fatherly way, said: "Well, puss, and what have you to say for yourself, eh?" and nothing could have been more brotherly than Tom's greeting.

"Hallo, Phoebe!" said Tom. "Take care what you're about, now! Don't go rumpling my neckcloth, for goodness sake! Well, by Jove!" (surveying her). "I'm dashed if you don't look quite modish! Won't Susan stare when I tell her!"

Nothing lover-like about Tom, decided the Dowager, turning her attention to the Squire.

It could not have been said that Lady Ingham and Mr.

There is something of woman in everything that pleases.
—Dupaty

Orde had much in common, but her ladyship, welcoming the Squire kindly for Phoebe's sake, soon found him to be a blunt, sensible man, who seemed to feel just as he ought on a number of important subjects, notably the folly of Lord Marlow, and the pretentiousness, sanctimonious hypocrisy, and cruelty of his spouse. They soon had their heads together, leaving Tom and Phoebe to talk undisturbed in the window-bay.

Knowing his Phoebe, Tom had come in the expectation of being pelted with questions about everyone at Austerby, and at the Manor, but except for a polite inquiry after Mrs. Orde's health, and an anxious one about Trusty and True, Phoebe asked him none. She was in regular communication with Miss Battery, an excellent correspondent, had received several letters from Susan, and even one or two scribbled notes from Lord Marlow, his lordship's happy disposition having led him to believe, within a very short time, that if he had not actually connived at his daughter's flight to her grandmother, at least this adventure had had his approval. Phoebe was more interested to learn what had brought Tom to town, and for how long he meant to remain.

Well, the Squire had had business to transact, and it was so abominably slow at home, when one couldn't yet ride, or fish, or even walk very far, there was no bearing it, so Tom had come to London with his father. They were putting up at Reddish's Hotel, and meant to stay for at least a week. The Squire had promised to take his son to visit one or two places he had long wanted to see. No, no, not edifices! He had seen them years ago. Interesting places, such as the Fives Court, and Jackson's Saloon, and Cribb's Parlor, and the Castle Tavern. Not in Phoebe's line, of course. And he was going to call on Salford.

"He told me to be sure and do so if ever I was in town, so I shall. He wouldn't have said it if he hadn't meant it, do you think?"

"Oh, no, but he has gone out of town," Phoebe replied. "I am not perfectly sure when he means to return, but I dare say it will be before you go away: he spoke of it as if he meant only to be gone a short while. He is at Chance, visiting his mother."

"Do you see him, then?" Tom asked, surprised.

"Yes, frequently," Phoebe answered, blushing faintly. "I have come to know one of his cousins, you see, and—and so we often meet. But, oh, Tom, the most terrible thing has happened, and if you do see Salford you must take the greatest care not to betray me. I dread his return, for how to look him in the face I don't know!"

"Betray you?" demanded Tom, astonished. "What the deuce are you talking about?"

"My wretched, wretched book!"

"Your—Oh, that! Well, what of it?"

"It is a success!" said Phoebe, in a voice of tragedy.

"Good heavens, you don't mean it? I wouldn't have believed it!" exclaimed Tom, adding still more infelicitously: "Though I must say it has a devilish handsome binding: Sibby showed it to me, you know!"

"It isn't the binding people are talking about!" said Phoebe with asperity. "They are talking about the characters in it, and the author. Everyone wants to know who wrote it! Now do you understand?"

Tom did understand. He pursed his lips in a silent whistle, and after a minute said: "Has Salford read it?"

"No—at least—no, he can't have done so yet, surely! He went away almost immediately after it was published."

"I wonder if he'll guess?" said Tom slowly. "You needn't be afraid I shall let it out, but it wouldn't surprise me if—You know what I should do if I were you?" She shook her head, her eyes fixed on his face. "I'd make a clean breast of it," said Tom.

"I did think of doing so, but when I remember what I wrote—" She broke off with a shudder.

"Devilish difficult thing to do," he agreed. "All the same—"

"I don't think I could," she confessed. "If he were to be angry—I! It makes me sick only to imagine it! And my grandmother says on no account must I tell him."

"Well, I dare say she knows best," responded Tom somewhat dubiously. "What will you do if he charges you with it? Deny it?"

"Oh, don't, Tom!" begged Phoebe.

"Yes, but you'd best make up your mind," he insisted. "I shouldn't think, myself, that he'll believe you: you never could tell a bouncer without looking guilty!"

"If he asks me," said Phoebe despairingly, "I must tell the truth."

"Well, perhaps he won't ask you," said Tom, perceiving that she was looking rather sickly already. "But take care you don't mention it to anyone else, that's all! Ten to one you'll blurt it out to somebody! I know you!"

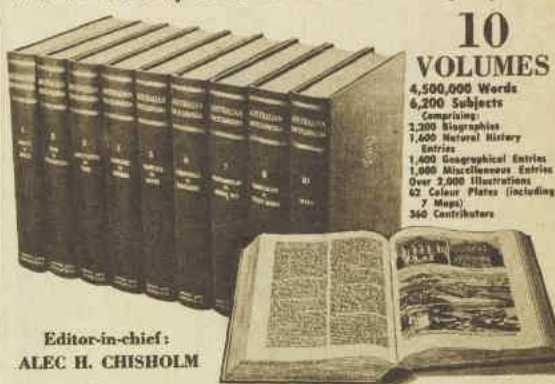
"Blurt it out! No, indeed!" she assured him.

She thought there could be little fear of it, but some severe trials had to be undergone, when she found herself obliged to endure in silence such discussions about her book as made her long to cry out: No! I never meant it so! For the one feature of "The Lost Heir" which aroused the

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To page 48



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curiosity of society was the character of Count Ugolino.

The levelheaded might dismiss it as a piece of impertinence; Sylvester's friends might be up in arms; but it seemed to Phoebe that the idiots who asserted there was never smoke without fire were legion. She was speedily made to realise that she had not been Ianthe's only confidante. Before ever "The Lost Heir" was written Ianthe had apparently blackened Sylvester's character to as many persons as would listen to her grievances.

"Oh, the circumstances have been changed, of course!" some avid-eyed female would say. "I don't mean to say that Salford has done the same as Ugolino—well, he couldn't, nowadays! But as soon as I read the book I remembered how poor Lady Henry told me once..."

"Could it be true that Lady Henry's son is the real Duke of Salford?" breathed the credulous. "They were twins, were they not, Salford and Lord Henry?"

That lurid fancy had almost proved to be Phoebe's breaking point. But for her grandmother's quelling eye she believed she must have spoken. It caught hers in the very nick of time, and she remained silent. That eye was absent when she heard the same lurid fancy on Ianthe's lips.

"Whoever it was who wrote the book," said Ianthe impressively, "knows a great deal about the Raynes! That much is certain! Everyone says it is a female: do you think so, Miss Marlow?"

"Yes—and a shockingly silly female!" said Phoebe. "It is the most absurd thing I ever read!"

"But it isn't!" insisted Ianthe. "Chance is not a castle, of course, and Sylvester couldn't possibly keep poor little Edmund hidden, and Edmund hasn't got a sister, but that's nothing! I have read the book twice now, and I believe there is a warning in it."

"A warning?" echoed Phoebe blankly.

"To me," nodded Ianthe. "A warning that danger threatens my child. There can be no doubt that Matilda is meant to be me, after all."

These naive words struck Phoebe dumb for several moments. It had not previously occurred to her that Ianthe might identify herself with "The Lost Heir's" golden-haired sister. Having very little interest in mere heroes and heroines she had done no more than depict two staggeringly beautiful puppets, endow them with every known virtue, and cast them into a series of hair-raising adventures from which she privately considered, it was extremely improbable they would ever have extricated themselves.

"Though Florian is not Fotherby, of course," added Ianthe, unconsciously answering the startled question in Phoebe's mind. "I think he is just a made-up character. Poor Nugent wouldn't do for a hero. Besides, he is Baron Macaronio: everyone knows that!"

The unruffled complaisance in her face and voice provided Phoebe with the second shock of the day. This one was not of long duration, however, a bare minute's reflection suf-

Continuing . . . Sylvester

from page 47

ficing to inform her that the grossest of libels could be pardoned in an author who painted Lady Henry herself in roseate hues.

"And Harry was Sylvester's twin-brother," pursued Ianthe. "Count Ugolino's brother was not his twin!" Phoebe managed to say.

"No, but I dare say the author was afraid to make it all precisely the same. The thing is, Ugolino was a usurper."

"Lady Henry!" said Phoebe, speaking in a voice of careful control. "You cannot seriously suppose that Salford is a usurper!"

"No, except that there have been such things, and he was a twin, and I have often thought, when he has encouraged Edmund to do dangerous things, like riding his pony all over the park, all by himself, and climbing trees, that he would be positively glad if the poor little fellow were to fall and break his neck!"

"Oh, hush!" Phoebe exclaimed. "Pray, pray do not say so, Lady Henry. You are funning. I know, but indeed you should not!"

An obstinate look came into Ianthe's lovely face. "No, I am not. I don't say it is so, for I can't think Mama-Duchess would have changed the twins—for why should she? But Sylvester has never liked Edmund. He said himself he didn't want him, and although he pretended afterwards that he hadn't meant it I have always

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.

—Samuel Johnson

known it was the truth. Well, why does he hate Edmund?"

"Lady Henry, you must not indulge your fancy in this way!" Phoebe cried, quite appalled. "How can you suppose that a foolish romance bears the least relation to real life?"

"The Lost Heir" is no more foolish than "Glenarvon," and you can't say that bore no relation to real life!" countered Ianthe instantly.

Phoebe said: "I know—I have reason to know—that the author of the book was wholly ignorant of any of the circumstances attaching to Salford, or to any member of his family!"

"Nonsense! How can you know anything of the sort?"

Phoebe moistened her lips, and said in a shaking voice: "It so happens that I am acquainted with the author. I mustn't tell you, and you won't ask me, I am persuaded, or— or mention it!"

"Acquainted with the author!" Ianthe gasped. "Oh, who is she? You can't be so cruel as not to tell me. I won't breathe a word, dear Miss Marlow!"

"No, I must not. I should not have spoken at all, only that I felt myself obliged, when I found you had taken such a fantastic notion into your head! Lady Henry, my friend had never seen Salford but once in her life: knew nothing more of him than his name. She was struck by his strange eyebrows, and when she came to write that tale she remembered them, and thought she would give Ugolino brows like that, never dreaming that anyone would think—"

"But she must have known more!" objected Ianthe, staring rather hard at Phoebe. "She knew he was Edmund's guardian!"

"She did not. It was she—

told me—nothing but the unhappiest of coincidences!"

"I don't believe it! It could not have been so!"

"But it was, it was!" Phoebe said vehemently. "I know it for a fact!"

There was a momentary silence. As she stared, a look of comprehension stole into Ianthe's eyes. "Miss Marlow! You are the author!"

"No!"

"You are! I know you are! Oh, you sly thing!" cried Ianthe.

"I tell you, no!"

"Oh, you won't take me in, I promise you! I see it all now! What a rage Sylvester would be in if he knew—when he has been so condescending as to make you the latest object of his gallantry, too! I only wish he may discover it." She saw the widening look of horror in Phoebe's eyes, and said: "I shan't tell him, of course; you may be easy on that head!"

"Indeed, I hope you won't tell anyone, for it is untrue, and absurd as well!" replied Phoebe, trying to speak as though she were amused. "And pray don't mention either that I am acquainted with the real author! I need not ask you: you must perceive how very disagreeable it would be for me—bound not to divulge the secret, and—besieged with questions, as I should be!"

"Oh, no, of course I shall not! Only fancy being able to write books! I am sure I could never do so. How clever you must be! But were you really ignorant of the circumstances? It is the oddest thing! How in the world do you contrive to think of such exciting adventures? I hadn't the least guess how Matilda and Florian would contrive to rescue poor Maximilian, you know. I could not put the last volume down until they ran the boat ashore, and Florian cried: 'Safe! Safe, Matilda! At last we stand where Ugolino holds no sway! I almost shed tears, it was so affecting!'"

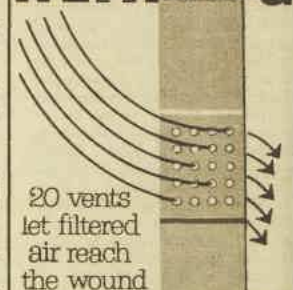
She rattled on in this way for some minutes. Phoebe was powerless to stop her. She could only repeat that she was not the book's author, which made Ianthe laugh; and derive a little doubtful comfort from Ianthe's assurance that she would not breathe a syllable to a soul.

The first repercussions of this interlude began to be felt by Phoebe almost at once. She saw one or two covert glances directed at her, and guessed several times that she was the subject of a whispered confidence. She was rendered acutely uncomfortable; and when, in a few days, she received the coldest and most infinitesimal of bows from two of the Patronesses of Almaack's, and the cut direct from Lady Ribbleton, only and formidable sister of the Duchess of Salford, she could not longer attempt to persuade herself that she was imagining the whole. She did her best to maintain an air of cheerful unconcern, but she quaked inwardly.

Only one person ventured to ask her if it were true that she had written "The Lost Heir," and that an ingenious young lady embarking on her first season, who was at once frowned down by her mama. Phoebe exclaimed with a tolerable assumption of amazement: "I?" and at least had the satisfaction of knowing that she had lulled one person's suspicions. Mrs. Newbury, the only other who might, perhaps, have openly taxed her with what she was fast coming to consider her crime, had been confined to the house by some indisposition, and might be presumed to

To page 49

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know nothing about the gathering rumors.

The Dowager learned of the turn affairs had taken from her daughter-in-law, Rosina, to whom had been entrusted the task of chaperoning Phoebe. The Dowager, demanding the truth from Phoebe, heard what had passed between her and Ianthe, and was pardonably angry. If she understood the feelings which had compelled Phoebe to come so close to disclosing her secret she did not betray this, saying impatiently that no one whose opinion was worth a groat would be likely to set any store by the silly things Ianthe said of Sylvester. As for placing the smallest reliance on Ianthe's ability to keep such a titbit of news to herself, she wondered that Phoebe could be such a green-head. She forgave her only because she had had at least enough sense to remain constant in denial.

"She cannot say that you told her you were the author, and as for the rest, the only thing to be done is to say that you think you know who the author is. That may readily be believed! I am sure there must be a score of persons who are saying the same. If people can be made to believe that Ianthe, after her usual fashion, added straws of her own providing to a single one dropped by you, until she had furnished herself with a nest, so much the better! If they don't think that, they may well think that it was you who exaggerated, pretending to know more than others, to be interesting.

"Yes, my love, I've no doubt you had rather not appear in such a light, but that you should have thought of before. Don't fall into flat despair! The case is not desperate, if only you will do as I bid you." She tapped her fan on her knee with a gesture of exasperation. "I might have known what would come of it if I let Rosina take care of you! Idiotish woman! I could have scotched the business days ago! Well, never mind that now! When is the Castlereaghs' ball? Tomorrow? Good! It will be the first crush of the season, and nothing could be better! I

shall take you to it myself, child, and see what I can achieve!"

"Grandmama—must I go to it?" Phoebe faltered. "I had so much rather not!"

"Not go to it? Do you want to confirm suspicion? You will wear your new dress—the pretty green one, with the pearl embroidery!—and you will—you must!—appear perfectly unconscious. I, on the other hand, am going to be very conscious—and never so much diverted in my life! That ought to take the trick! And it will be well if it does," she added, a trifle grimly. "I don't scruple to tell you, my love, that if this scandal is not put an end to I have grave fears that even my influence may not avail to procure you vouchers for Almack's. I imagine you must know what that would mean!"

She saw that Phoebe was looking crushed, and relented, leaning forward to pat her hand, and saying: "There! No more scolding! Dear me, what a pity Tom cannot dance, with that leg of his! I declare, I would invite him to go with us to the Castlereaghs', just to put some heart into you, silly child!"

The Dowager had taken a great fancy to young Mr. Orde, but she would have found it difficult under any circumstances to have persuaded him to attend a dress-party at which he would have been obliged, as he phrased it, to do the pretty to a lot of fashionable strangers. Such affairs, he told Phoebe firmly, were not in his line: he was never more glad of a lame leg.

So Tom went off on the fateful night to be choked by the new gas-lighting at Drury Lane; and Phoebe was escorted by the Dowager, shortly after ten o'clock, to the Castlereagh mansion.

The Dowager saw immediately how close to the brink of social disaster Phoebe had approached, and her keen eyes snapped dangerously as they marked the various dames who dared to look coldly at her granddaughter. These ladies should shortly be made to regret their insolence: one might have chosen to retire a little

Continuing . . . Sylvester

[from page 48]

from the world of fashion, but one was not yet quite without power in that world! She saw, with satisfaction, that Phoebe's chin was up; and, with relief, that her hand was soon solicited for the country-dance that was then forming.

Phoebe's partner, a young gentleman very conscious of his first longtailed coat and satin knee-breeches, was shy, and in striving to set him at his ease Phoebe forgot her own nervousness, and smiled, and chatted with all the unconcern that her grandmother could have wished her to show. It



was when she was halfway down the second set that she saw Sylvester, and felt her heart bump against her ribs.

He was talking to his hostess, in a knot of persons by the door. He was laughing, tossing a retort over his shoulder to some friend, shaking hands with another: in spirits, she thought hopefully. He glanced round the ballroom, but cursorily; their eyes did not meet. She wondered if he would presently look for her, and hardly knew which would be the sterner trial: to be ignored by him, or to be obliged to face him.

The next dance was a waltz. She did not think that Sylvester had yet seen her, but as the fiddlers struck up he came across the floor to where she sat

beside the Dowager, and said: "How do you do, ma'am? I am charged with all kinds of messages for you from my mother. You will like to know that I left her well—wonderfully well! Miss Marlow, may I have the honor?"

As she rose to her feet she looked fleetingly up at him, and again felt that sickening thud of the heart. His lips smiled, but there was a glitter in his eyes that was strange to her, and frightening, and the suggestion of a quiver about his up-cut nostrils.

He led her on to the floor, and into the dance. She hoped he could not feel the flurry of her pulses, and forced herself to speak. "I did not know you had returned to town, Duke."

"Didn't you? I came back from Chance yesterday, on purpose to attend this party. I am glad you are here—and admire your courage."

She knew that her hand was trembling in his light clasp, but she tried to rally herself. "Oh, I am not now so shy as I was used to be!"

"Obviously you are not. You must allow me to offer you my compliments, and to felicitate you on having made so notable a hit."

"I cannot imagine what you mean!"

"Oh, I think you can! You have written a romance that has set the ton by the ears: a feat indeed! Very clever, Miss Marlow, but could you find no better name for me than Ugo-lino?"

"You are mistaken—quite mistaken!" she stammered.

"Don't lie to me! Believe me, your face betrays you. Did you suppose I should not guess the truth? I am not a fool, and I have a tolerably good memory. Or did you think I should not read your book? If that was so you have been unfortunate. I might not have read it had my mother not desired me to do so. She wished—no, unnaturally—to know what I

had done to arouse such enmity, whom it was I had so bitterly offended. I was quite unable to answer the first of her questions. The second, I must confess, found me equally at a loss until I had read your book. I could have answered it then, of course, had I chosen to do so."

"Oh, I am sorry, I am sorry!" she whispered, in an anguished tone.

"Don't hang your head! Do you wish the whole room to know what I am saying to you?"

She raised it. "I tried to alter it. It was too late. I ought never to have done it. I didn't know—never dreamed—Oh, how can I explain to you? What can I say?"

"Oh, there is a great deal you might say, but it is quite unnecessary to do so. There is only one thing I am curious to know, for tax my memory as I may I cannot find the answer. What did I do, Miss Marlow, to deserve to be set in the pillory?"

"Nothing, nothing!"

"Nothing? I am aware that you took me in dislike at our first meeting; you have told me that I did not recognise you when we met for the second time. Was that all your reason for making me the model for your villain? Did you, for such small cause, put yourself to the labor of discovering the affairs of my family so that you might publish a spiteful travesty of them to the world?"

"No! Had I known—oh, how can you think I would have written it if I had known you had a nephew—were his guardian? I had not the least suspicion of it. It was coincidence: I chose you for Ugo-lino because—because of the way your eyebrows slant, and because I thought you arrogant! I never dreamed then the book would be published!"

"Doing it rather too brown, are you not? You can't really suppose I shall swallow quite so unlikely a story!"

She looked up, and saw that while he talked to her, between his teeth, he was

smiling still. The sensation of moving through a nightmare threatened to overpower her. She said faintly: "It's true, whatever you believe. When I found out—about Edmund—I was ready to sink!"

"But not ready to stop the publication of this sad coincidence."

"I couldn't do so! They would not even let me alter it! The book was already bound, Duke! When I reached London it was the first thing I did. I went immediately to the publishers—indeed, indeed, I did!"

"And, of course, it never occurred to you that if I were warned I might prove more successful than you in arresting publication," he said angrily.

"No. Could you have done so?" she asked wonderingly.

"Oh, that is much better!" he approved, his eyes glinting down at her. "That innocent stare is excellent; you should cultivate it!"

She flushed vividly. "Please say no more! Not here—not now! I can't answer you. It was wrong of me—inexcusable! I—I bitterly regret it!"

"Why, yes, I imagine you might well! How many people have cut you tonight?"

"Not for that reason!" she answered hotly. "You know I didn't mean that! Do you think I am not fully sensible of your kindness, when you found us—Tom and me—and did so much for us?"

"Oh, don't give that a thought!" he replied. "What a stupid thing to say!—you didn't, of course."

She winced. "Oh, stop! stop! I never meant to do you an injury! I might as easily have made you the model for my hero!"

"Ought I to be grateful? Is it beyond your comprehension that to discover myself figuring in a novel—and, if you will forgive me, such a novel!—in any guise is an experience I find nauseating? You might have endowed me with every virtue imaginable, but I should still have considered it a piece of intolerable impertinence!"

She was beginning to feel as

To page 50

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physically sick as she had so often felt when rated by her stepmother. "Take me back to my grandmother!" she begged. "I don't know why you asked me to dance with you! Could you not have chosen another occasion to say what you wished to me?"

"Easily, but why should I? I shall restore you to Lady Ingham when the music ceases; not before! You are ungrateful, Sparrow; you shouldn't be, you know!"

"Don't call me that!" she said sharply, stung by his tone. "No, it doesn't suit you," he agreed. "What will you have me call you? Jay?"

"Let me go! You may ignore me—you need not insult me!"

His clasp on her hand tightened unkindly. "You may be thankful I haven't ignored you. Do you know what would have happened had I done so? Do you know how many pairs of eyes were watching to see just what I should do? I asked you to dance because if I had not, every suspicion that you are indeed the author of that book would have been confirmed, and you would have found yourself, by tomorrow, a social outcast."

"You would have been well served, and I own I was strongly tempted. But I should think myself as contemptible as your villainous Count if I stooped to such a paltry revenge! You may be sure of my support, Miss Marlow. What I may choose to say to you, you will have to learn to accept with a good grace. I'll call in Green Street tomorrow to take you driving in the park; that ought to convince the doubters!"

It was too much. She wrenched herself out of his hold, heedless alike of her surroundings and the consequences, and hurried off the floor to her grandmother's side, so blind by the tears she was unable to keep back that she blundered into several couples, and did not see how everyone was staring, first at her, and then at Sylvester, left ridiculously alone in the middle of the ballroom floor, his face white with fury.

Lady Ingham was indispensed; Sir Henry Halford had said that on no account must her ladyship be agitated; her ladyship was not receiving visitors today. Miss Marlow was indispensed, too, and was laid down on the sofa in the Small Parlor; Miss Marlow was not receiving visitors today.

These melancholy tidings, delivered by Horwich in a voice of sepulchral gloom, daunted one of the two callers standing on the steps of the house in Green Street, but left the other unmoved. "Her ladyship will receive me," said Mrs. Newbury briskly. "Very proper of you to warn me, however, Horwich! I shall take care not to agitate her."

"I could not take it on myself to answer for her ladyship, madam. I will inquire."

"Quite unnecessary! Is her ladyship in her dressing-room? I will go up, then."

Emboldened by the success achieved by this bright-eyed lady, the second caller said firmly: "Miss Marlow will receive me! Be so good as to take my card up to her!"

Mrs. Newbury ran up the stairs and, having tapped on the dressing-room door, peeped in, saying softly: "Dear Lady Ingham, may I come in? I am persuaded you won't be vexed with me—say you are not!"

The blinds had been drawn halfway across the two windows; a strong aroma of aromatic vinegar pervaded the air; and a gaunt figure advanced, hissing that her ladyship must not be disturbed.

"Is that you, Georgiana?" faintly demanded the Dowager from the sofa. "I am too unwell to see anyone, but I sup-

Continuing . . . Sylvester

from page 49

pose you mean to come in whatever I say. No one cares how soon I am driven into my grave! Set a chair for Mrs. Newbury, Muker, and go away!"

The grim handmaid disapprovingly obeyed this order; and Georgiana, her eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, trod over to the sofa and sat down by it, saying coaxingly: "I have not come to tease you, ma'am—only to help you, if I can!"

"No one can help me," said the sufferer with awful resignation. "I need not ask if it is all over town!"

"Well, I should think it would be," said Georgiana candidly. "Charlotte Retford came to see me this morning, and I must own she said that people are talking. She described to me what happened last night, and—oh, I thought I must come to see you, because even if Phoebe did write that book I can't but like her still, and, whatever Lion may say about not meddling, if I can help her I will!"

"I imagine no one can now doubt that she wrote it," said the Dowager. "When I think of all I did for her last night, even convincing Sally Jersey that the whole thing was a hum set about by that pea-goose Ianthe Rayne—Where are my salts?"

"Why did she write it, ma'am?" asked Georgiana. "One would say she must detest Sylvester, but that she doesn't!"

The Dowager, between sniffs at her vinaigrette, enlightened her. After that she took a sip

In life beauty
perishes, but not in
art.
—Leonardo Da Vinci

of hartshorn and water and lay back with closed eyes. Mrs. Newbury sat wrapped in meditation for a few minutes, but presently said: "I shouldn't think that Sylvester will betray her whatever she may have said to him."

"She betrayed herself! Leaving him in the middle of the floor as she did! I did my best, Georgiana, but what was the use of saying she was faint when there was Sylvester, looking like a devil? I will never forgive him, never! To overset her there! Heaven knows I don't excuse the child, but what he did was wicked! And I can't even take comfort from the reflection that she made a laughing-stock of him, because she ruined herself in doing it!" said the Dowager.

"He must have been very angry," said Georgiana, frowning. "Too angry to consider what might be the consequences of dashing her down in public. For it was not at all like him, you know, ma'am. Nothing disgusts him more than a want of conduct! I wonder if Lion was right after all?"

"Very unlikely!" snapped the Dowager.

"Well, that's what I thought," agreed the Major's fond spouse. "He said it was a case between them. In fact, he laid me a bet, because I wouldn't allow it to be so. I know just how Sylvester behaves when he starts one of his flirtations, and it was not at all like that. Can it be that he had formed a serious attachment?"

The Dowager blew her nose. "I thought it as good as settled!" she disclosed. "The wish of my heart, Georgie! Everything in such excellent train, and all shattered at a blow! Dare I suppose that his affections will reanimate towards her? No! They will not!"

Georgiana, with the sapient Lion's comments in mind, was glad that Lady Ingham had supplied the answer to her own question. "Dished!" had said the Major. "Pity! Nice little gal, I thought. Won't pop the question to her now, of course. Couldn't have found a surer way to drive him off than by making him ridiculous."

"What to do I don't know!" said the Dowager. "It is of no use to tell me she should brave it out; she ain't the sort of girl who could carry it off. Besides, she'll be refused vouchers for Almack's. I shan't even try for them; nothing would delight that odious Burrell creature more than to be able to give me a set-down!"

"No, that won't do," said Georgiana. "I have a better scheme, ma'am: that's why I came! Take her to Paris!"

"Take her to Paris?" repeated the Dowager.

"Yes, ma'am, to Paris!" said Georgiana. "Do but consider! Phoebe can't remain mewed up within doors, and to send her home would be worse than anything, because it would be to abandon every hope of re-establishing her presently. Paris would be the very thing! Everyone knows that you have had some thought of removing there. Why, I heard you talking of it myself, to Lady Sef-ton!"

"Everyone may know it, but everyone would also know why I had gone there."

"That can't be helped, dear ma'am. At least they will know that you have not cast Phoebe off. And you know how quickly the most shocking scandals are forgotten!"

"This one won't be."

"Yes, it will. I promise you I shall be busy while you are away, and you know that no one can be more valuable than I in this affair, because I am Sylvester's cousin, and what I say of him will be believed rather than what Ianthe says. I shall set it about that that scene last night was the outcome of a quarrel which began before Sylvester went away to Chance, and had nothing to do with 'The Lost Heir.' I shall say that that was why he went to Chance; what could be more likely? And," said Georgiana in a voice of profound wisdom, "I shall tell it all in the strictest confidence! To one person, or perhaps two, just to make sure of the story's spreading."

There was a short silence. The Dowager broke it. "Pull the blinds back!" she commanded. "What does Muker mean by leaving us to sit in the dark, stupid woman? You're a flighty, ramshackle creature, Georgie, but one thing I'll allow! You have a good heart! But will anyone believe Phoebe didn't write that book?"

"They must be made to, even if I have to say I, too, know who is the real author! If Sylvester had taken it in good part—made a joke of it, as though he didn't care a button, and had been in the secret the whole time—it wouldn't have signified a scrap, because he was the only person unkindly used in the book, and if he hadn't taken it in snuff all the others whom Phoebe dug her quill into must have followed his example."

"Don't talk to me of Sylvester!" said the Dowager with loathing. "If I hadn't set my heart on his marrying Phoebe I should be in transports over her book! For she hit him off to the life, Georgie! If he ain't smarting still I don't know him! Oh, drat the boy! He might have spared a thought for me before he provoked my granddaughter to enact a Cheltenham tragedy in the middle of a ballroom!"

Perceiving that slow, unaccustomed tears were trickling down her ladyship's cheeks, Georgiana overcame a desire to retort in defence of Sylvester and made haste to soothe her and to turn her thoughts towards Paris.

"Yes, but it's useless to think of it," said the Dowager, dabbing at her eyes. "I cannot go without some gentleman to escort me! Poor Ingham would turn in his grave! Don't talk to me of couriers! I won't have strangers about me. And I am a wretched traveller, always seasick, and, as for depending on Muker, she, you may lay your life, will be in the sullens, because she don't want to go to France!"

Georgiana was rather daunted by this. After having her suggestion that the present Lord Ingham might escort his parent spurned, she was at a loss and could only say that it seemed a pity if the scheme must fail after all.

"Of course it is a pity!" said the Dowager irascibly. "But with my constitution it would be madness for me to attempt the journey without support! Sir Henry wouldn't hear of it! If Phoebe had a brother—"

She broke off and startled Georgiana by exclaiming: "Young Orde!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am?"

The Dowager sat up with surprising energy. "The very person! I will write at once to Mr. Orde! Where are they putting up? Reddish's! Georgie, my love, the ink, my pen, paper, wafers! In that desk! No! I will get up! Here, take all this away, child!"

"But who is he?" asked Georgiana, receiving from the Dowager a fan, a vinaigrette, a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, another of sal volatile, and three clean handkerchiefs.

"He's as good as a brother. Phoebe's known him all her life!" replied the Dowager, beginning to divest herself of various scarves, shawls, and rugs. "A very pretty-behaved boy! Wants town-polish, but most gentlemanly!"

Georgiana put up her brows. "A fresh-faced young man, with a shy smile? Does he walk with a limp?"

"Yes, that's he. Just give me your hand—or no! Where has Muker put my slippers?"

"Then I fancy he is with Phoebe at this very moment," said Georgiana. "We met on the doorstep. I wondered who it could be!"

The Dowager sank back again. "Why didn't you tell me so before?" she demanded. "Ring the bell, Georgie! I'll have him up here at once!"

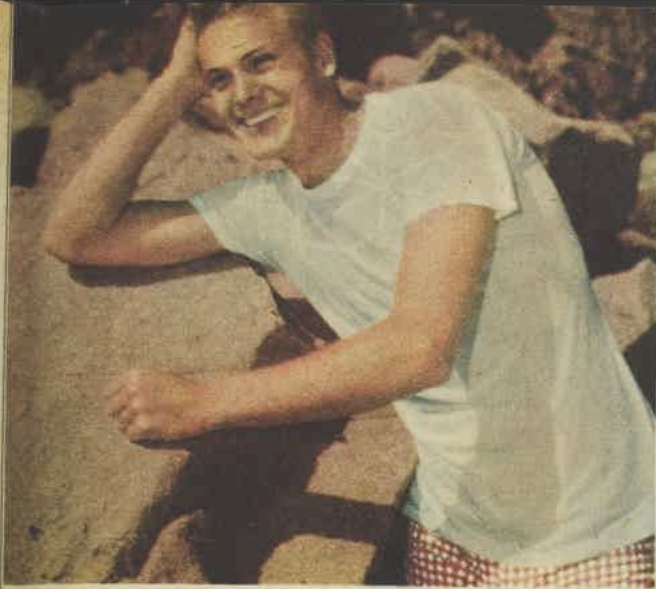
Georgiana obeyed, but said as she did so: "To be sure, ma'am—if you think it right to take him?"

"Right? Why shouldn't it be? It will do him good to see something of the world! Oh, are you thinking they might fall in love? No fear of that, I assure you—though why I should say fear I don't know," added her ladyship bitterly. "After last night I should be thankful to see her married to anyone!"

Tom, entering the dressing-room a few minutes later, was looking grave. He cast an awed glance at the battery of medicines and restoratives set out on the table beside the Dowager's sofa, but was relieved to hear himself hailed in robust accents. When asked abruptly, however, if he would escort her ladyship and Miss Marlow to Paris, he looked to be more appalled than pleased; and although, when the inducement of a week in Paris as her ladyship's guest was held out to him, he stammered that he was much obliged, it was plain that this was a mere expression of civility.

"Let me tell you, Tom, that foreign travel is a necessary

To page 55



Young Men About Now

FILM FAN-FARE

Conducted by AINSLIE BAKER



BACHELOR *Tab Hunter, blond, hazel-eyed, and 6ft. 1in. tall, at 27 is one of Hollywood's most sought-after escorts. He has a song-and-dance role in the film version of "Damn Yankees."*

GEORGE NADER, a mature, blue-eyed, and interesting lanky 31-year-old, is an outdoor man who stays out of the limelight. He's in "Appointment With a Shadow."



BLOND, 29, and German, Hardy Kruger brings a new kind of good looks to "The One That Got Away."

FANCY-FREE at 24, with grey-green eyes and a friendly grin, Barry Coe (right) is in "The Bravados."



**FILM
PREVIEW**



EARTHA KITT, as Gogo, Beale Street blues singer.



NAT "KING" COLE, as jazz composer W. C. Handy, who wrote . . .



ST. LOUIS BLUES

THE STORY

NEGRO "greats" of the entertainment world pay tribute to the father of the blues in Paramount's fictional life story of W. C. Handy.

Son of a Memphis clergyman, Handy leaves home to work as a pianist in a Beale Street honky-tonk after having been forbidden to play syncopated rhythm instead of church music.

There, the young Handy writes the first jazz song, and later "St. Louis Blues." He becomes a celebrated big-spender, but is

disowned by his father and his former fiancée, Ruby Dee.

At the height of his fame Handy becomes temporarily blind. When he regains his sight he works in obscurity as a piano teacher and jazz singer. A

performance of "St. Louis Blues" by the New York Symphony Orchestra reunites Handy and the girl he had never ceased to love.

The real Handy died shortly after the film was finished, and before its American preview.



MAHALIA JACKSON, as choir singer Bessie May.



PEARL BAILEY, who, between engagements, travelled 600 miles from Las Vegas to Hollywood, sleeping in the back of a car, to play the role of Aunt Hagar in this tribute to a great fellow negro.

ELLA FITZGERALD, popular nightclub "blues" singer, who plays herself.

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Floats DIRT, GREASE, STAIN Right Down the DRAIN

★ THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL

Warner comedy, with Laurence Olivier, Marilyn Monroe. In Technicolor. Mayfair, Sydney.

DOMINATING a thistledown - light entertainment is the stylish, highly polished performance of Olivier as the European widower Regent who comes to London for the 1911 Coronation.

In this screen treatment of playwright Terence Rattigan's "The Sleeping Prince," Monroe—sometimes as delicious as a cream puff, sometimes jarringly self-conscious—is the American chorus girl who catches the imperious eye.

If at times the camera seems to linger overlong lovingly on M.M., it must be remembered that this is a Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc.-L.O.P. Ltd. production.

That always impeccable Foreign Office character Mr. Richard Wattis is the expert on Far Eastern affairs who, at the last minute, is thrust into the role of equestrian to the visiting Regent.

Sybil Thorndike plays her stage role of the redoubtable Dowager Queen, with Jeremy Spenser touchingly dignified as the young King.

Olivier's direction, generally sly and knowing, inexplicably allows a dull and clumsy coronation sequence that cuts the film in two.

Celebrated stage designer Roger Furse has provided sets

New Film Releases

of fitting gilt and grandeur, though some of the exteriors look disappointingly like painted backdrops.

But with so much grace, wit, and elegance it is ungrateful to complain.
In a word . . . FROTHY.

★ **BABY FACE NELSON**
United Artists crime drama, with Mickey Rooney, Carolyn Jones, Cedric Hardwicke. Plaza, Sydney.

FOR the career of even a top American gangster of the early 'thirties to be worth filming, it would have to be made considerably more interesting than this.

For, as a study of what made this unhappy social phenomena, the film never really gets down to business. It gives the facts but doesn't attempt any commentary.

However, the name role does supply a tailored-to-fit role for Mickey Rooney as the notorious hold-up man and killer.

But, despite the good work done by him as the pint-size gangster who shoots his way to the top of the government's list of wanted men, all the machine-gun fire and motor chases aren't ever really exciting.

An air of unreality hangs over the whole undertaking, which Carolyn Jones (Nel-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

son's true-to-the-end girl), with her weird make-up and hair-cut, doesn't help dispel.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke supplies a magnificent study of seedy lechery as the gang doctor who once too often yields to the temptation of putting his hand on Nelson's girl.

In a word . . . SHALLOW.



CHARLTON HESTON, in Italy for "Ben Hur," welcomes his former actress wife, Lydia, and their three-year-old son.

Movie news

THE suite that Ingrid Bergman has kept at the Hotel Raphael in Paris while she's been filming in London has been used (with her permission) during her absence both by estranged husband Roberto Rossellini and the man everyone expects her to marry next, Lars Schmidt.

★ ★ ★
PUBLICITY given Maureen O'Hara during last year's "Confidential" trial did not, after all, have such an adverse effect on her career. In fact, in some roundabout way, it enabled her to negotiate a three-year contract with a recording company as a singer, and in this new role she has just waxed her first album.

your home
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with
all-year-round ADVANTAGES



Venetian Blinds impart a quality of glowing life to the many colours in which they are available. IN WINTER Venetians shut out cold window areas . . . reflect indoor warmth, and do more than any other window covering to add cosy comfort and character to the home. IN SUMMER Venetians shut out glare and ensure the free circulation of air. The high glossy easy-to-clean slats can be adjusted in a jiffy, upward, downward, or straight through. Venetians also prevent the fading of fabrics and furnishings. Truly can those who possess Venetian Blinds with year round advantages feel superior in a well-bred, modest sort of way!

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COLORFUL VENETIANS MAKE THE HOME

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO

clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians to-day are suffering from unhealthy hair and scalp. Sometimes, not realising this, they believe they have naturally dull hair. But if they realise something is wrong, all too frequently they adopt the wrong kind of treatment—start applying lotions and dressings that merely mask the problem temporarily instead of tackling it at its root.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS ABOUT DULL HAIR AND DANDRUFF

Hair specialists have found that very many hair troubles stem from one cause—the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff, accumulating on the scalp, can form a deposit which tends to block the hair follicles. This can prevent the free flow of the natural scalp oils that give healthy hair its lovely natural gloss. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff)—often it is in the hair without being seen at all.

HOW LOXENE HELPS TO REMOVE THE CAUSE OF UNHEALTHY HAIR

The answer to all these troubles caused by unhealthy hair was found by formulating a scalp treatment as a medicated shampoo. This preparation, called Loxene, makes hair and scalp really clean by removing all grime and flaky deposits. With regular use, Loxene removes and helps to overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

Hair that is really clean, really healthy, is lustrous and easy to manage and set. Use Loxene regularly, it is the natural way to beautiful hair. Seeing is believing—get a bottle of Loxene to-day and learn the new simple and economical way to hair health and beauty for all the family.

LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO



3/11 PER BOTTLE
SUFFICIENT FOR 8 SHAMPOOS
Single treatment bubble: 1/3

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**NEW ECONOMICAL WAY TO HAIR
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A tangy treat you'll love . . .
and so easy!

Luscious Lemon Meringue Pie

"It's the kind mother used to serve, yet you make it so quickly with Mellah Lemon Pie Filling — and 'Copha' for the pastry,"

SAYS *Betty King*

HOME ECONOMIST OF WORLD BRANDS

Big slices of luscious, home-made Lemon Meringue Pie — wonderful for tonight's dessert! The job's half done already with Mellah Lemon Pie Filling — made up in

minutes, and deliciously creamy. And that wonderful biscuit-crisp pastry is so easy too, thanks to Copha's simple 'Melt 'n' Mix' Method. Try this recipe today.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Biscuit Pastry

1 oz. sugar; 1 egg;
5 oz. (1½ cups) self-raising flour;
½ level teaspoon salt;
2 oz. Copha Shortening.

Place in basin sugar, egg, salt and half the sifted flour. Add melted 'Copha' (barely warm, not hot). Beat 2 minutes. Add remaining flour and mix well. Knead slightly and roll on floured board. Line a 7" pie plate,

Special Recipes

from the Betty King Kitchen

trim and decorate edges. Prick well with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes.

Pie Filling

Make 1 pkt. Mellah Lemon Pie Filling as directed on pack. Cool and place in cooled pastry case. Top with meringue.

Pure, white, all-vegetable shortening — makes perfect pastry, cakes, biscuits.



WB 82. WWFPC



Exotic china pieces like this 50-years-old tureen are unfortunately rare, but Chicken Noodle Soup with real old-fashioned goodness can be freshly cooked at a few minutes notice — with the help of a Continental brand packet.

Chicken Noodle Soup —
with real home-made goodness
because you taste real chicken,
freshly home-cooked



Betty King Home Economist of World Brands, says:

"Soup that's freshly cooked at home is still the best. And now that Continental brand gives you ready-to-cook soups in packets, it's no trouble to serve freshly home-cooked soup much more often — and with much more variety."

Continental soups

Chicken Noodle • Cream of Chicken • Chicken Broth • Mushroom • Thick Vegetable •
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CNS.WB82WWFPC

part of every young man's education!" said the Dowager severely.

"Yes, ma'am," said Tom. He added more hopefully: "Only I dare say my father would not wish me to go!"

"Nonsense! Your father is a sensible man, and he told me he thought it time you got a little town bronze. Depend upon it, he can very well spare you for a week or two. I shall write him a letter, and you may take it to him. Now, boy, don't be tiresome. If you don't care to go on your own account, you may do so on Phoebe's."

The matter being thus put to him, Tom said that of course he was ready to do anything for Phoebe. Then he thought that this was not quite polite, so he added, blushing to the roots of his hair, that it was excessively kind of her to ship, he was persuaded he would enjoy himself excessively, and his father would be excessively obliged to her. Only perhaps he ought to mention that he knew very little French, and had not before been out of England.

These trifling objections waved aside, the Dowager explained why she was so suddenly leaving London. She asked him if Phoebe had told him of the previous night's happenings. That brought the grave look back into his face.

He said: "Yes, she has, ma'am. It's the very deuce of a business, I know, and I don't mean to say that it wasn't wrong of her to have written all that stuff about Salford, but it was just as wrong of him to have given her a trimming in public! I—I call it a dashed ungentlemanly thing to have done, because he must have meant to sink her to the ground. What's more, I wouldn't have thought it of him! I thought he was a first-rate sort of a man—a regular Trojan! Oh, if only she had told him! I had meant to have visited him, too! I shan't now, of course, for, whatever she did, I'm on Phoebe's side, and so I should tell him!"

"No, I shouldn't visit him just yet," said Georgiana, regarding him with warm approval. "He is a Trojan, but I am afraid he may be in a black rage. He wouldn't otherwise have behaved so improperly last night, you know. Poor Phoebe! Is she very much afflicted?"

"Well, she was in the deuce of a way when I came," replied Tom. "Shaking like a blanch-manger! She does, you see, when she's been overset, but she's better now, though pretty worn down. The thing is, Lady Ingham, she wants me to take her home!"

"Wants you to take her home?" exclaimed the Dowager. "Impossible! She cannot want that!"

"Yes, but she does," Tom insisted. "She will have it she has disgraced you as well as herself. And she says she had rather face Lady Marlow than anyone in London, and at all events she won't have to endure Austerly for long, because as soon as those publisher-fellows hand over the blum—I mean, as soon as they pay her!—she and Sibby will live together in a cottage somewhere. She means to write another novel immediately, because she has been offered a great deal of money for it already!"

The disclosure of this fell project acted alarmingly on the Dowager. To Tom's dismay she uttered a moan and fell back against her cushions with her eyes shut. Resuscitated by smelling-salts waved under her nose, and eau-de-Cologne dabbed on her brow, she regained enough strength to tell Tom to fetch Phoebe to her instantly.

Georgiana, catching the doubtful glance he cast at her, picked up her gloves and her

reticule, and announced that she would take her leave. "I expect she feels she had rather not meet me, doesn't she? I perfectly understand, but pray give her my love, Mr. Orde, and assure her that I am still her friend!"

The task of persuading Phoebe to view with anything less than revulsion the prospect of being transported from the fashionable world of London to that of Paris was no easy one. In vain did the Dowager assure her that if some ill-natured gossip should have written the story of her downfall to a friend in Paris it could be denied; in vain did she promise to present her to King Louis; in vain did she describe in the most glowing terms the charm and gaiety of French society: Phoebe shuddered at every treat held out to her. Tom, besought by the Dowager to try what he could achieve, was even less successful.

"If only I might go home!" she said wretchedly.

That, said Tom, was addled-brained, for she would only mope herself to death at Austerly. What she must do was to put the affair out of her head—though he thought she should perhaps write a civil letter of apology to Salford from Paris. After that she could be comfortable, for she would not be obliged to meet him again for months, if Lady Ingham hired a house in Paris, as she had some notion of doing.

But the only effect of this heartening speech was to send Phoebe out of the room in floods of tears.

It was left to the Squire to bring her to a more submissive frame of mind, which he did very simply, by telling her that she owed it to her grandmother, after causing her so much trouble, to cheer up and do as she wished. "For it's my belief," said the Squire shrewdly, "that she wants to go as much for her own sake as yours. I must say I should like Tom to get a glimpse of foreign parts, too."

That settled it: Phoebe would go to Paris for Grandmama's sake, and try very hard to enjoy it. Her subsequent efforts to appear cheerful were heroic, and quite enough (said Tom) to throw the whole party into the dials.

BETWEEN Phoebe's brave front and Muker's undisguised gloom, the Dowager might well have abandoned the scheme had it not been for the support afforded her by young Mr. Orde. Having consented to go with her, Tom resigned himself with a good grace, and threw himself into all the business of departure with so much energy and good-humor that he soon began to rival Phoebe in the Dowager's esteem.

With a little assistance from the Squire, before that excellent man returned to Somerset, he grappled with passports, customs, and itineraries; ascertained on which days the mails were made up for France, and on which days the packets sailed; calculated how much money would be needed for the journey; and got by heart such French phrases as he thought would be most useful.

It did not take him long to discover that the task of conveying Lady Ingham on a journey was no sinecure. She was exacting, and she changed her mind almost hourly. No sooner had he gone off with her old coachman to inspect her travelling-carriage (kept by her long-suffering son in his coach-house and occupying a great deal of space which he could ill-spare) than she decided that it would be better to travel post.

Off went Tom in a hack to arrange for the hire of a chaise, only to find on his return to Green Street that she had re-

Continuing . . . Sylvester

[from page 50]

membered that since Muker would occupy the forward seat they would be obliged to sit three behind her, which would be intolerable.

"I am afraid," said Lord Ingham apologetically, "that you have taken a troublesome office upon yourself, my boy. My mother is rather capricious. You mustn't allow her to wear you to death. I see you are lame, too."

"Oh, that's nothing, sir!" said Tom cheerfully. "I just take a hack, you know, and rub on very well!"

"If I can be of assistance," said Lord Ingham in a dubious tone, "you—er—you must not hesitate to apply to me."

Tom thanked him, but assured him that all was in a way to be done. Lord Ingham looked relieved, but thought it only fair to warn Tom that there was a strong probability that the start would be delayed for several days, owing to the Dowager's having decided at the last minute that she could not leave town without a gown that had not yet been sent home by her dressmaker, or some article that had been put away years before and could not now be found.

"Well, sir," said Tom, grin-

afforded the Dowager a view of tossing grey waters, flecked with foam; and long before she was handed down from the coach at the Ship Inn she had informed Tom that a regiment of Guards would not suffice to drag her on board the packet until the wind had abated. Two days of road travel (for, to avoid fatigue, she had elected to spend one night at Canterbury) had given her the headache; and during the rest of the journey she became steadily more snappish.

Her temper was not improved on alighting at Dover by having the hat nearly snatched from her head by a gust of wind; and it seemed for several minutes as though she might re-enter the coach then and there, and return to London. Fortunately, Tom had written to bespeak accommodation for the party; and the discovery that the best bedchamber had been reserved for her and the best parlor, with fires kindled in both, mollified her.

A dose of the paregoric prescribed by Sir Henry Halford, followed by an hour's rest and excellent dinner, did much to restore her, but when Tom told her that the packet had

front. Being a youth of an inquiring turn of mind and a friendly disposition, he found much to interest him, and was soon able to point out to Phoebe the various craft lying in the basins, correctly identifying brigantines, hoyas, sloops.

The Dowager, convinced that every haunt of seafaring persons teemed with desperate characters lying in wait to rob the unwary, was strongly opposed to Tom's prowling about the yard and basins, but was appeased by his depositing in her care the packet of bills she had entrusted to him.

It would have been better, in her opinion, had he and Phoebe climbed the Western Heights (for that might have blown Phoebe's crotchets away), but she was forced to admit that for a man with a lame leg this form of exercise was ineligible.

IT seemed a little hard to Phoebe that she should be accused of having crotchets when she was taking such pains to appear cheerful. She had only once begged to be allowed to go back to Austerly; and, since this lapse was the outcome of her grandmother's complaining that she had allowed Mrs. Newbury to over-persuade her, it was surely pardonable.

"Pray, pray, ma'am, don't let us go to Paris on my account!" she had said imploringly. "I only said I would go because I thought you wished it! And I don't think Tom cares for it, either, in his heart. Let him take me home."

But the Dowager had been pulled up short by this speech. She was not much given to considering anyone but herself, but she was fond of Phoebe. Her conscience gave her a twinge, and she said briskly: "Fiddle-de-dee, my love! Of course I wish to go, and so I shall as soon as the weather improves!"

It began to seem, on the fifth day, that they were doomed to remain indefinitely at Dover, for the wind, instead of abating, had stiffened and was blowing strongly off-shore. Tom's waterfront acquaintances assured him that he couldn't hope for a better to carry him swiftly across the Channel, but Tom knew that it would be useless to repeat this to the Dowager, even if she had not been keeping her bed that day. She was bilious. Sea-air, said Muker, always made my lady bilious, as those who had waited on her for years could have told others, had they seen fit to ask.

So Phoebe, having the parlor to herself, tried for the fourth time to compose a letter to Sylvester that should combine contrition with dignity and convey her gratitude for past kindness without giving the least hint that she wished ever to see him again. This fourth effort went the way of its predecessors, and as she watched the spoiled sheets of paper blacken and burst into flame she sank into very low spirits.

She was roused from this dismal mood by Tom's voice, hailing her from the street. She hastily blew her nose and went to the window, thrusting it open and looking down at Tom, who was standing beneath it, most improperly hallooing to her.

"Oh, there you are!" he observed. "Be quick and come out, Phoebe! Such doings in the harbor! I wouldn't have you miss it for a hundred pounds!"

"Why, what?" "Never mind what! Do make haste and come down! I promise you it's as funny as any farce I ever saw!"

"Well, I must put on my hat and pelisse," she said, not wanting very much to go.

"You'd never keep a hat on in this wind! Tie a shawl over

your head!" he said. "And don't dawdle or it will be all over before we get there!"

Reflecting that even being buffeted by a cold wind would be preferable to further reverie, she said that she would be down in a trice, shut the window again, and ran away to her bedchamber. The idea of tying a shawl round her head did not commend itself to her, but the Dowager had bought a thick travelling cloak with a hood attached for her to wear on board the packet, so she fastened that round her throat instead, and was hastily turning over the contents of a drawer in search of gloves when she was made to jump almost out of her skin by hearing herself unexpectedly addressed.

"May I make so bold as to inquire, miss, if you was meaning to go out?"

Phoebe looked quickly round, exclaiming: "Good gracious, what a start you gave me, Muker! I never heard you come in!"

"No, miss?" said Muker, standing with primly folded arms on the threshold. "And was you meaning to go out, miss?"

Her tone was very much that of a gaoler. It nettled Phoebe, but although she flushed a little she said only: "Yes, I am going for a walk," because she knew that Muker's dislike of her arose from jealousy, for which she was more to be pitied than blamed.

"May I ask, miss, if her ladyship is aware of your intention?"

"You may ask, but I don't know why you should or why I should answer you," replied Phoebe, her temper rising.

"I shouldn't consider it consistent with my duty, miss, to permit you to go out without her ladyship was aware of it."

"Oh, wouldn't you?" retorted Phoebe, by this time roused to real wrath. "Try if you can stop me!"

Muker, thrust with some violence out of the way, followed her from the room, two spots of color flaming on her cheekbones.

"Very well, miss! Her ladyship shall hear of this! I should have thought she had had enough to worry her, poor dear, without—"

"How dare you speak to me in that insolent way?" Phoebe interrupted, pausing at the head of the stairs to look back. "If my grandmother should wish to know where I am gone, you will please tell her that she need have no anxiety, since I am with Mr. Orde!"

"Hurry, Phoebe!" said Tom, from the hall below. "It will be too late soon!"

"I'm coming!" she answered, running down to join him.

"What an age you've been!" he said, pushing her through the doorway into the street. "You had better hold that cloak tightly round you, or you'll be blown away. What's the matter?"

"That odious Muker!" she fumed. "Daring to tell me she would not permit me to go out!"

"Oh, never mind her!" said Tom, limping along as fast as he could. "Sour old squeeze-crab! You wait till you see the pantomime in the harbor. I shouldn't wonder at it if we find the whole town's turned out to watch it by the time we get there. I hope they haven't the thing aboard yet!"

"What thing?" demanded Phoebe.

"Some sort of a travelling carriage," replied Tom, with a chuckle.

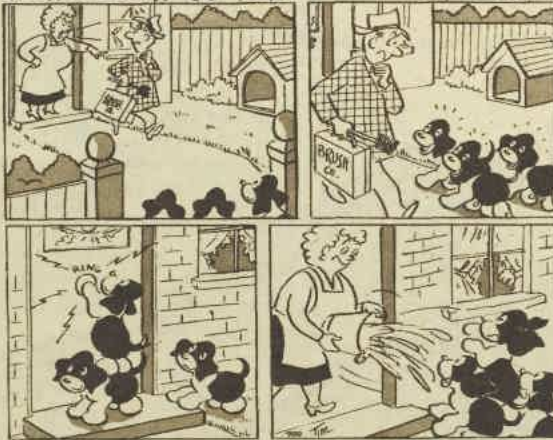
"Oh, Tom, you wretch, is that all?"

"All! It's no ordinary carriage, I can tell you. It belongs to some fellow who has

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



ning, "she had the whole set of 'em turning the house out of the windows to find some cloak or other when I left, but I'll bring her up to scratch; see if I don't!"

Lord Ingham shook his head, but when he repaired to Green Street on the appointed day to bid his parent a dutiful farewell it was in the expectation of finding the plans changed again, and everything at odds. But Tom had made his word good. The old-fashioned coach stood waiting, piled high with baggage; and Lord Ingham entered the house to find the travellers fully equipped for the adventure, and delayed only by the Dowager's sudden conviction that her curling-tongs had been forgotten, which entailed the removal of everything from her dressing-case, Muker having packed them at the bottom of it.

Lord Ingham, eyeing young Mr. Orde with respect, was moved to congratulate him. Young Mr. Orde then confided to him that it had been a near-run thing, her la'ship having been within an ace of crying off as late as yesterday, when the weather took a turn for the worse. "But I managed to persuade her, sir, and I think I shall be able to get her aboard Thursday's packet all right and tight," said optimistic Tom.

Lord Ingham, casting an apprehensive glance at the hurrying clouds, thought otherwise, but refrained from saying so.

Lord Ingham was right. The first glimpse caught of the sea

sailed for Calais that day as usual, from which circumstance it might be inferred that no danger of shipwreck attended the passage, she replied discouragingly: "Exactly what I am afraid of!"

On the following morning, in conditions described by knowledgeable persons as fair sailing weather, Tom made the discovery that fair sailing weather, in Lady Ingham's opinion, was flat calm. April sunshine lit the scene, but Lady Ingham could see white crests on the sea, and that was enough for her, she thanked Tom. An attempt to convince her that a passage of perhaps only four hours with a little pitching would be preferable to being cooped up in a stuffy packet for twice as long succeeded only in making her pick up her vinaigrette. She begged Tom not to mention that horrid word "pitching" again. If he and Phoebe had set their hearts on the Paris scheme she would not deny them the treat, but they must wait for calm weather.

They waited for five days. Other travellers came and went; Lady Ingham and party remained at the Ship; and Tom, forewarned that the length of the bills presented at this busy hostelry was proverbial, began to entertain visions of finding himself without a feather to fly with before he had got his ladies to Amiens.

Squally weather continued; the Dowager's temper worsened; Muker triumphed; and Tom, making the best of it, sought diversion on the water-

To page 57

Page 55

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KNITMASTER — THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF HOME KNITTING MACHINES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 9, 1958

chartered a schooner to take his coach and his family to Calais, and there's him, and a little chitty-faced fellow that looks like a valet, and—but you'll see. When I left they were all arguing whether it oughtn't to be got aboard in slings, and there was a string of porters carrying enough champagne and hampers of food for a voyage to India. There! What did I tell you? Half the town at least!"

If this was an exaggeration there was certainly a crowd of people watching with deep interest the activities of those preparing to get a large travelling carriage aboard the Betsy Anne. The little man described by Tom as a valet was keeping a vigilant eye on this astonishing vehicle, every now and then darting forward to ward off the urchins who wanted to look inside it, and saying in a tearful falsetto: "I forbid you to lay your greasy hands on it! Go away! Go away, I say!"

His agitation was pardonable, for never was there so glossy and so exquisite a chariot, double-perched, slung high between high wheels, fitted with patent axles, and embellished with a gilded iron scroll-work all round the roof. The body was painted a bright tan, with the wheels and the panels of sky-blue; and the interior, which, besides a deepy cushioned seat, included a let-down table, appeared to be entirely lined with pale blue velvet.

"Cinderella's coach!" said Phoebe promptly. "Who in the world can have ordered such a ridiculous thing?"

On board the schooner all was bustle and noise, the crew being much impeded in their tasks by the number of porters who got in their way, and voicing their disapproval in loud and frank terms.

"Getting ready to set sail," said Tom. "I should laugh if they were to miss the tide!"

As Phoebe's amused eyes ran over the crowded deck they alighted on the figure of a small boy, who was critically observing the various activities in progress. For one instant she stared unbelievably, and then she clutched Tom's arm, exclaiming: "Edmund!"

"Eh?" said Tom. He saw that she was looking at the small boy as though she saw a ghost. "Now what's the matter?" he demanded.

"Edmund Rayne! Salford's nephew!" she stammered. "There—on the boat!"

"Is it?" said Tom, glancing at the child. "Are you poz?"

"Yes, yes, how could I mistake? Oh, Tom, I have the most dreadful fear. What was he like, the man who owns that coach?"

Continuing . . . Sylvester

from page 55

"Like a counter-coxcomb!" replied Tom. "I never saw such a quiz!"

She turned pale. "Fotherby! Then Lady Henry must be aboard. Did you see her? Very fair—very beautiful?"

"No, I only saw the dandy, and the valet, and that fellow over there, whom I take to be the courier. Why, you don't mean to say you think they're eloping?"

"I don't know that, and I don't care! They are kidnapping Edmund, and—oh, Tom, it's my fault! I am going aboard!"

He detained her. "No, you don't! How could it be your fault, pray? I wish you won't fall into such distempered fancies, Phoebe!"

"Don't you see, Tom? I told you what it was that made my book so particularly abominable!"

"I haven't forgotten. But your book ain't to be blamed for Lady Henry's running off with that Jack-a-dandy. If you've got some notion of try-

It is the common wonder of man, how among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike.
—Sir Thomas Browne.

ing to interfere, let me tell you, I shan't let you make such a cake of yourself! It's none of your business."

She said with determined calm: "Tom, if it is as I believe, and Lady Henry is taking that child out of England, I am so much to blame that I think I shall never hold up my head again. I put the scheme into her head. It was never there before she read my book. Oh, she told me herself how much struck she was by the end of it, and I never guessed, never suspected!"

"Took the scheme out of a trumpery novel? She couldn't be such a greenhead!"

"She is just such a greenhead. I don't know how it will be, if they get Edmund to France, whether it will be possible for Salford to recover him, or even to find him, but only think what it must mean. More trouble, more scandal, and all to be laid at my door. I can't bear it, Tom! You must let me go aboard that boat. Perhaps, if I could prevent this, he—people—might not think so badly of me. Tom, I've wished the book had never been written over and over again, but I can't unwrite it, and don't you think that this—if

I could stop it—would be a sort of—atonement?"

He was struck by her earnest manner, and even more by the expression in her eyes, which was almost tragic. After a moment he said: "Well—if you think you should, I suppose—come to think of it, if the boy is being taken out of the country without his guardian's leave it's against the law. So we have got some right to meddle. I only hope we don't catch cold at it, that's all!"

But Phoebe had already stepped on to the gangway. As she reached the deck Sir Nugent Fotherby emerged from a doorway behind the ladder leading to the quarterdeck, and at once perceived her.

After looking at her through his quizzing-glass for a minute he came forward, bowing, and saying in a pleased voice: "Miss Marlow! How-de-do? 'Pon my soul, I take it very kind in you to have called, and so, I venture to say, will her la'ship! Happy to welcome you aboard! Tidy little craft, ain't she? Chartered her, you know: couldn't take her la'ship on the common packet!"

"Sir Nugent, will you have the goodness to lead me to Lady Henry?" said Phoebe, ignoring these civilities.

"Greatest pleasure on earth, ma'am! But—you won't take it amiss if I give you a hint?—not Lady Henry!"

"I see. I should have said Lady Fotherby, perhaps?"

"No," replied Sir Nugent regretfully. "Not Lady Fotherby. Lady Ianthe Fotherby. I don't like it as well, but her la'ship informs me that to be called Lady Ianthe again makes her feel ten years younger, which is a gratifying circumstance, don't you think?"

At this point they were interrupted. Master Rayne had approached, and he planted himself squarely before Sir Nugent, demanding: "When are we going to see the circus?"

Master Rayne had to look a long way up to Sir Nugent's face, but his gaze was stern and unwavering, and under it Sir Nugent was visibly embarrassed. "Oh—ah—the circus!" he said. "Precisely so! The circus!"

"You said we were going to the circus," said Edmund accusingly. "You said if I didn't kick up riot and rumpus I should go to the circus."

"Did I?" said Sir Nugent, eyeing him uneasily. "Said that, did I?"

To page 58

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 9, 1958



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Illustrated: Salt and pepper shaker by Goldcraft, entrée dish by Hecworth, and ice bucket by Kroman. They recommend Silvo to clean, polish and protect your silverware.



"Yes, you did, asserted Edmund. 'Turnin' me up sweet!' he added bitterly.

"Well, there you have the matter in a nutshell," responded Sir Nugent confidentially. "Must realise it was a devilish awkward situation, my dear boy!"

"You told me a whisker," stated Edmund. "You are a bad man and I won't have you for a new papa. My papa didn't tell whiskers."

"Be reasonable!" begged Sir Nugent. "You must own it was the only thing to be done, with you saying you didn't wish to go driving with us, and threatening to raise a dust. Why, you'd have had the whole household out on us!"

"I want to go home," said Edmund.

"Do you, my dear?" interpolated Phoebe. "Then I will ask your mama to let me take you home! Do you remember me? You told me all about your pony!"

Edmund considered her. Apparently he remembered her with kindness, for his severity relaxed, and he politely held out his hand. "You are the lady which knows Keighley. I will let you take me home. An' p'raps if you tell me some more about your pony I won't feel sick," he added.

"Very bad traveller," said Sir Nugent in an audible aside. "Seems to turn queasy every time he goes in a chaise. Dashed unfortunate, because it fidgets her la'ship. Pity we couldn't have brought his nurse, but her la'ship said no. No use trying to bribe her: had to bamboozle her instead. Meant he should travel with her la'ship's maid, but at the last moment we were queered upon that suit too. Maggoty female couldn't be brought up to the scratch!"

"Said she was scared to go on a ship. 'What would have happened if Nelson had been scared to go on a ship?' I said. She said she didn't know. 'The Frogs would have landed,' I said. 'No one to stop 'em,' I said. No use. Said she couldn't stop 'em even if she did go to sea. Bit of a doubler, that, because I don't suppose she could. So there we were, floored at all points."

"Who is this gentleman?" suddenly demanded Edmund.

"That is Mr. Orde, Edmund. Sir Nugent, will you—"

"I'm glad he asked that," said Sir Nugent. "Didn't quite like to do it myself. Happy to make your acquaintance, sir! Dare say her la'ship would say the same, but she's rather fagged. Gone to lie down in her cabin. Allow me to escort you, ma'am!"

"I'll wait for you here, Phoebe," Tom said. "Come on, Master Poll Parrot, you may bear me company!"

Sir Nugent, handing Phoebe down the short companionway, told her that Ianthe found her quarters rather constricted but was bearing every inconvenience with the fortitude of an angel. He then opened one of the two doors at the bottom of the companionway and announced: "A visitor, my love!"

Ianthe had been lying on one of the two-berths in what seemed to Phoebe quite a spacious cabin, but upon hearing these words she uttered a shriek, and sat up, her hands clasped at her bosom. But as soon as she saw who it was who had entered, her fright vanished, and she exclaimed: "Miss Marlow! How comes this about? Oh, my dear Miss Marlow, how glad I am to see you! To think that you should be the first to felicitate me! For you must know that Nugent and I were married by special

licence yesterday! We fled immediately from the church door, in the travelling chariot Nugent has had built for me. Was it not particularly touching of him? It is lined with blue, to match my eyes!"

"Nugent, do go and tell them to make less noise! I shall be driven distracted by it! Shouting, and tramping, and clanking, and creaking till I could scream! You must tell the sailors that I have the headache, and cannot endure such a racket. Dear Miss Marlow, I thought you had gone to Paris a week ago!"

"We have been delayed. Lady Ianthe, I wish you very happy, but—excuse me!—that was not my purpose in coming aboard. I saw Edmund, and realised what must be the reason for his being here. You will think me impertinent, but you must not steal him out of England! Indeed, indeed you must not!"

"Not steal him out of England? Why, how can you say so when it was you who showed me what I must do?"

"Oh, don't say so!" Phoebe cried sharply.

Ianthe laughed. "But of course it was you! As soon as I read how Florian and Matilda smuggled Maximilian on to that boat—"

"I implore you, stop!" begged Phoebe. "You cannot think that I meant that nonsense to be taken seriously! Lady Henry,

No one is fool enough to choose war instead of peace. For in peace sons bury fathers, but in war fathers bury sons. —Herodotus

you must let me take Edmund back to London! When I wrote that Ugolino couldn't pursue Maximilian out of his own country it was make-believe! But this is real life, and I assure you Salford can pursue you—perhaps even have you punished by the law!"

"He won't know where we are," replied Ianthe confidently. "Besides, Sylvester hates scandal. I am persuaded he would endure anything rather than let the world know the least one of the family secrets!"

"Then how could you serve him such a trick?" demanded Phoebe hotly. "The Duchess, too! You cannot have considered what distress you will cause her if you hold by this scheme!"

Ianthe began to pout. "She is not Edmund's mama! I think you are being very unjust! You don't care for my distress! You cannot enter into the feelings of a mother, I dare say, but I should have thought you must have known I could never abandon my child to Sylvester. And don't tell me you didn't mean Maximilian for Edmund, because everyone knows you did!"

"Yes!" flashed Phoebe. "Because you told everyone so! Oh, haven't you harmed me enough? You promised me you wouldn't repeat what passed between us—"

"I didn't repeat it! The only person I told was Sally Derwent, and I particularly warned her not to mention it to a soul!" interrupted Ianthe, much aggrieved. "How can you be so unkind to me? As though my nerves were not worn down enough! I have had to bring Edmund without Button, and I am obliged to do everything for him, because he is so cross and naughty with poor Nugent, and I scarcely closed my eyes all night, because we were travelling, and I had to hold Edmund in my lap, and he kept

Continuing . . . Sylvester

from page 57

waking up and crying, and saying he wanted to be sick, till I was fagged to death!"

"If I told him one fairy-tale I told him fifty, but he would do nothing but say he wished to go home, till I could have slapped him! And that odious abigail refusing at the last minute to go with me, and now you reproaching me—oh, it is too bad! I don't know how I shall manage, for I am feeling very unwell already!"

"Why can't those horrid sailors keep the boat still? Why does it rock up and down when it isn't even moving yet? I know I shall be prostrate the instant we set sail, and then who is to take care of Edmund?"

This impassioned speech ended in a burst of tears, but when Phoebe, seizing on the injured beauty how imprudent it would be to embark with Edmund upon a rough sea passage without providing him with an attendant, Ianthe declared herself ready to sacrifice her health, comfort, and even her sanity rather than give up her child; adding, however, with a slight lapse from nobility: "People would say I cared more for riches than Edmund!"

Since this seemed more than likely Phoebe found it difficult to reassure her; but before she had uttered more than a dozen words Ianthe was struck by a brilliant notion, and started up from her berth, her face transfigured.

"Oh, Miss Marlow, I have hit on the very thing! We will take you with us! Just as far as to Paris, I mean. There can be no objection: you mean to go there, and I am sure there is no occasion for you to travel with Lady Ingham if you don't choose to do so! She may join you in Paris—you can stay at the Embassy until she comes: that may easily be arranged!—and she must surely be able to undertake the journey without you. She has her abigail to go with her, remember! I am persuaded she would be the first to say I ought not to be obliged to travel without a female to support me. Oh, Miss Marlow, do, pray, say you will stay with me!"

Miss Marlow was still saying that she would do no such thing when Sir Nugent once more begged his bride's permission to come in.

He was followed by Tom, whom he at once presented, with great punctilio. Tom said that he begged her ladyship's pardon for intruding upon her, but had come to tell Phoebe it was time to be going ashore again. A speaking look directed at his childhood's friend conveyed to her the information that his attempts to bring Sir Nugent to a sense of his wrongdoing had met with failure.

Beyond bestowing a mechanical smile upon him, Ianthe paid him little heed, addressing herself instead to Sir Nugent, and eagerly explaining to him her brilliant notion. In him she found her only supporter: not only did he think it a stroke of genius but he called upon Phoebe and Tom to applaud it. He won no response.

Politely at first, and later with distressing frankness, Tom explained to him why he thought it rather the hall-mark of folly. He said that he would neither accompany the party to France nor remain behind to tell Lady Ingham why her granddaughter had abandoned her, and from this standpoint nothing would move him.

He had entered the cabin with the intention only of taking Phoebe ashore. In his view, there was nothing more to be done, and she might wash her hands of the affair with a clear conscience. But as Ianthe re-

iterated her former arguments, several times asserting that it was absurd of Phoebe to have scruples now, when everyone knew she had instigated the plot, his sentiments soon underwent a change. He saw all the force of what Phoebe had previously urged, and ranged himself on her side, even going so far as to talk of laying information with the nearest magistrate.

"Very ungentlemanly thing to do," said Sir Nugent, shaking his head. "Don't think you should. Besides, there's no sense in it: you go to the magistrate, we set sail, and then where are you?"

Tom, who was becoming heated, retorted: "Not if I don't go ashore till you've lost the tide! What's more, I'll take the boy with me, because I've a strong notion it would be perfectly lawful to do so, and if you try to stop me it will very likely be a felony!"

"You rude, odious—Nugent! Where is Edmund?" cried Ianthe. "How could you leave him alone? He may have fallen overboard! Bring him to me this instant, unless you want me to run mad with anxiety!"

"No, no, don't do that, my love! Plenty of sailors to fish him out again, you know," Sir Nugent assured her. "Not but what I'll fetch him to you if you want him!"

"He won't fall overboard," said Tom, as Sir Nugent departed on his errand.

"You know nothing about it!" snapped Ianthe. "I am his mother, and I shan't know one moment's peace until he is safe in my arms."

She repeated this statement with even more emphasis when Sir Nugent presently reappeared with the comforting intelligence that Edmund, safe in the valet's charge, was watching the men bring the carriage aboard; but when she learned that an attempt to pick him up had led him to kick his new papa severely before assuming an alarming rigidity, she seemed to feel that his presence in the cabin would not be conducive to peace, for she said only that if he began to scream it would be more than her nerves could endure without breaking under the strain.

Harping on this string, Phoebe then did her best to convince her that this sad accident would inevitably befall her if she were obliged to look after Edmund during the passage. She received unexpected support from Sir Nugent, who said that the more he considered the matter the more he thought it would be a devilish good notion to let Miss Marlow take Edmund home.

"What I mean is," he explained, "it's a notion that took very well with him. He seems set against going to France. I dare say he don't like foreigners. Very understandable! I don't know that I like 'em myself."

This treachery naturally incensed Ianthe beyond measure. Having poured forth the vials of her wrath upon him, she said tragically that everyone was against her and burst into a fit of hysterical tears. Feeling the battle to be almost won, Phoebe redoubled her efforts to persuade her, while Tom applied himself to the task of bringing over the waverer.

With four people engaged in hot argument, the sounds of increased activity on deck passed unheeded. The swell that had all the time been gently rocking the schooner had for several minutes been growing heavier, but it was not until the Betsy Anne took a plunge which made him stagger that Tom realised what must be happening.

"Great heavens!" he gasped. "We're moving!"

To be continued



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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning July 7



ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21 — APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, orange.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs.
Luck through elders.



TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21 — MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, white, R. blue.
Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
Luck through a conversation.



GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21 — JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, grey.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in finances.



CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22 — JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, white.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in a personal matter.



LEO
The Lion

JULY 23 — AUGUST 23

* Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, any pastel.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in going your own way.



VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck in sports.



LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
Luck in increased prestige.



SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, blue.
Gambling colors, blue, grey.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
Luck through creative work.



SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20

* Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, mauve.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck in a business deal.



CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, orange.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck through teamwork.



AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
Luck in good health.



PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20

* Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, black.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck through Dame Fortune.

* A member of your family does you a favor or you benefit through a gift from a relative. Any arrangement involving exchange of services with a friend or neighbor could help you to achieve an ambition. Amateur dressmaking and millinery saves you money. Socially you end one chapter, another soon begins. If in love you may visit his family.

* This week there is much wasted energy spent. Delays, opposition, or misunderstood messages could contribute to foggy thinking. If you are determined enough you can surmount all difficulties and gain a real victory. Social life brings you in touch with different types and inspires you with new ideas. If in love, you embark on a common hobby or pastime.

* Any matter which concerns the practical side of your affairs, including money, should be dealt with. Listen carefully to an explanation of a contract; be sure you understand the conditions. Keep an account of what you spend and stick to that savings campaign. Your beloved works on a project to please you, but may not be feeling sentimental.

* Emphasis is on the emotional side. Whatever desire is closest to your heart will dominate your actions. The person or objective concerned will be the subject of most concentration and obstacles will be thrust aside ruthlessly. You may surprise friends and family by showing a new facet of your character. Business affairs prosper.

* Let no one influence you in your actions or decisions. You should know what is best for you, and the advice of others may confuse you. Whether in personal or business affairs, be ready to stand alone and think things through. Help others, but make no requests nor seek favors. If in love, shyness may prevent progress of the relationship.

* Keeping fit is essential. Get fresh air and exercise by walks and regular physical exercise at home. Acquire a new skill or polish up an old one. There is a gay, happy atmosphere in your home, with music dispelling gloom. If young and in love, you and the one-and-only go dancing or to a concert. There is gaiety around you just now.

* If in love you may marry in haste. Otherwise you may come in contact with an important, stimulating personality who helps you to attain an ambition, socially or financially. Your standing in the community or new responsibilities point to a step up the career ladder. Do not refuse unfamiliar tasks or dread any situation which requires tact.

* To find happiness this week, you must get out of your daily routine. Use your imagination when tackling regular jobs. You have a fund of talents you have never exploited. The colorful and picturesque may be right at hand if you look for it. If in love, your beloved could be charmed by your new personality. This will keep him on his toes.

* This week you take life seriously; ambition rules and you scrap easy-going ways for a more concentrated effort. An opportunity will help you towards your goal, and if a partnership is involved, so much the better. Do not expect the man in your life to share your enthusiasm. Try to include him in plans and show him how much you care.

* The one you love best may take you on a luxury date. Romance is renewed. If a parent, you give a party for your children. Voluntary workers find new and pleasant ways to help the community. You work in a group. If you decline to co-operate, you will lose one of the happiest experiences in your life. Your life just now is as one of a team.

* An exciting programme for you. You will succeed where others fail because you have reserve energy. You can face with confidence what would normally floor you. Whether it's making a speech, dealing with the prejudices of starchy people, you will do it with grace and dexterity. Your beloved will bestow generous praise.

* The unexpected rules; chance dominates your life. You may be on the spot when good things are distributed. That longed-for invitation may be in the letter-box, or the telephone brings hoped-for news. There is luck in a mild gamble. Nearly all Pisceans will be happier and richer by the end of the week. Romance in your life.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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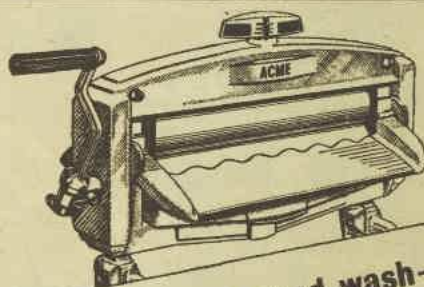
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NO MORE



Be sure it's a

PHILIPS
LAMP
FOR BETTER LIGHT

P457.58



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THE GREAT INVASION FLEET FROM OUTER SPACE NEARS THE EARTH—

WE'VE REACHED THE SOLAR SYSTEM—OUR OBJECTIVE IS THE THIRD PLANET.

THEY CIRCLE SLOWLY FIVE THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH.

HOLD THIS ORBIT. INVESTIGATION TEAMS GO INTO ACTION!

USING POWERFUL SCANNERS THEY VIEW THE EARTH AS IT SPINS BELOW THEM—

THERE IS A CIVILIZATION—AN INTELLIGENT RACE!

BUT VERY PRIMITIVE—

RADIO BROADCASTS ARE RECEIVED AND ANALYZED—

WHAT A RABBLE OF LANGUAGES! WHY SO MANY ON ONE SMALL PLANET!

THEY'RE NOT DIFFICULT TO DECODE—NOT DOGS—WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS!

THE ALIEN HIGH COMMAND EXAMINES THE REPORTS—

THERE IS AN INTELLIGENT RULING RACE—CALL THEMSELVES "MEN". EARLY ATOMIC-POWER STAGE—NO TELEPATHIC POWERS, NO MENTAL PROTECTION—

THEY WILL BE EASY—WE CAN CONQUER THEM WITH OUR HAND WEAPONS—

WOULDN'T IT BE THRILLING TO KNOW IF THERE REALLY WAS LIFE AMONG THE STARS?

OUR EXPERTS TELL US THE STARS ARE TOO FAR AWAY, NARDA. WE'LL NEVER KNOW—NOT IN OUR LIFETIME—

DON'T BE TOO SURE, MANDRAKE!

TO BE CONTINUED

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

YES, MY MAID IS WORRYING ME.

SHE BREAKS MORE THINGS THAN HER WAGES AMOUNT TO!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU INCREASE HER SALARY!!!



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To Beautify the Neck

In cultivating a beautifully smooth neck, be particularly careful in the colder weather when the skin contracts and little natural skin oil gets to the surface. Guard against wrinkle-dryness as there is so much movement in the neck skin. The most satisfactory near-natural protector for the neck is your oil of ulan. When you use it for your daily complexion care, don't forget the neck. For best results, you should bleach, cleanse and tone with lemon delf and protect and nourish with oil of ulan as a regular routine ... Margaret Merril.

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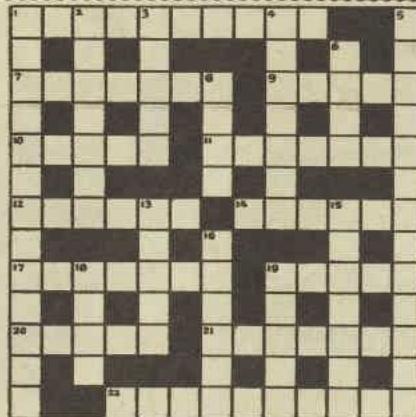
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Passion-flower noxious in a Spanish city (10).
7. Cultivating land for distant, famous Chinese dynasty (7).
9. Raw material for pipes (5).
10. Frequently of half a score (5).
11. Cat's lip (Anagr. 7).
12. Stroll with odd interior (6).
14. Move on a connecting tissue of a muscle (6).
17. Regenerated or just came into the world (3-4).
19. Yes, Sam, I am in it, being such a famous place in Florida (5).
20. Behaviour for you and a sage (5).
21. One soul set at liberty (7).
22. Obscure, outwardly with a broken dint and its inside is tin (10).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Present of mouth organs. Now you are talking (4, 2, 7).
2. A red tea (Anagr. 7).
3. He did not believe that the Son is consubstantial with the Father (5).
4. Having lips and belongs to the mint family (7).
5. Africa or another part of the world after sunset (4, 9).
6. Anything that dims is in the middle (4).
8. Yawn induced by a page (4).
13. Be beaten round nothing and become wanton (5).
15. Haul a cipher on a cavalry soldier (7).
16. In a young scout I cause nightmares (6).
18. To exhaust in low earnings (4).
19. Punish with a fine (5).

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5/33/10.2



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CV 15

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by
Margaret
Crawford

so **GOOD**
to eat ...

... **SO EASY**
TO PREPARE



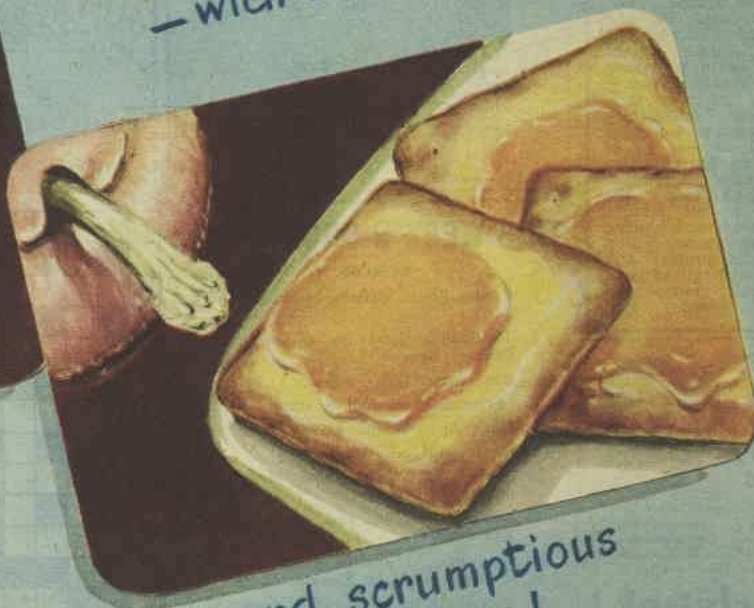
- just buttered



- with a tasty cheese



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extracts or tomato



- and scrumptious
with honey!

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